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TRAVELS

AND

ADVENTURES IN ALGIERS,

AND

OTHER PARTS OF AFRICA.

BY PRINCE PÜCKLER MUSKAU,

AUTHOR OF "THE TOUR OF A GERMAN PRINCE," ETC.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ADVENTURES

IN

AFRICA.

LETTER I.

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TO THE PRINCESS P . . . . . M . . . . .

Mediterranean Sea, Jan. 12, 1835.

I WRITE to you, friend of my heart, from the bosom of the Crocodile, as she sails exactly midway between France and Algiers, with Port Mahon and its long island, over which towers

the lofty peak of Majorca, in full view. The wind is now coming round to the south; still we poor landsmen are sick, for the sea rolls high. Strange change in man! we rock the child that he may sleep soundly, while grown-up how much has he to suffer before he becomes accustomed to the motion of the billows. In this, as in many other things, childhood is the happy age. I, however, lay claim to some merit—nay, to heroism; for, in spite of Lord Byron, who has said, "no love can resist sea-sickness,"* I am strong enough to write to you in my hammock. To tell the truth, this would have been impossible yesterday; but to day little of my sufferings remains. I attribute my rapid recovery in this instance to the regimen I observed, which, when I have gained a little more experience, I shall detail for your benefit and the good of all going a first voyage; for, forget not, dear, that however trivial the matter may seem to some, it will be welcome intelligence to those who may chance to be placed for the first time in a situation like mine.

* "Love, who heroically breathes a vein,
Shrinks from the application of hot towels,
And purgatives are dangerous to his reign—
Sea sickness death."

Don Juan.

The first Africans with whom I have made acquaintance are hundreds of thousands of little brown beetles, which swarm round and cover my cabin. At first I looked upon them with horror. They are, however, harmless creatures: they creep slowly, never bite, and have so little of the vitality even of a fly, that a slight crush rids you effectually of them. But then they exist in such multitudes, and penetrate so into the ears, eyes, nose, and every possible aperture, that they render themselves an intolerable nuisance! The white napkin I had spread on my bed as cloth for my frugal dinner was in five minutes quite black with the little wretches; and however rapidly I finished my meal, it was scarcely possible to avoid swallowing some of these innocent creatures with every dish.

Before we reach, my dear Lucy, that other quarter of the globe which swarms of *scarabei* first announce to me, I must recur once more to Europe. As my good mother is with you, you will, no doubt, have read my last letter to her from Toulon: I therefore refer to the letter, adding only something not mentioned in it.

Afflicted at the bad news I received, I went out seldom during my stay of nearly ten days

at Toulon. Indeed, I hardly know a sea-port town so poor and dull. The theatre is the worst I have met with in France; and the spectators so vulgar, that whenever I went there, I invariably saw a fight in the pit. On one occasion my evil star placed me next a newly-engaged actress, who taking me for an Englishman, (an honour which often happens to me, without my knowing how to appreciate it as I ought,) addressed me in the language of that nation, but so badly that I could not understand her. After many fruitless endeavours, she had recourse to French, and forced me to become the confidant of her manifold adventures. When the first act was over, she requested me to accompany her home. As I declined this honour, she said, that if I knew how much she loved the English, I would not be so distant with her. "Certainly not," answered I; "but as I am only an Englishman in appearance, you must address yourself to a true one;" and I pointed out to her Lord Brougham, whom I had just espied, hid in a corner not far from me. His good genius, however, must have whispered to him something of the impending danger; for while my neighbour, who had a strong smell of grog, was beginning her strategic operations to approach him unper-

ceived, he quitted the house and did not return.

The absence of trade and bustle in Toulon is scarcely credible. I could not even get drinkable tea there; the apothecaries are the only persons who sell anything like it: but this stuff must make the invalids who drink it still more sick;—after infusion, I detected the leaves of five or six different plants in it. I was similarly situated with regard to all my other wants. I had intended to equip myself here for my journey in the East; but I found nothing serviceable. Even in trying to send things hence to Germany I met with most laughable difficulties. You will cease to wonder, when you read what follows, why I have written on the direction of my letters to Berlin, "Royaume de Prusse;" for in the first coach-office I went to, I was asked with an *air capable*, "Berlin, où est cela?" "En Prusse, monsieur."—"Ah, je comprends; en Russie." I thought it too much risk to entrust my parcel to this office, and therefore went to another. Here it was absolutely refused: "Comment voulez-vous que nous nous chargions de cela?" asked they: "pouvez-vous nous garantir qu'il y a des diligences en Prusse? Dieu sait ce que ce paquet peut devenir dans des pays inconnus! et s'il se perd, nous serions

obligés d'en payer la valeur. Nous ne saurions encourir cette responsabilité." To overcome the difficulty, nothing remained for me but to send my box to the Prussian consul at Marseilles, with a request that he would forward it.

I should have felt myself quite a stranger at Toulon, had not a lucky chance brought back M. Dusillot, who had previously sailed for Corsica. He had come from Ajaccio to Toulon, to go by sea to Bastia, at the farther end of Corsica, because the snow had rendered the road, across a mountainous country, just then impassable. After having been detained eight days in France by contrary winds, the tempest drove him back again here, while in the mean time the snow had melted in Corsica. So uncertain, so provoking is the treacherous sea!

To me, however, as I have said, this event was a favour of Providence, and many an evening was agreeably passed, with stories of Corsica, and the romantic country of M. Dusillot, Lower Brittany, where most extraordinary customs prevail;—where the worship of the Druids, the ancient adoration of fire, and the genuine catholicism of the middle ages still exist; where abound Gothic churches and castles in good preservation; where the people

are brave, frank and credulous; where ghosts and goblins may still be seen, and every peasant is firmly convinced that when a bad man dies, a storm gathers in the sky, and from its blackest cloud drops a poodle-dog, into which the soul of the wicked must enter, to roam in its new shape till the day of judgment about the lakes amid the mountains of Carhaix.

I would willingly, had time allowed me, have made an excursion to Ajaccio, to see the birth-place of Napoleon. Some weeks ago there was an interesting fête given there, to the new governor, General Lallemand, in Bonaparte's house. The general availed himself of this opportunity, in a speech which excited great enthusiasm, to give an account of his relations with the emperor: this speech is said to have contained a great deal of new and unexpected information. They dined afterwards in the same room where Napoleon was born.—The Corsicans whom I have seen here are justly proud of *their* hero, who became the greatest man of modern Europe. Of those who now live, "the ambassador," as they call him (Pozzo di Borgo), is the favourite. It appears also, from what his countrymen say, that the count not only cultivates large estates in Corsica, but acts with generosity to them, and of this they instance many examples.

The arsenal was often visited by me, and I always found something new there. The last time I went, I saw at one of the commissaries' a remarkable collection of portraits of the most notorious galley-slaves, with illustrations of the various attempts they had made to escape. One had concealed himself for twenty-four hours between the ships, up to his mouth in water; another had caused himself to be immured alive in a vessel fitted with air-holes, and thus rendered himself invisible for several days, till a favourable opportunity presented for flight. What an inestimable blessing must freedom be, since men have recourse to such dreadful expedients to obtain it!

Of the portraits, that of the Count St. Hélène interested me most. Theft as well as the desire to murder is in some certainly an incurable disease; for, after this man had with incredible address and boldness escaped from the galleys, having assumed a distinguished name, rendered important services to Marshal Soult in Spain, acquired the reputation of a distinguished soldier, risen to the rank of *chef de bataillon* in the Imperial Guard, and finding himself received with marked attention at many of the first mansions in Paris as a man of high birth and a pleasant companion, the only use he made of

this brilliant situation was to continue his old trade of robbery, till it finally led to his discovery. Even then he escaped a second time with the greatest presence of mind, but was soon retaken, and is now with all others condemned for life, in Brest: there, however, it is said, he preserves the air and manner of a man of rank even towards his fellow-prisoners, whom he seems to consider far beneath him! What a fate for such talent! Truly it is a great deficiency in our laws and social relations, that we do not possess institutions wholly different, where such men might be improved and rendered useful.*

I profited by the last day of my stay at Toulon to make an excursion to the Hieres. These islands are much spoken of, and I remember to have read, even in supposed authentic travels, detailed accounts of the Hesperian magnificence of their orange-groves;—a sure proof that the travellers never visited them, for the isles of Hieres are nothing but naked rocks, literally without a single orange-tree: on the contrary, the place where exists the celebrated garden is the small town of Hieres on the continental

* The Count St. Hélène has died since; he maintained to the last hour of his life that he really was the man he represented himself to be.

sea-coast, with a good roadstead, four leagues from Toulon.

The day was extremely fine, with a clear southern sky; the wind cold, but there was warmth in the sun. The bleak, grey, elevated rocks, covered more than half way to their summits with luxuriant soil, and dotted with hundreds of white country-houses, whose variegated tile-roofs sparkle brilliantly in the sun—farther off, the hills, planted with olive-trees which are isolated though near each other, and have the appearance of well-curled heads of hair—in the distance the dark blue mountains with their ruined castles—and, to crown all, the Mediterranean, with its rugged, pointed coast, render this road even in winter highly delightful. It is not, however, until you approach Hieres, that the sun shows all his charms, and gives indications that a new world is near. The orange-groves that fill the valley, loaded with millions of golden fruit — gigantic palm-trees thirty or forty feet high rising in full splendour from amidst them—promontories abounding in fig and olive trees reflected back again in the clear blue sea—and above all, the gigantic rock of fabled form, which rises perpendicularly over the little town, interspersed with ruins, towers, and broken walls, make altogether a

landscape scarcely to be equalled in Europe. On the top of this rock has been erected a tiny pleasure-house, painted white, with a slate roof. Many find fault with it; and certainly it does not harmonise with the adjacent ruins and the rest of the landscape. It makes, however, so singular an exception, that, in my opinion, the incongruity is excusable; and its construction will be more easily justified hereafter, as the steps which are cut zigzag in the rock have been planted with young orange-trees, which, when grown, must produce a most original effect in this airy region.

The most celebrated gardens here belong to Count Beauregard and M. Fille. I bought from the gardener of the latter a collection of seeds of all the flowers and plants that grow wild in the neighbourhood of Hieres. He asked eighty francs, but took forty; a common thing with the Provençals, who are not over conscientious in their dealings.

The terrace before the house is delightful in the extreme. Numbers of sweet-smelling cassia-trees already bearing golden flowers, fragrant Arabian jasmine, hedges of rose-bushes in full bloom, some lofty palm-trees, camellias in blossom, geraniums, and many other rich and rare flowers, are laid out between neat

gravel-walks. In the midst stands a marble fountain with gold fishes; and from this spot a star was visible, whose rays extending around at least a quarter of a league, seemed to have been cut out of a thicket of orange-trees entirely covered with fruit. I use the word thicket, because in all the Hieres you will not find a single trunk of an orange-tree as thick as several in our greenhouse. During the great frost, fourteen years ago, all the orange-trees here were frozen, and it was necessary to cut them down at the root, not sparing even sturdy veterans that had lived for many centuries. From this cause, almost all the trees have five or six stems, which in time will give them a very different appearance from the old ones, and certainly one not less pleasing: another advantage is the prospect of a better crop, in consequence of the increase in their branches. Some of these bush-like trees already measure as many feet in height as they are years old: the greater number, however, have not reached so high. I was shown some with quite different-shaped leaves and fruit, capriciously twisted by nature: those in the shape of plumes were the prettiest.

The garden of the mayor, who has married a grand-daughter of Stulz, the rich London tailor, also deserves a short visit. This well-

known man terminated his glorious career here a few years ago, as we learn from a marble monument erected in the churchyard. Certainly the life of the deceased did honour to his intelligence. Although he had the misfortune to be born in Germany, he was clever enough to become immensely rich in England; and when life's closing scene came on, he was poetical enough to die at Hieres, and be buried beneath orange-trees. No doubt he is now in heaven; and thus he has, rising step by step, finely illustrated my idea of the system of perfectibility, traced by the following gradations: stone, plant, animal, German, English tailor, poet, angel! "God be with him!"

When I returned to the hotel, faint, tired, and hungry, the bell was just ringing for the *table d'hôte.* Think of my astonishment at finding there fifteen or sixteen guests, all of whom were Germans, and three of the number ladies—a strange rencontre! They were all unknown to me, except one of the ladies, who stayed a few years ago for three months at the baths of M——: she is a charming, agreeable woman, whom you cannot but remember, and who (sure way of pleasing me) spoke of you with enthusiasm. My countrymen all received me most cordially: we spoke warmly of our

ever-dear fatherland; and it was not till late in the night of a clear but very cold moonlight that I entered my airy tilbury, attended to the door by a great part of the company. On the way, the wind robbed me of my last English hat; and, although *à tout risque*, I left my somewhat phlegmatic hackney standing in the middle of the road, to recover the fugitive if possible; I was, however, unable to regain possession of it: rolling down a steep declivity, it disappeared, as though some provoking spirit had carried it off. Nothing more would have been wanting but that my horse, to whom I returned after a quarter of an hour's vain search, should also have run after it. I figured to myself this possibility, not without some fear, as I was climbing up the acclivity; but the good beast had not stirred—nay, he seemed to have fallen asleep standing. I triumphed, however, too soon, for another unforeseen disaster awaited me. Half-frozen, I arrived at the gate of Toulon as midnight was striking, and found it shut. I called loudly, but no soul made his appearance, and, after half an hour's useless efforts of every kind, nothing remained for me but to seek my fortune at the other gate. Toulon has only two,—those of Italy and France. At the latter I espied a sentinel on the wall,

walking up and down, and, after much parley, during which I represented myself as a French courier, I succeeded in getting him to quit his post for a moment, and request the corporal of the guard to inform the commandant. After waiting a tedious hour in anxious suspense, the postern at length opened, and an officer with a small guard came out. Although I could no longer call myself a courier, the officer, after hearing my name and looking at my passport, allowed me to pass. I thanked God; for to be obliged to bivouac in the street, or in an open carriage, on a very cold night, until the gate was opened to the public at five o'clock, was no agreeable prospect; and that must have been my inevitable lot, for no lodging was to be had far or near.

At home I found a warm room at least, but no rest, for I was obliged to pack up and look after a hundred little things, preparatory to embarkation next morning, as my Parisian servant is not one to whom I could trust the care of these matters: he would forget half, and bungle the remainder.

Next morning when we quitted Toulon the wind and weather were favourable, and the magnificent country about the roadstead, rendered still more beautiful by the brilliant rays of

the sun, was grouped round us, while the finest military music in France from on board the admiral's ship seemed to salute our departure. I hailed this as a good omen; and although I was not quite well after my sleepless night, I cheerfully began my journey, without knowing how far I should go, nor what fate awaited me;—but sea-sickness soon put an end to romantic dreams. When evening arrived, and I was lying in bed sick, I had on one side a happy fellow, who, free from sickness, was smoking a cigar under his counterpane, and singing jovial songs, while on the other side a patient far worse than myself lay almost expiring in convulsions. It was a strange contrast: one gaily sang "*L'enfant chéri des dames, je fus en tous pays;*" the other, falling backwards with a groan as if he was suffocating, gave such frightful accompaniment to the song, that it excited pity in every breast. I shuddered:—"A little patience," whispered my philosophy; "everything passes away, and this too must have an end. Pain will cease; but so, alas! will joy!"

LETTER II.

Algiers Roadstead.—Lord Exmouth.—African Moonlight.—Ghost-like City.—Revived Enthusiasm.

Algiers Roadstead, Jan. 13th, Midnight.

WHAT a glorious view surrounds me, dear Lucy! We have cast anchor in the exact spot from which Lord Exmouth bombarded Algiers. The moon shines so brightly that it seems almost daylight, a mild zephyr fans my cheeks, and sweet perfumes are wafted from the shore. Everything is as if it were the middle of summer: the blue sea glitters smooth as a mirror; to the left rises, still covered with snow, Atlas with the pointed *Mons Serratus* of the ancients; to the right is the lofty lighthouse; and before us, faintly illumined by three minarets, is a white collected mass, lying like a creature without life at the foot of the mountain. City?—no,—this strange object seems but the ghost of a city

swathed in an immense winding-sheet. But for the minarets, which blaze above it like candelabras, I should have taken it for an enormous fragment of marble or chalk.

I gratified my eyes for a full hour with this beautiful if not natural vision, and then descended into the captain's elegant cabin, to write at a green-table while everybody else is buried in profound sleep, and to wish you, like them, sound repose. I shall find it difficult to give way to sleep; for the sight of Afric's shores has lighted up my old imagination with the fire of youth. You will not, however, gain much by it, dear friend. Probably I may enjoy life more here while I observe and feel less about it.

LETTER III.

Gigantic Porcelain Stoves.—City of Biscuit. Traces of the French.—Christian Mosque.—Incongruous Ornaments. —The last Dey and the Cassuba.—Coup d'éventail.—Powder Magazine in a Palace.—Stems of the Aloe used for Fire-wood.—Convent of Beggars.—Shopkeepers at Algiers.—Honesty of the Street Boys.—Count d'Erlon, General Rapatel, and Count de la Bretonnière.—The famous Jussuf; history of his life, love, and sufferings.—Napoleon a machine.—Marriage Ceremonies.—Turkish Mistresses.—Palace of the Governor.—Plan of Civilisation.—Danger of Excursions round Algiers.—Invitation to a Ball.

Algiers, the 16th.

At nine next morning we landed. I was again astonished, by day as well as by night, at the sight of the white town without walls, built so closely that few of the streets are more than five feet broad. It forms one dense mass leaning against the mountain, which has the form of a sugar-loaf with the top broken off; and as the houses as well as their platforms are all fresh whitewashed twice a year—several every

month—there is scarcely a spot to be seen of any other colour. The minarets, unlike those of Turkey, are not slender. I cannot better describe them to you than by comparing them to gigantic porcelain stoves of Feilner: they have, like them, a similar band of saucer-tile, and over that a wreath of garnish; but on the top, instead of a cupid, an eagle, or a vase, the ornament is a half-moon. The resemblance is complete, and the town itself, were it built entirely of biscuit, could not look otherwise than it does.

The interior of the town strikes an European still more forcibly; particularly now that the French style of architecture forms a curious medley with the African, increasing the oddity of the effect.

No sooner had we set foot on land, than hundreds of brown and black figures, all dressed in white *bernus*, (a species of woollen cloak with a hood,) most of which hung about them in dirty rags, rushed upon my trunks like robbers, and fought amongst one another to carry them to the hotel. Some would, no doubt, in such a case have given their things up as already lost; and my Parisian *badaud*, who understands nothing which he has not seen in the capital, was of this opinion. Nevertheless,

a dishonest act on such occasions is almost unexampled. It was not until five or six of these seeming demons had, after a quarter of an hour's wrangling, gained the advantage over their rivals, that they were allowed to depart with the unequally-divided burthen.

When we reached the gate, on our way from the Mole, a new delay occurred. A long train of asses, mules, and camels was coming slowly out of the town. First rode on an Arabian white horse a negress, but by no means ugly; then followed a strange medley of all sorts.

We found ourselves, after we had passed the gate, in the broadest street in the town; the houses right and left were half in ruins, the French having thrown them down to increase the width of the street: everywhere stones and rubbish lay about, the transport of which caused unceasing tumult. The porters, often five or six for one object, mostly ran along; and those who did not look before them ran imminent risk of being knocked down, particularly by the long beams, which some of them carried on their heads. Costumes of every kind surrounded us: black Kabyles from Mount Atlas in white cloaks; Moors in splendid many-coloured dresses; Negroes in

harlequin jackets, embroidered all over with bright variegated flowers and stars; elegant French officers; Suaves and Spahis in oriental French uniform; Parisian waiting-maids and Moorish matrons, the latter covered with linen in such a way that only their eyes are visible, and looking exactly like corpses risen from the bed of death to gaze once more upon the living; Jewesses, their feet naked, only wearing sandals, but, in recompense, glittering all over with gold, and having on their heads *tuyaus* three feet long made of filigree;—all these different costumes swarmed in the streets, intermingled with as strange a medley of animals.

We arrived at the door of one of the levelled houses, which was announced as our hotel. I shuddered at the prospect. Climbing with difficulty over the rubbish, we penetrated through a narrow half-demolished archway; we then entered a small door on one side, when, as if by enchantment, the whole scene was instantly changed. An elegant Moorish saloon, surrounded with arcades, supported by handsome marble pillars, the arches tastefully decorated with tablets of coloured porcelain; in the middle a well-supplied buffet, with a Parisian *demoiselle* dressed in the new-

est fashion enthroned behind it; numbers of small round tables, covered with smoking dishes, at which were seated happy guests; and the whole rendered doubly inviting to hungry stomachs by the smell of a good French kitchen; — dissipated the uneasiness which, on our entrance, had made us dread the worst.

Almost all the Moorish houses that have been left uninjured are laid out in the same convenient and pleasing manner.

At the entrance you usually find a small covered hall, lined with benches; then you enter a little square court-yard paved with marble or flags, in the middle of which often flows a fountain, covered by an awning that may be removed at pleasure. The East still retains its ancient customs, and Doctor Shaw remarks, that the Psalmist alludes to these awnings when he says, "The Lord spreads out the sky like an awning." Indeed many passages of the Bible show clearly, that in the time of Christ, as well as before it, the oriental houses were exactly like those of the present day: they have also a slight resemblance to the Roman style of building.

To return to the yard, which, according to us, would with more propriety be called a

saloon; it is invariably surrounded on its four sides by colonnades two stories high, which form two covered and roomy galleries all round. The chambers issue from these galleries; they are long and narrow, but gain much in size by large alcoves, called marabuts. On the floor are mats and carpets, against the walls divans; beautifully-made commodes, on which are placed vases and such things under little covers, form almost the only furniture Chimney-pieces and stoves were quite unknown here before the French introduced them. All the windows and doors look upon the gallery and the yard, but they are grated. Near the top of the house, little painted windows, which often equal in brilliancy of colour those we see in old Gothic churches, look into the street.

A narrow marble staircase, built in the corner of the house, usually leads from one gallery to another, and thence upon the terrace. The latter, surrounded by a low wall, is the most agreeable of spots in the cool of the evening; and as Algiers is built at the foot of a steep mountain, one has from almost every house a view of the whole town, which, on a summer evening, with the roofs enlivened by people, furnishes a most extraordinary *coup-d'œil.* It is, however, sometimes not of quite

so agreeable a nature. For instance, an acquaintance told me, that a short time since he was obliged to quit his lodging, because every morning from the window, near which he slept, he was obliged to witness the toilet of a negress on the terrace of the next house, the details of which were too disgusting to allow him to submit to the sight any longer.

Through the kindness of a rich Brittany merchant, bearing the somewhat extraordinary name of *Pied de Vache*, my apartment had been previously engaged, and I soon found myself comfortably and pleasantly situated, although not troubled with much room. I had a writing-table sufficiently large, and an excellent bed, with thick musquito curtains; — for, in spite of the winter, the musquitoes (a horrid kind of gnat) are already here in considerable numbers.

After one has been at sea, the first repast on terra firma is always a little feast. Under auspices in every respect so favourable, it was doubly so to us; and believe me, I did not forget to drink to your health my first glass of champagne in Africa, as I had done previously in many interesting parts of Europe.

After dinner, M. Pied de Vache, who had been eight days longer at Algiers than I, showed

me through the town. A long time must elapse before I shall be able to thread my way in this labyrinth of footpaths, covered as they frequently are with archways for several hundred yards, but which here they call streets. On either side, in open rooms, chiefly without windows or doors, the Mussulmans work at different handicrafts, or offer their goods for sale in proud tranquillity. It is curious to see some of the mechanics: for instance, the gold embroiderers, who work slowly but most excellently; the weavers, who still do all with their hands, without machinery, and terminate their work in the most strange manner—(one of them was sitting, as I went by, on the roof, and there, immovable as a statue, he held a spindle high in air, from which a long thread hung down to the workshop, where it was spun);—and the turners, who turn with one hand by means of a kind of fiddlestick, hold the chisel in the other, and with the toes of the right foot manage the object of their labour.

We met in the crowd a Turk of high rank, Mustapha Pacha, the son of a late Dey, like ourselves, making his way, without any suite, through the Jews, who were offering him their wares. I heard afterwards, that he kept a brilliant harem, and that several French ladies have

made acquaintance with his wives. They are said to be very agreeable and handsome, and most of them have never left their dwelling, except when carried close muffled to the bath. They know nothing of Algiers, except from such view as they have had of it from the roofs. They are, however, extremely gay and contented, and do not wish for any change in their condition, which, on the contrary, they seem to think far preferable to that of European ladies.

I saw with great interest the Christian mosque, as it is called,—a mosque which has been converted into a Catholic church. It is a magnificent temple! precisely in the form of a square room, with arcades all round; those on the second story contain, between each pillar, a small, separate, arched chapel, the ceilings of which are ornamented with great taste, each in a different style, and a beautiful dome, coloured and gilt, covers the whole; small painted windows diffuse over all a dim, religious light; carpets ornament the floor; and it is almost with astonishment and disgust that the eye falls on the ugly grand altar, frightfully ornamented with a coarsely-painted wooden image of the Virgin, and a distorted Crucified Christ, which, in the midst of Arabic inscriptions and passages from the Koran,

seem introduced solely to spoil the unity and elegance of the whole. It is easy to perceive by this building how much the Gothic style of architecture is indebted to the Arabian: and in some Catholic cloisters where the form of the cross is not rigorously demanded, there are many buildings quite in the style of this mosque.

I made the same remark after we had mounted up to the Cassuba, the residence of the late Dey, situate on the highest summit of the town, when I saw among the numerous palaces which, surrounded by high embattled walls, form this residence, one exactly like the building at Marienburg. Unfortunately, the Cassuba—or, as it is commonly called, the Cassba—has been wantonly destroyed, the arcades walled up, the gardens broken, while itself now serves as a barrack for thirteen hundred men, officers included. An idea may be formed from this both of its imposing size, and of the state of neglect and uncleanliness into which it has been suffered to fall. All the kiosks, once richly gilt—the grand gallery of mirrors, the fine marble pavements, have disappeared; even the party-coloured tablets of porcelain, that produced so pretty an effect, as a connexion between the stories, and in the

door and window borders, &c., are nearly all broken; the terraces, affording such beautiful views, are defiled by the most disgusting filth; and of the thousand trees, only one enormous plantain, and a few orange-trees, twenty or thirty feet high, remain. Scarcely a shadow of its ancient splendour exists, and yet the whole still has an imposing effect, strange, disfigured, and mutilated as it is. A small wooden closet of lattice-work, near one of the galleries of the inner court, in the Dey's dwelling, has been spared; it was here that the famous consular slap in the face (called by the French politely "*le coup d'éventail*") was given, which, it is well known, cost the Dey his kingdom. He should have remembered the beautiful Arabian proverb, "The first companion of anger is folly; the second, revenge." The poor man enjoyed his power under sad conditions, and was so continually tormented by the fear of death, that for the last nine years he had never once ventured to quit his castle or his garden—truly no very enviable lot! In the Cassuba there is also a handsome mosque, with most magnificent marble columns, but in a similar state of dilapidation.

It is characteristic enough, that notwithstanding the danger of such a vicinage, a pow-

der-magazine, in the shape of a rotunda, with a bomb-proof roof of stone, stood in the middle of this residence: here also were situated the mint, and a manufactory of arms, as well as a powder-mill in the garden. It is said that during the late siege, the Dey was several times on the point of rushing into the powder-magazine with a lighted match, to blow up himself and his treasures before the arrival of the French.

We bent our way homewards, descending the mountain outside the town, along a fine road, for which Algiers is indebted to the Duke of Rovigo. It passes through a confused plantation of cactus and aloes, intermingled with some solitary fig and almond trees. We saw also the ruins of many graves, destroyed to make way for it. Among these were five little vaults, which contained the earthly remains of as many Deys, who were chosen and murdered on the same day: the sixth alone preserved his life. The foreign vegetation delighted us extremely; I admired particularly the flowery stalk of the aloes, which often rises fifteen feet high above the plant, and is afterwards cut down for fire-wood.

At the gate a concert of beggars received us.

Some dozens of these miserable creatures, squatting down on the ground, wrapped up in the folds of their once-white *bernus*, played the fiddle, blew the trumpet, and sang in a most inharmonious manner, to awaken the benevolence of the passengers by deafening them. They did not, however, exhibit any importunity, and were grateful for the merest trifle.

Once more arrived in the busy town, I took advantage of our being in the *Rue Babazun*, a street full of shops, to go shopping. This is a curious business here, on account both of the wares and the dealers. The honesty of the latter, their apathy, their generally good looks, their genteel and polite manners, and the apparent absence of all interested motives, distinguish them at once from the shopkeepers of every other country. From one of them, whose handsome black beard, and hands clean and delicate as those of an English dandy, gave him the appearance of a prince who had undertaken the part of a Turk in masquerade, we bought several handsome muslin handkerchiefs embroidered in gold, Morocco silk, straw baskets of Tombuktoo interwoven with cloth, essence of roses, and jasmine of Tunis, with a few dozen *pastilles du sérail*,

which give to a pipe of tobacco of Latakia the odour of the richest and most exquisitely perfumed wax-candle.

On opening my purse to pay, a porter who was passing by pushed me, and five or six napoleons fell in the street. The Moorish merchant, without stirring, made a signal with his finger, and before I had found time to stoop, five or six ragged little boys picked them up and handed them to me smiling. Similar honesty is, I have been assured, general here; and where there are so many shops, in some of which the most precious wares are exposed the whole day in the open street with scarcely any care taken of them, such honesty is absolutely necessary. This, however, does not save one from being coolly overcharged in the way of trade, if one does not take care; for they ask as much beyond what they will take, as our Moravians *à prix fixe.*

Although still weak and tired from sea-sickness, and suffering somewhat from the unwonted climate, next day I undertook a long ride in the environs, with M. Baccuet, a young banker of this place, to whom I had recommendations, and who loads me with kindness. M. Baccuet, in addition to many other handsome horses, possesses a famous Morocco barb, which he lent

me for our excursion. I did not believe that an old horseman like myself, who have acquired reputation even in that respect, could have experienced what I did. This horse, at least twenty years old, was so strong and fiery, that after half an hour, feeling myself seriously ill from exhaustion,—for I was unable any longer to manage him,—I was obliged to dismount with an almost insupportable headach. I must add, that our way was almost constantly up a steep hill, and on a road freshly covered with broken granite. But the hoofs and legs of the animal were of iron, his lungs seemed inexhaustible, and his temperament half wild. For several days afterwards my arms felt as if they had been broken. It is true that the animal was badly bridled, and before I mounted him I was already unwell; but, notwithstanding, I could scarcely have believed the result possible, had it been told me beforehand. I felt, therefore, rather ashamed, but not the less charmed on that account with the indomitable spirit of this African wild horse, which would make an excellent acquisition to our studs. The violent headache I had to thank him for, and which did not leave me for twenty-four hours, unfortunately hindered me from continuing the journey, and also from sharing

in the pleasant dinner which awaited our return at M. Baccuet's.

I had a letter of recommendation from the French government, and also from our good friend Bresson, to the governor of Algiers, which I delivered as soon as I felt myself recovered. I found Count Erlon, who has lived much in Germany, a cheerful, friendly old man,—one of "*old shot and corn*," as we say. He received me with the greatest politeness, and made me stop to dine with him. I was introduced to his amiable daughter, who is quite like a German, and his beautiful daughter-in-law, who resembles the Spanish ladies, as well as to General Rapatel, and the Count de la Bretonnière, who gave us an account of Trafalgar and Navarino, where, it is well known, at his own peril, and without receiving orders, he heroically saved a Russian ship. I heard with the liveliest interest his picturesque description of that unprecedented display of fire-works, when the Mussulmans, towards the close of the battle, set fire to about twenty of their own ships, and the flames spreading slowly, discharged the loaded guns, till ship after ship was blown into the air.

In this society, however, my attention was

chiefly attracted by a remarkably handsome Turk, splendidly dressed in violet velvet and gold, his turban of deep scarlet, who was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. He was the famous Jussuf, commandant of the French Spahis in Bona, who, suffering from fever, had come to Algiers for the recovery of his health. This man's real origin is unknown, and he himself never speaks about it; perhaps aware, that what is least known is always most attractive. Some pretend that he is a stolen child of Christian parentage; others believe him to be the son of a European slave and a Turkish lady of rank. The only thing known with certainty of him is, that he was brought up in the seraglio of the Bey of Tunis, where he had an intrigue with the daughter of the Bey, in consequence of which he fled to Algiers, where, knowing the French language, he entered the service of France. The history of this intercourse, as well as the flight it occasioned, I afterwards learned from Jussuf's own mouth. It is so strange and romantic, and appeared to me so chivalrous, and narrated with so much simplicity, even when describing scenes of the utmost cruelty, enacted by this almost boyish Turk, who appeared to me quite a sentimental

lion, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing him to you in his own words. As I wrote down what he said immediately after, I am sure not to differ from him in any material point.

"When scarcely four years old, I was," said Jussuf, "taken at sea, and, as you know, brought up in the seraglio of the Bey. I lived till my twelfth year among the women; and even then I had contracted the tenderest love for his daughter, who was somewhat younger than myself. Her mother encouraged our affection; for she often used to say in jest, that nobody but I should have Kabbuhra* for a wife. In Tunis, where order and education abound more than at any other Turkish court, boys of my class intended for Mamelukes, are removed, when twelve years of

* We may remark here, once for all, that we have spelled the Arabian words with the letters most likely, according to the German mode of pronouncing them, to produce the true sound of the word, without paying any attention to Arabian orthography. For when one spells the words of a foreign language, not with their own letters, but according to the sound that strikes the ear, every nation must, of course, choose its own orthography. The English, for example, write *Hammam-leef*, and we, Hammam-lief; the French, Gjebel,—we, Dschebel, &c. The Arabs have both the English *th* and the lisping *r;* which sounds unfortunately we can represent by nothing in the German.

age, from the harem and carefully bred for the Pacha's service. They form the attendants of the commander, occupy the highest places both civil and military,—nay, even the Beyship has sometimes appeared not too high for their ambition. Accordingly I was obliged to separate from my little mistress, but not without abundance of tears on both sides; however we did not forget each other, and some years afterwards we found an opportunity to come together in secret.

"Our meetings, at which her mother no doubt winked, took place at the beginning of the night on the terrace of my beloved. We were pretty safe from surprise, as no male eye, under pain of being put out, dared come there. On the two waiting-maids of Kabbubra, who always accompanied her, and who discreetly withdrew, we knew we could depend with safety. Thus passed many years during which I rose higher and higher in favour with the Pacha. My love affair with his daughter had still, at least in the principal matter, remained innocent. Sometimes we laughed together, sometimes cried; we had also our little quarrels and reconciliations, and we used to sink, tired of caresses and overpowered by the heat, into each other's arms in voluptu-

ous repose, till the waiting-maids awaked us, when with many tender kisses we bade adieu till our next meeting. We often wrote letters, —I, always with my blood, which I saw flow with pleasure when I had opened one of my veins for the purpose with my dagger: I could show you ten wounds on my arm, which in the madness of passion I had thus made.

"Meantime I had bought a Greek slave, an active, smart fellow, of immense height, to whom I grew attached, and allowed him much of his liberty. At last I got him into the service of the Pacha, where I procured him the employment of *pipe-filler*, a post of some consideration with us. In his new situation, however, he became rather haughty, and entered into several equivocal intrigues, so that we began to be on less good terms together. At this time, still fearing for the safety of my beloved, and dreading the envy of my comrade, which increased every day, I never went to her without being well armed, and often said to her, that whoever injured a hair of her head should die a hundred deaths by my hand. I felt myself every time I went to her like a young lion, free from all fear, and uneasy only about her; nay, I remember that I almost wished for

death, while I figured to my imagination with a feeling of rapture her lamentations, her despair, and the wringing of her hands as my corpse should be carried under her windows. One unlucky evening, however, when I thought myself quite secure, I neglected the usual precautions, and went upon the terrace, on account of the oppressive heat, in very light clothing and without any arms. The scorching wind of the desert was blowing, and after a few short and sweet caresses—for to be mutually pressed to each other's bosom still seemed to us the highest enjoyment—sleep surprised us both.

"On a sudden I felt myself seized by a powerful hand and heard a loud cry. Rousing myself with difficulty, I saw, standing above me, the colossal Greek, who with one hand held me fast, while with the other seizing the diamond bracelet of Kabbuhra, he prevented her from rising; at the same time he cried out with all his might that people might come and witness that we had been detected together. I was beside myself with rage and fright; Kabbuhra lay in a swoon; I could do nothing but conjure the Greek, by God and the Prophet alternately, not to ruin us. As the splendour of our dress was very great,—for I wore diamonds of consi-

derable value on my person,—I tore them off one after the other and pressed the treacherous Greek to accept them; with so enormous a bribe he at last became appeased. The daughter of the Bey, still in a swoon, was carried away by her terrified women; and I hastened, more dead than alive, to hide myself in my own dwelling.

"After a sleepless night, I found myself next morning, from shame and despair, seriously ill; for," said Jussuf, in a lively manner but still sighing deeply, "it is not for his person a man is loved by women, but for his character and courage. Ought I not to have died of shame;—I, who a hundred times had sworn that I would crush the wretch who dared but to look impertinently at her? And now to have seen her and myself ill-used by a Christian dog (as I then called the Greeks), and instead of giving him the death he deserved, to have only appeased him by prayers and presents, and thus only bought our freedom!

"This painful thought destroyed all my personal pride; I felt myself no longer a hero, but a Jew,* and I determined not to see Kabbuhra again,—nay, unworthy of the light of the sun,

* We beg the reader to remark that it is a Turk who speaks.

—not to quit my bed till my fate was wholly changed.

"On the third day, the Greek came to me and spoke kindly; he promised inviolable secrecy, 'in consideration of which,' continued he, 'I reckon upon your further generosity.' I was not to be prevented from continuing my visits to the Pacha's daughter, for from him at least I had nothing to fear: 'But,' answered I, 'you are now in possession of the greater part of my ornaments, and also of Kabbuhra's bracelet (the rascal had torn it from her arm that cursed evening), which must lead sooner or later to a discovery, which may be fatal to you as to me. Estimate then the value of these jewels; I will pay you by degrees, and thus redeem them.' The Greek accepted the bargain, valued the whole at about 40,000 francs, and gradually brought me back the diamonds.

"True to my resolution, I had neither seen my mistress again, notwithstanding all her entreaties, nor had I quitted my room; but I prepared my plan of revenge upon the Greek with great foresight. At length the day arrived on which he had promised to bring me back the last stone of Kabbuhra's bracelet: when he entered I was lying on my bed with a dagger concealed under the clothes.

"The Pacha had rode out with his whole suite; and as it was the time of the Rhamadan, in which the law allows nothing to be tasted before evening, according to court etiquette, the pipe-filler was not to appear in the presence of the Pacha the whole day, that he might not remind him unpleasantly of the necessary privation. We were therefore sure to be undisturbed. 'I feel myself very sick to-day, Juan,' said I as the Greek laid the well-known bracelet on my bed: 'here is the key of my press; just open it; you will find there a sack of sequins—and you can take out of it the sum I owe you.' The fool greedily swallowed the bait, took the sack, and knelt down on the carpet to reckon out the money. My heart throbbed in my bosom. 'I do not know,' continued I, 'what extraordinary disease I have got, but I am obliged to get out of bed every minute.' As I uttered these words I rose, with the blanket over me, as if going somewhere; but turning suddenly round, and seizing the Greek by his long black hair, I threw him down raging on the floor, while I cried in his ear, 'Didst thou think, dog, to master Jussuf at so cheap a rate?' While I spoke I stabbed him, with such force, that the dagger, after penetrating through his heart, and

passing through the carpet, entered two inches deep into a join in the marble floor; he meanwhile crying in vain for assistance.

"Even now, when I remember that moment," said Jussuf, his eyes sparkling — "when I remember that moment, I feel delight thrill through every fibre of my heart. But hear all. I had carefully prepared a cask of spirits of wine, salt, and unslacked lime, with the materials necessary for walling up an old niche; these materials I had hidden in different parts of the room. My first business was to cut the body into pieces and put it into the cask with the consuming ingredients; after which, I walled up the hole in the nook near my bed, and pulled over it the velvet hangings which covered the sides of the chamber. I only preserved the right hand, the eyes, and the tongue of the Greek; and after I had prepared them like the rest, I put the hand into a costly casket, the eyes into a smaller one ornamented with diamonds and perfumed with essence of roses, and the tongue into a gold snuff-box.

"In less than two hours all was finished. I now hastened to the Greek's chamber, broke the pipes of the Pacha which were there, opened the trunks, in which I found all my money

untouched, and took away at the same time different other articles belonging to the Giaour, and put them into one of my boxes; after which, calm as if nothing had happened, and freed from a heavy load, I returned to bed.

"You may imagine," continued Jussuf, "the fury of the Bey, when the hour for breaking his fast had arrived, and while the slaves vied with each other in bringing him refreshments, to find that his favourite pipe alone was wanting. They rushed to the house of the pipe-filler; but they were astonished to find there only the destruction I had committed; and as at the same time they found all the trunks empty, nobody doubted any longer that the Greek had effected his flight. As the measures afterwards taken to arrest him were unsuccessful, he was soon entirely forgotten.

"Next night I saw Kabbuhra, to whom I had sent word by the Pacha's physician, whose name was Lombard. It was the first time I had seen her on the terrace since the insult I had received; but now I had a clear conscience. As she sank sobbing into my arms, I begged of her, with a serious air, to accept from me three presents, or never to see me again. 'What shall I do with them?' cried she, astonished; 'and what mean your strange words?

'Open,' answered I, 'and see. Here you have the hand that dared to seize you, here the eyes that watched us maliciously, and here the tongue that threatened us with shame.' Kabbuhra was near falling into another swoon caused by fear lest her father should in his vengeance punish me with death; but she was soon tranquillised by the details I gave her of the whole transaction, and still trembling at my danger dissolved in love.

"This was the first night that my beloved became wholly mine, and that in holy raptures, forgetting the world around us, we shared together the joys of Paradise. Oh!" cried Jussuf, with an enthusiastic expression that proved how he felt the reminiscence, "who can describe what a heavenly being that girl was!—what an inestimable treasure of feeling, prudence, and strength of character, reposed in her tender bosom, and what irresistible graces encircled a soul breathing nothing but love!"

He paused a moment, as if lost in rapturous remembrance of the past, and then continued his relation, which every moment more and more attracted my most ardent attention.

"Before I come to the frightful catastrophe that awaited us, I must give you a description of the locality of the Bardo (the residence of

the Bey); this is necessary, in order that you may understand what follows.

"The Pacha has in his service about eighty or a hundred Mamelukes, who are divided into three different classes, under the command of one chief, who at this time was also prime minister. They are by far the most respectable class in the country, and even the Turks tremble before them. In addition to the fact that they never want anything which money can procure, great part of the treasures amassed in Tunis is at their command; they have the finest horses, splendid dwellings, arms glittering with precious stones, and lead a life agreeable in every respect, with the exception of four privations to which they are subject:—they must abstain from the society of women, and can only marry at forty-five years of age, when they are treated as invalids; they must never quit the palace, except in the suite of the Pacha or by his special order; and never drink wine, or smoke tobacco. As they are intended solely for the safety and service of the Pacha, these regulations have been considered necessary; but it is quite certain that they constantly disobey them. However, if an offence of the sort is once known, it seldom escapes punishment.

"I have said that the Mamelukes never wanted gold and jewels: I had however still greater treasure at my command, for I filled the office of privy-purse, and had but little account to render of its administration; nor was I much circumscribed in what I thought fit to appropriate to my own use. Besides, I had not a great deal to do; for we have neither the number of clerks nor the quantity of writing necessary in the French* public offices.

"I had thus in my power, even without acting illegally, all those means of corruption by which the most difficult object becomes readily attainable. However, each assignation with my mistress was becoming more and more difficult and dangerous, as I was still obliged to adopt the strangest contrivances, lest I should awaken the active suspicion and increasing envy of my comrades. Sometimes concealed in a chest of goods, or rolled up in a carpet, I was carried in before the eyes of the Pacha himself. On one occasion I was surprised by him, and obliged to remain two hours hidden in a clock case, where I was very near being suffocated. At last it was only in the following manner that I could go with safety to the princess.

* Jussuf does not yet know the Prussian.

"The Bardo, a kind of citadel, nearly as large as the fourth part of Algiers, is built over a labyrinth of subterranean passages, now full of rubbish and water. In these vaults underground, all who by order of the Bey are put to death have for a length of time been executed, and their bodies carelessly abandoned there. The mild character of the present ruler had indeed caused a long interval to elapse without any one having suffered capital punishment; half-decayed corpses were therefore no longer to be found as formerly, but there were abundance of skeletons and heaps of bones, the deposits of former and more troublesome times.

"Through part of this subterranean passage I was obliged to pass on the evenings when Kabbuhra expected me on the terrace; and as I dared not take a dark lantern with me, I had no other means of discovering my position, in case I went astray, than by feeling with my hand for certain marks I had made, or by sometimes striking fire with my dagger from the stone walls, which for an instant like a flash of lightning, lighted up the Egpytian obscurity around me. From the vault, a low door led to the flower-garden of the Pacha, which he had had laid out for his own

private use. The windows of his dwelling looked upon this garden, and those of his daughter's apartment were on the other side. The gardener, Andrea, an Italian, and his wife, Maria, were, it is true, in my pay; but as long as there was light in the Pacha's rooms I dared not emerge, and I was often obliged to stay three or four hours, resting upon bones, in this subterranean vault; and more than once did I vary the position of the skulls, that I might rest more comfortably.

"When the lights were at last put out, and I had ascertained that no Mameluke was sleeping, as they often do to enjoy the cool air, on the balcony; with the assistance of Andrea I climbed up an aqueduct, where poor Kabbuhra used to wait for me half the night; and only when the muezzin from the neighbouring minaret had called to morning prayer did I leave her; how often did I return—aye, ten times—to clasp her once more in my arms, till, frightened at the danger that threatened me, she herself would urge me to leave her. I went to see her with courage enough to withstand a host of enemies, but returned home timid and unnerved.

"A half year passed away in this manner, when new cares began to assail me. Kabbuhra

felt herself *enceinte*, and at the same time unfounded jealousy tormented me.

"One of my comrades, a young man as handsome as he was bold and enterprising, and who, in addition, possessed the talent of singing to perfection, had watched me so far, that if not positively certain, he was at least convinced of the probability of our intrigue. But he did not venture to betray me, for, unless he were able to prove his charge on the spot, he would himself have been the first victim. However, the knowledge he had gained emboldened him to dispute the prize with me; and I often heard him singing amorous songs in the garden I have mentioned, under the window lattice of my beloved. That Kabbuhra should have listened to him, even once from curiosity, was sufficient to throw me into the most violent rage.

"One day we rode out in the train of the Pacha. I approached Muhammed, and, although duels are not exactly the custom with us, and are, besides, most severely punished, I insulted him so by taunting words, that he remained behind with me in a palm-grove, and before I had time to draw my sword, he struck me two blows on the head, which pierced my turban and inflicted two deep wounds. The blood flowed over my face, and, thinking me

mortally wounded, he turned his horse's head and rode hastily after the Pacha. However, passion and love would not allow me to be conquered: I wiped off the blood that covered my eyes — raised myself, already half fallen from my horse, rode after and overtook him, and, with one tremendous blow, cut off, with a piece of the skull, that part of his head where we let a tuft of hair grow, to keep at least a lock for our sweethearts." Here Jussuf, who was lying in *négligée* on a divan, threw off his turban, and, with an expressive gesture, showed me the tuft of hair that all Turks wear on their close-shaved heads. "Scarcely had I seen my rival fall," continued he, "when I went straight home, as if a sudden illness had attacked me, and kept myself close the whole day. However, the event could not remain concealed: Muhammed Tschulak was found, apparently dead, lying under the palm-trees; and as soon as he came to himself, he related, of course all to my disadvantage, what had occurred.

"The Pacha, in great wrath, swore a dreadful oath, that if Muhammed died, I should instantly follow him. Kabbuhra, on hearing this, so gave way to despair, that on the second day, after a long fainting-fit into which

my adversary fell, — the report having been spread in the palace that he was dead,—the heroic girl resolved not to survive me, and, in a moment of madness, hung herself to the bed-post. Had not Lombard, the physician of the Bey, who was also our confidant, fortunately arrived as she was in the last agonies of suffocation, death was inevitable. Muhammed recovered, after much danger, but was obliged ever after to wear a silver cap.

"Thus once more the storm passed over us; but it rendered the discovery of the state of my beloved still more dreadful. An old negress undertook to procure a miscarriage; and although the attempt succeeded, by means only known in the East, Kabbuhra was for several days in danger of her life. A brief respite followed all our agitation, and we thought that at last we had survived every danger, when an unlucky accident led to a discovery of all.

"While I was absent for a few days on a mission from the Pacha, some chinks were remarked in our dwelling, exactly over my bedroom. The architect who was consulted decided that an old pillar should be removed, and replaced by a new one. To execute this, part of my room was demolished, and, as ill luck would have it, exactly that portion where

a year before I had immured the Greek. The corpse, which I had cut in pieces, was, it is true, wholly consumed by the means I had employed; but he was recognised by the unusually long tuft of coarse black hair, which had answered so well to throw him on the floor, and which, unluckily, still remained wholly uninjured.

"You may imagine my feelings when, on returning, I learned what had taken place. However, I dared not allow my uneasiness to be remarked, and next morning I appeared unembarrassed at my post as usual. According to etiquette, we had to station ourselves in a long gallery every morning, when the Pacha came out of his harem, forming a lane of two ranks, through which, passing us in review, he walked to his throne-like divan, and there, while he smoked his pipe, dispensed justice. Having been for a long time in a state of nervous anxiety, I was accustomed, immediately when he entered, to study his countenance, and endeavour to see what humour was painted there; but to-day it looked dark as the sky before a storm. Scarcely was he seated, when, turning to me with a frown, he demanded an account of the remains found in my bed-room, which, it was supposed, were those of the Greek who had

mysteriously disappeared a year before. With the utmost assurance I answered, that I knew nothing at all about it, but that I was aware, in consequence of the discovery, most unfounded suspicion had been cast on me. Notwithstanding which, I begged his highness to consider (a thing easily asserted) that I had previously slept in another room, and had only chosen this since the disappearance of the Greek; that if the discovered remains had been those of the Greek, it was utterly impossible they could have been consumed so soon; that therefore the occurrence had no doubt taken place thirty years ago, before I was born; and moreover, the fact of the tuft of hair being long and black, like that of the Greek, was but a feeble proof against me, as there were, and ever had been, many people with long tufts and black hair.

"The Pacha turned from me without answering a word, but I felt myself in no degree tranquillised.

"However, nothing more occurred during the day, and I already began to have better hopes, when at midnight somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and Assin, our chief, the Basha Mameluke, whom we loved much, because he always acted like a father to us, stood before

me. At his sight I felt, as it were, a dagger in my heart; for, well knowing our customs, I saw that my hour was come. However, as among us it is considered disgraceful to tremble at the sight of death, or to appear dejected at the last moment, pride and the all-powerful love of Kabbuhra soon gave me such undaunted resolution, that from that moment no feeling of weakness could again overcome me: on the contrary, I thought to myself with proud satisfaction, that the loss of my life would be a holy sacrifice offered to my beloved; for love at that moment was undisputed master of my soul. 'Jussuf,' said the Basha Mameluke, 'I have often warned you, but in vain; all you have done is discovered,—you must prepare for death: tell me your last wishes, and confess to me as your father and friend.' 'Well,' answered I without trembling, '*Kismet!* (fate!) what is to be, must be: I am ready!'

"After a serious conversation of a quarter of an hour, in which, as the last upon earth, I spoke of many things that I shall not now repeat, I followed the Basha Mameluke, prepared for my approaching execution. Before the door stood a slave with a lantern, and I saw several others leaning against the wall, distinguishable in the obscurity only by the glittering of their

drawn yataghans. We descended into the vaults, and halted exactly at the spot where the bones were heaped up—the spot where I had so often awaited the hour that was to lead me to Kabbuhra's arms. I can assure you that this overwhelmed me with delight, for I did not feel the smallest dread of death.

"According to our customs, no man of rank can be executed without allowing him time to say his last prayer, which is preceded by an ablution. For this purpose a slave had brought with him my silver basin, while another spread out a carpet before me, on which he laid the lantern. I washed myself, knelt down, and performed exactly what our religion prescribes. This final prayer is rather long, and lasts for about a quarter of an hour: when it is finished, the precept of the law requires the condemned to turn up the corner of the carpet on which he is kneeling.—Now, only imagine what fate is," continued Jussuf, after a momentary pause. "Whilst on the point of stretching out my head to receive the death-blow, I mechanically turned up the corner of the carpet —threw down by accident, wholly unintentionally, the lantern, which immediately went out.

"What passed within me at this decisive moment it is difficult to explain. My whole

existence was increased tenfold; life, which a moment before had seemed to me almost a burthen, appeared now the most inestimable blessing, and before I was myself conscious of a distinct thought, I had snatched from the nearest slave his yataghan, and disappeared in the obscurity, groping my way at random in the dark vaults. I soon got into the deep slime, while the noise and cries of my pursuers died away by degrees in the distance. I fell, cutting my hands and face on the stones, but nothing stopped me. The water soon was up to my middle, and at last to my neck. Now, for the first time, I stopped: the stillness of the grave surrounded me,—no noise was any longer to be heard. Drawing a deep inspiration, I enjoyed all the charm of liberty: I then sought my way back, to reach a dry place. However, it was impossible, without the thread of Ariadne, to find one's way, and all I could do was, whenever I got into a place where the water was too deep, to go back again and seek one more shallow, happy if I could find a stone to rest upon.

"You will scarcely believe it, but the result has since proved to me, (for during the period itself, I could neither measure its space, nor distinguish night from day,) that I remained three days and as many nights in these cata-

combs, without other nourishment than the loathsome slimy water, and a sort of mushroom that grew on the humid walls. On the morning of the fourth day, tired to death, I trod upon a long bone, which the rats had probably dragged here, and I became aware, as if by instinct, that in this direction lay the vault, filled with bones, which, after it had so long favoured my intrigue, was intended for my grave.

"I had already tried my old method of striking fire; but the weak blade of the stolen weapon never answered my expectations. However, even without this aid, hope was not quite extinguished. After a few minutes, I sank down with indescribable delight on my old bed of repose, the well-known skeletons, which I tenderly hugged as my deliverers. But at this moment I felt seized by torturing pains in the bowels; raging hunger taught me torments of a kind hitherto unknown; I had scarcely strength enough left to raise myself up again and knock on the spot where I imagined was the door that led to the garden, when I stumbled against a rough body, and straight before me heard a hollow sound.

"Horror gave me new energy; with my dagger I stabbed the unknown being; some-

thing heavy fell on me, uttering a loud groan; at the same moment I felt a stream of warm blood pour over me. A ray of light beamed before me, the door opened, and Andrea entered, to fetch an ass he had bought the evening before, and tied up for the night in this place, but which in my delusion I had just killed. 'Andrea,' cried I, 'for the love of God, save me! I am Jussuf.'

"This sudden cry, however, nearly proved my ruin; for Andrea, overcome by superstitious fear, uttered a frantic shout, and rushed through the door, shutting it after him with a loud noise.

"Now, for the first time, I abandoned myself to despair, cursing my unhappy fate; but nature demanded her rights, and the blood of the dead ass, which I swallowed greedily, probably preserved me from complete loss of my remaining strength. Luckily, Andrea related the event to his wife, and she, with more wisdom, came back in half an hour with essence and refreshments: she too remained at the door timidly, before she ventured nearer, having first convinced herself that she had no ghost to fear, but that it was real flesh and blood which stood in need of assistance. Andrea and his wife were indebted to me for what in Europe would

be considered riches; indeed they had been too necessary to me not to load them with money: and now they were not ungrateful. While the husband prepared a bath for me in his dwelling and gave me a change of clothes, his wife informed Kabbuhra of my existence and wonderful escape, so that next night I found myself happy as usual in her arms in her own dwelling.

"She, poor thing, looked like a shadow, and in despair at my death, had refused every kind of food. Her joy, on the contrary, now bordered on madness. However, after the first moments of surprise, she was able to think and act for us both. I remained several days concealed in her apartment, during which time the following plan, by her activity and presence of mind, was put in execution. To make it intelligible, I must mention what had taken place some time before.

"A near relation of the last bey but one, who was murdered, Ali Ben Junnuss, had previously taken flight, sought and found assistance at Algiers, and, followed by a small number of mountaineers, had entered the territory of Tunis on the side of Constantine, had twice defeated with a handful of men the troops sent against him, and now occupied a very favour-

able position on a mountain side, opposite a third corps of the Bey's; so that another defeat might prove serious to the latter.

"I had nothing to do but to go over to the rebels, or by some splendid action deserve my pardon. Kabbuhra's lover could only choose the latter.

"Besides, no one entertained the slightest doubt of my death; not even the Bey, for it is not customary among us for the person who is charged with such an execution to give notice of its having been carried into effect. This is considered such a matter of course, that by a sort of etiquette the thing is only mentioned again when new orders are to be taken. But on the present occasion the Basha Mameluke had taken greater care to conceal the unexpected issue, as probably he and the negligent slaves would have suffered instead of me; and besides, escape from the subterranean vaults appeared so impossible, that they believed I had only exchanged death by the sword for starvation.

"Nothing had been arranged in the disposal of my property, and the Bey, as it was said, uneasy and grieved, had cautiously avoided mentioning even my name. This state of things redoubled our hopes. By Kabbuhra's

means my faithful servant Rustan was informed of what had occurred, and ordered to be ready in the evening, in the same grove where Muhammed had fallen by my hand, with my battle-horse, *Sheitan haila*, (literally, hottest of devils,) and my best arms, with two other armed men, who knew nothing of the affair.

"All was safely carried into execution: I escaped undiscovered over the ramparts and walls, and by the middle of night had already reached the camp. Here, bivouacked at a little distance from the main body of the corps, was my faithful friend and brother in arms Roduin, with four hundred chosen troops. My death had already been published in the army, to the grief of my friends, and the joy of those who envied me. I may, however, safely say, that I had always more of the former than of the latter. My character was naturally one of kindness and generosity; and as my station had given me the means of practising these two virtues, I had assisted many, and never sought to injure any one who had not first attacked me. That was one reason why, fond of bold and hazardous enterprises, I had met such extraordinary success in everything I had hitherto undertaken. Among the Orientals success is all; they follow unwillingly a

standard from which victory has once withdrawn. From my fifteenth year I had scarcely ever been vanquished, and consequently I enjoyed among the Arabs a great and not altogether undeserved popularity. The fact of my never having broken my word with them also contributed essentially to this; for courage and truth are the qualities they most esteem.

"Roduin's astonishment was unbounded when I entered his tent and by my embrace announced that I was still living. After I had informed him in a few words of what had occurred, seizing his hand, I said, 'Now, Roduin, the time is come for you to repay me the services I have so often rendered you at the peril of my life. You must yield me the command of your Suaves: you know that I am your superior in war and battle, and it is now necessary for me to risk all, that I may gain all.'

"You will be perhaps astonished to hear that Roduin granted this request without difficulty; but, in the first place, remember that we have scarcely a trace of that severe discipline which prevails in European armies; and secondly, that if we be deficient in many respects compared with you, we are in some others your superiors. We possess, for instance, a chivalrous, romantic spirit, which makes us sacrifice every-

thing to love, to friendship—nay, even to a mere feeling of generosity. In short, Roduin yielded without hesitation to my wishes. I harangued the Suaves, and a few minutes after, we were climbing the mountain to attack the chief body of the enemy, which we knew consisted of infantry only: we also supposed that these savage tribes, flushed with their late victories and the inactivity of our troops, would be little on their guard.

"Roduin, my three servants, and I only were on horseback: the Suaves followed on foot. However, I soon observed negligence and indecision among the soldiers. I several times called to the Schaushs (a kind of officer), who re-established order for a moment; but it was not of long duration.

"The loiterers behind increased one by one. The darkness of the night prevented our accurately remarking it; but when we arrived on the summit of the mountain, we, the horsemen, were nearly alone. Firmly resolved on my part not to retreat, but redeem my faults by some daring deed, I halted a moment, begged of Roduin to wait for me quietly, jumped off my horse, and crept in silence, with my drawn sword, into the camp of the enemy.

"They all lay pell-mell in the darkness, in

the most profound sleep. Only one tent, evidently that of the chief, was illumined by the faint glare of a single light. To it I crept on my hands and feet, and saw a man lying there, who, buried in reflection, seemed still awake, for he constantly rocked himself to and fro.* I went round the tent, raised up one side of it softly, entered through the opening, and was going to pull the trigger of my gun, (for I was convinced that after the death of the chief there would be no more resistance, and that the Suaves who followed me were sufficient to ensure complete victory,) when I felt myself laid hold of by a button of the sleeve.

"In consequence of the motion this gave to the tent, Junnuss, who was lying before me, seized his sabre, and aiming a blow at me in the midst of his alarm, struck my musket at the very instant I was firing it at him. The smoke of powder filled the tent; when it had disappeared nobody was visible.

"A number of men, awakened by the report, rushed from all quarters to the spot. I had only time to carry off the seal-ring of the foreign commander, which, with his arms, lay on a little camp-table near him, and hastened to

* This is a fashion of the Orientals, arising from their mode of sitting.

regain the spot where I had left my companions. But I had scarcely gone a few steps, before I heard my horse, that had broken loose, neighing, as if he was seeking me. Laying hold of him, in an instant I was in the saddle; but it was too late: a crowd of armed soldiers suddenly surrounded me, and rendered resistance out of the question. They snatched from me my arms ornamented with jewels, seized the bridle of my horse, and led him on to exhibit me in triumph to their chief. He, however, was nowhere to be found. They sought him in all directions with increasing anxiety, but every trace of him seemed to have vanished.

"While I was thus led about, without their knowing where to take me, treating me all the time with reverence, because, from the magnificence of my dress and arms, they took me for a son of the Bey of Tunis, it struck me that I could save myself by a manœuvre I had tried once before. As soon as conceived, it was done. With one jerk I pushed Sheitan's bridle over his ears, so that it fell down, and those who conducted me had only a bridle, without a horse, in their hands.* Surprise paralysed them for an instant; and, as if my noble steed under-

* This is only practicable with Arabian bridles.

stood me, he reared at the same moment, struck with his fore-feet around him, and overthrowing by an extraordinary bound whatever stood in his way, ran with the swiftness of lightning into the wood, carefully avoiding each tree, and hastened back by instinct to the road by which we had come. Several hundred musket-shots were fired after us; but love no doubt protected me, for none of them hit its aim.

"Who can describe my joy when with the first rays of the rising sun I saw Roduin with his Suaves coming to meet me! Now the aspect of affairs changed: we surrounded the enemy, about six hundred strong, in a defile, where they were crowded together, and, deaf to the supplications and offers of the vanquished to surrender, I ordered that they should all be put to the sword. In half an hour every one of them had ceased to live. I will not deny that this massacre may be called cruel; but I felt so irritated at the repulse I had met with—I was so convinced at the time that these barbarous mountaineers deserved to be treated in a barbarous manner, and regarding only my own interest, feeling assured that a bloody victory was necessary, no other consideration prevailed.

"When our troops plundered the dead bodies they found my arms again; and, full of the

most flattering hopes for the future, well pleased with the night's work, I hastened with all speed to reach the town of Keruan, one of those holy asylums where fugitives cannot be touched.

"When Roduin arrived in the camp, and announced that he alone had driven Aly Ben Junnuss and the corps he commanded from his strong position, and killed six hundred men, the commander-in-chief, who was alarmed by the firing in the morning, would hardly credit the news. He could not, however, long refuse his credence to the truth, and he undertook the pursuit of the remainder, sending Roduin with the joyful tidings to Tunis. On his arrival there, he was not only pardoned for having acted without orders, but he received large rewards; then throwing himself at the feet of the Bey, he told him that this victory, so glorious for the national arms, was to be attributed to Jussuf alone, who had miraculously reappeared. The Bey, who had long felt remorse at ordering my execution, which he had done in his first passion, and particularly as he had found nobody to succeed me in the hundred little affairs he used to confide to me alone, testified much joy at the unexpected intelligence, and immediately despatched to me at Keruan a Mameluke with the pearl necklace,

the possession of which is equivalent to a free pardon.

"I profited by the opportunity to render the Bey a new and highly-important service. Beyond Keruan, on a high mountain, lived the Sheik Buttura, a man of great influence over the inhabitants, who had lately evinced a hostile disposition towards the Pacha, but was now reconciled to him; notwithstanding this, he would not accept an invitation from the Pacha to pay him a visit at Tunis, being unwilling to trust himself there. I knew how advantageous it would be for the Bey, on account of other plans, to conclude a lasting peace with Buttura. Taking advantage, therefore, of the favourable juncture, I brought him the pearl necklace, as if it had been sent to him, and requested the Sheik to accompany me.

"A triumphal entry awaited me at Tunis; and you may figure to yourself my increased delight, for I knew that Kabbuhra would witness it, and all the ladies of the harem salute the victor in their most flattering manner: for we always considered it as our most precious reward after a gallant achievement, to have flowers thrown upon us from the windows of the harem; or when, without our knowing from whom the gift came, a jewel was hung

to the saddle of our horse standing in the court, or if he was perfumed with precious essence of roses. Often did my sheitan," said Jussuf, laughing, "smell so strong of it, that no one could bear to come near him."

As he spoke I thought how well have the Arabs and Moors, whom we stigmatise with the name of barbarians, preserved the old chivalrous manners which they once spread over all Europe from Spain, where their existence is now a half-forgotten tradition!

"The Pacha," continued Jussuf, "received me graciously, but with a stern air, and I did not find myself quite free from anxiety till he sent for me to where he was alone in the harem. Here, seen by Kabbuhra behind the trellis, I threw myself at his feet, and kissing his hands with tears, swore ever to remain his faithful and grateful son.

"Here the first act of my drama closes," said Jussuf, stroking his handsome brown beard with a white hand ornamented with rings —(for Jussuf is now somewhat of the well-bred European;) "the second ended in a more tragical way, and changed my whole future destiny.

"Three years had passed in undisturbed peace. The Pacha could no longer remain

blind to my continued communications with his daughter: it was, however, sufficient for him to appear ignorant of it. But it was still necessary to take almost the same precautions for the sake of Kabbuhra's reputation, and give no *éclat* to the intrigue, as its discovery would have left the Pacha himself no alternative. Our marriage was impossible according to the law, and my rank totally unequal to hers; for, not being of royal blood, I must have been first minister, or chief of the Mamelukes at least, to pretend to her hand: and I was too young for either of these dignities.

"Continued constraint became at last quite insupportable, and we resolved to fly. At that time I had a slave, whose name was Antonio, on whom I believed I could entirely depend, and to whom I therefore indiscreetly discovered my intentions. I gave him six thousand piastres to purchase a ship secretly, and desired that it should be in readiness for us on a certain day, with a small crew, hired in the name of a merchant.

"The court went every year to a villa named Hammam-Liet, where there are mineral baths, used as a kind of purification, to which all attached to the court must submit. The mansion is situate in the midst of a plain

half a mile distant from the sea, from which it is separated by a marshy country full of high rushes. From hence we intended to fly, and endeavour to reach Malta or Sicily; and as we had plenty of treasure, we hoped to lead in Europe a free and happy life. We indulged in the most romantic notions respecting the time, in which we were to enjoy the sweet pleasures of an undisturbed union, and not the slightest doubt of success troubled the visions of our too ardent youth.

"The appointed night arrived. Antonio, who assured us that all was ready, had left me to await our arrival on the shore; and, overjoyed at the prospect of finding what I had so long wished for come at last, I went to my mistress, who was waiting anxiously for me; she sank in great agitation and tears into my arms. However, I soon succeeded in tranquillising her by caresses and the warmth with which I painted our approaching felicity in the brilliant colours of an imagination long occupied with no other thought.

"A dreadful storm, not unusual at this season, raged around. Nothing could be more favourable, for a double row of tents filled with soldiers surrounded the castle. Though some of them on the spot where we

intended to pass were bribed, others might easily discover us.

"The chamber in which we were was not far from the ground. I loosened my long golden sword-belt, fastened it to the trellis, and going out upon the balcony, slid down first by the belt floating in the wind, Kabbuhra intrepidly following me with the activity of a squirrel. But when she got down, her feelings again overpowered her. She turned round once more towards the house, falling upon her knees and sobbing, to take, as she believed, her last farewell of it. But time was too precious; with tender violence I took her away, and we passed the tents without being molested, for all the soldiers had been driven into them by the rain.

"Our way through the rushes became, however, more and more difficult; and my heart still bleeds when I think with how much courage and patience that tender being tore her skin amid the briars;—how, with naked feet (for her slippers were soon lost in the marsh) and light clothing, she remained exposed to the dreadful weather, while no complaint escaped her lips. I carried her as often as I could; but having only lately recovered from a severe wound in the chest received in action, I had regained

scarce half my own strength; and besides, I was oppressed by the weight of the gold and jewels, which I would intrust to nobody else. At last, overcome with weariness, we reached the sea: but who can describe our horror! no ship was to be seen, far or near.

"For a moment fortitude abandoned me, and Kabbuhra alone showed incredible firmness. 'Wait here for me a moment,' cried I in a state of agitation, 'and let me look about: Antonio *must* be in the neighbourhood.' I wandered in despair for more than half an hour, but nothing caught my eye save some solitary sea-gulls. When I came back, Kabbuhra also had disappeared: a serpent coming out of the rushes had frightened her; in a state of fearful anxiety she had gone the wrong way after me, and another anxious half-hour elapsed before we were able, by loudly calling each other's names, again to come together.

"Inconsolable, we once more took the road back to the castle; I in sullen despair, she firmly endeavouring but in vain to comfort me with all the specious flatterings love could invent. 'Oh, Kabbuhra!' cried I, 'nothing more now remains for us but to die together!'—'I am ready,' said she, 'to follow you wherever you lead me, even to death.' Almost in a state

of delirium, I pressed her to my bosom and drew my dagger; but my courage failed me. 'Kabbuhra,' said I, trembling in order to gain time, 'kiss me, and plunge the dagger into your heart: when your last sigh has fled, this pistol shall blow my guilty head to pieces.' 'Oh,' said she, turning away with a shudder, 'let us at least wait for the last necessity. The blow of a dagger is easily given before we can be seized; perhaps Allah protects us, and will allow us by a miracle to reach the castle.' But she knew not that my remaining strength was rapidly leaving. My wounds had opened afresh; I felt myself swimming in blood, and sank fainting on my knees. When I again opened my eyes, I found the faithful creature with great presence of mind occupied in binding my wounds, and in making me smell strong essences, by which means she had slowly brought me back to life again. 'How!' thought I, irritated with myself; 'this tender, delicate being show such strength!—would you be inferior to her!'

"At this thought more than earthly strength appeared to invigorate my nerves; I rose by a violent effort, and gently aided by Kabbuhra, we approached for the second time the tents. The sky seemed still allied with us,

and kept pouring down its waters like a rain-spout. The sentinels were again fortunately left behind us: 'but the golden belt,' thought I with a shudder; 'if it has been remarked and is no longer there!' However, the bad weather had saved us; it was still floating in the wind as before. Kabbuhra first climbed up, without my assistance; and immediately afterwards her triple knock informed me that no one else was awake, and that I might safely follow her. I got to my dwelling again by the usual way, and a few days sufficed to dissipate entirely the effects of that dreadful night, the most horrible of my life.

"Treacherous fate had only granted us a short respite! The cause why Antonio did not appear was not treachery, as I had feared; but the suspicion of the authorities had fallen upon him, because he executed his commission with too little foresight. The ship had been seized, and as he would give no information about it, he received five hundred blows of a stick. He then named a wrong person; but the falsehood was soon apparent. His punishment was therefore doubled, and, incapable of bearing punishment any longer, he avowed the whole.

"When the Pacha was apprised of this, he once more showed forbearance, and in-

stead of ordering me to be put to death, as I might have expected, allotted me as the place of my confinement a strong palace at Tunis, called the Darlaola, where everything necessary for his household is prepared by negresses. Except being kept in confinement, I was here otherwise well treated, but carefully watched by these old women—a guard more dangerous than any other; and besides, soldiers surrounded the house. Nevertheless I soon succeeded, by the help of the doctor, and the not over-strict control of the chief of the Mamelukes, in organising such a system of bribery, that, during the whole year I was confined there, few nights passed without my reposing at least for some blessed moments in Kabbuhra's arms, although my prison was at least a league distant from her residence, and I had a hundred difficulties of every kind to surmount before I could reach her. My power of long endurance,—my unshaken confidence, and total contempt of danger, have often since appeared to me a mystery; but I feel too plainly that I am no longer capable of enduring the same.

"After this happy year had elapsed,—for it was so, in spite of never-ending anxiety,—cruel fate, sporting with our destiny, separated us for ever!" The profound sorrow which spread

over Jussuf's features, and the violence of his agitation, which almost took away his breath for a moment, proved how painfully he still felt his loss. "I cannot," said he, striking his breast, "relate this narrative of my stormy life without being most violently affected; and had you not shown such a lively interest in my history and pressed me so earnestly, I should with difficulty have made up my mind to do it. You are the first to whom I have communicated in such detail what I have long avoided thinking on.

"But we are now almost at the end," continued he with his irresistibly amiable smile, "and I hope your patience will last to the conclusion.

"Unfortunately, at this time, Assin, who was my protector and second father, one of the most distinguished men, fell into disgrace, and my greatest enemy superseded him as first minister and chief of the Mamelukes. The latter, who had watched me carefully and was informed of all, made a circumstantial report concerning me to the Pacha, who at length thought it incumbent on him to sacrifice me to his daughter's honour."

"Lombard, the private physician to the Pacha, was commissioned to present me the

poisonous cup which puts a rapid end to the life of the condemned. But from Lombard I had nothing to fear; and it is possible that the Bey in secret reckoned upon that fact. The following was the cause of my security:—

"Lombard first came to Tunis when I was a boy of only fifteen; and he thought he would best ingratiate himself by declining the protection of the consuls, and placing himself entirely under the Bey's jurisdiction. This step, however, brought him within a hair's breath of ruin. An epidemic prevailed in the capital, which Lombard declared to be the plague. As nothing could be more prejudicial to our trade and existing relations than an official declaration of the plague, on account of the obstacles it must have occasioned to our intercourse with Europe, the Pacha fell into a violent passion at Lombard's declaration, which was contradicted by all the physicians of Tunis. He ordered him to be brought before him, and to receive in his presence a thousand blows of a stick; which is equivalent to sentence of death.

"The prepossessing figure and noble demeanour of Lombard made such an impression on me, then a spoiled child of the Pacha's, that I burst into a bitter flood of tears, threw myself at the feet of the Bey, and conjured him to retract

the cruel order, or that he might at least wait and see if the foreigner had not spoken the truth. The Pacha, moved by my anguish, stroked my cheeks and said kindly, 'Be tranquillised; what you wish shall be done.' Lombard was taken away, and as his assertion was fully confirmed shortly afterwards, the Bey made him a public apology, gave him rich presents, and named him to the high office of his own body physician.

"When the man who owed life, honour, and affluence to me appeared in the night with the poison, he said, while he embraced me, 'I esteem myself happy, Jussuf, to be able at last to repay what you once did for me. Every preparation for your flight is concerted with Lesseps (the son of the French consul): the frigate, the Adonis,* is at the Goletta ready to sail, and take part in the expedition against Algiers; a boat will wait for you near the shore at break of day, and two horses are ready for you and your servant at the marine gate. It will be easy for you to be there at the appointed hour; and you have still time to make the necessary preparations, for nobody will inquire after you until morning. Once in safety,

* The name of the ship could not be more appropriately chosen for the person it was to bear.

we shall then see if anything further can be done for you.'

"With the deepest emotion I took leave of my faithful friend, sent by him a thousand loves to poor dear Kabbuhra, and then filled a casket with all my jewels, worth more than a million, sewed up some diamonds, of the value of a hundred thousand francs, in my waistcoat, (which afterwards proved extremely fortunate for me,) and, disguised as a Bedouin, so that it was impossible to recognise me, I left my prison in the usual way. Finding everything as Lombard had described, I killed the horses, and threw them, with the assistance of Rustan, into a deep well, that they might not betray my flight; and as the morning was dawning, I approached the appointed place.

"Here an unexpected sight presented itself to my view. A patrol going by had met the sailors of the boat, who, knowing nothing further than that they were to take off a passenger to the ship, had gone on shore to breakfast, to which meal the soldiers of the patrol also sat down in a friendly way. While I was hastily saying my morning prayer, the sounds of jovial gaiety, mingled with laughter and jokes, reached my ears. Probably this

noise had attracted a second patrol, which I saw descending from the summit of the neighbouring hill. I quickly gave my servant the casket of jewels rolled up in a white shawl, ordered him to follow me closely, and went freely up to the group. I found that the careless soldiers, in order to enjoy their meal undisturbed, had left their muskets close together leaning against a wall which in this place surrounds the sea, forming an elevation towards the water, and on which rested the butt-ends of the firelocks. With one spring I was at the extreme end of the row, and, seizing the first musket, threw them all together rattling into the sea. I drew my sword, and, crying out to the sailors in French that I was the expected passenger, and that if they valued their lives they should gain their boat by all means, I and my servant attacked the astonished soldiers, who hardly knew how the thing had happened.

"After I had cut down two of them, another fell at my feet, whom I had run through the body while he was seizing my belt: a fourth was laid in the dust by a pistol-shot fired with my left hand. My servant also fought desperately; and, in spite of their superiority of numbers, we reached the boat before the second patrol could overtake us. I had already

one foot in the skiff; but a gigantic Albanese still held me fast by the shoulder: he had, however, reason to repent of it, for a lucky blow of my Damascus blade separated his hand so completely from the arm, that it fell as a trophy into the boat. It was but a bad exchange for the severe loss I sustained at the same time.

"In the confusion of the fight, and that he might have his hands free, Rustan had thrown down the casket confided to him, and afterwards quite forgot it. During the fire of musketry that saluted us from the shore, I saw it lying safe on the strand. I had for an instant formed the mad resolution of returning to fetch it; but reason soon made me abandon the idea. I learned afterwards that the casket was, after my flight, honestly delivered up to the Pacha.

"How I got into the French service, what it has been my good fortune to execute in it, and my new visit to Tunis on a mission from the governor of Algiers, will, if you desire it, form the subject of another narrative; for to-day we have both had quite enough."

With these words Jussuf terminated his strange story. At present I only add, that he has brilliantly distinguished himself in the French service, not only by skill and intrepi-

dity; but his wonderful feat of taking the citadel of Bona, with his friend d'Armandy, has attracted the admiration of the whole army. On this subject, however, I shall have an opportunity of saying more presently.

He gained his last laurels in the action against the Bey of Constantine, and the governor desires nothing more than to install him there, instead of that Bey. At table he said so, half in jest. "Mais, mon général," answered Jussuf, "donnez-moi douze cents hommes, et vous n'avez qu'à me laisser partir; je m'entaillerais bien moi-méme. La route de Bona à Constantine est aussi facile que celle de votre hôtel à mon logement en ville."

It did not appear at all disagreeable to the young Turk when I told him that I rejoiced the more at having made his acquaintance because his reputation was become almost European, and I had heard his name pronounced in Paris from many pretty lips with an enthusiasm which the sight of him would certainly not diminish. In fact, Jussuf is one of those who must, I am sure, greatly interest everybody; but he strikes me perhaps more than any one else, and experience has proved that the attraction is in some degree mutual. In old Europe we are all become, more or less,

thinkers: here I saw one of our antipodes, a man all action; he is a true natural hero—handsome, amiable, humane, and gentle, as he describes himself, but, at the same time, all that a hero of romance ought to be. We of the civilised nations are an enervated, exhausted race, in the last degree of moral inanition, and incapable of producing anything like such a character as Jussuf. Nothing greater than a gigantic intellectual machine such as was Napoleon could be possible among us, as the highest sum and representative of the ability of the times; but a primitive nature—such poetry in action as this Turk, can never again grow on our soil. If his influence here, owing to circumstances, be only slight and local, he is still a subject of wonder for the inquirer. Besides, whoever desires to fancy him in a historical and spirit-stirring point of view has only to place him in imagination on an Asiatic throne.

But it is time to return to the party at the brave governor's.

The conversation now turned to other topics. The first was an approaching marriage in the house of Mustapha Pacha, whom I have already mentioned. Jussuf described to us the ceremonies customary on such occasions, and observed, that the bridegroom, as well as the

bride, is unveiled, (on which occasion he obtains a sight of her for the first time;) that he kisses her on the forehead, and says to her, "I take thee for my wife, for this and the other world."

"I thought," said I, "that in the next world still greater beauties are promised to the faithful."

"You are right," answered Jussuf, laughing: "the *horris*" (it was so he pronounced the word) "await us there, but the Prophet allows us, in addition to them, to take the wife whom we most love."

"Besides," continued the governor's daughter, "the Turks must be of a much more tender nature than the Europeans; for the bridegroom assured me at our last visit, that his longing after his bride left him no rest night or day, though he had as yet never seen her."

"Perhaps that was the very reason," observed the physician in a sarcastic tone.

The demeanour of Jussuf was as elegant and polite as it was imposing in its simple nature; not without pride towards the men, familiar and flattering towards the ladies. There was however, about him something strange, as in Othello, of whose character he often reminded me. Thus, he once said of a pretty lady very much

admired here: "Je n'oserais pas l'aimer: comment pourrais-je le supporter, de lui voir faire la cour par tant d'autres!" He wore a superb Persian dagger in his belt, which after dinner the company eagerly admired. When the graceful Countess of Erlon took it in her hand, he said with the sweetest smile, "Madame, vous pourrez le toucher hardiment; avec celui-là je n'ai pas encore coupé de tête."

The palace of the governor formerly belonged to one of the richest Moors in the town, and is almost the only building occupied by the French the interior of which remains unaltered. Here, as in the other houses, the inner yard, surrounded by colonnades, forms the principal apartment; but the dimensions are larger, the chambers are more spacious, and all are beautifully ornamented with gildings and a variety of colours: the staircases, doorways, pillars, are all of white marble, the cornices and window-lattices gilt; the walls, breast-high, are inlaid with porcelain, and the ceilings and doors carved with much taste. Several pieces of furniture attracted my notice; among others, very commodious, but large, ill-shaped-arm chairs, and a strange bedstead in green and gold, more in the fashion of the time of Lewis the Fourteenth than in the style of

the East, and probably part of some plunder made at that period.

I accompanied the governor and his family to the theatre, where "*Une Femme de l'Empire*" was tolerably played, and afterwards a farce, "*Le Divorce*," much better than I have seen it performed in any provincial town in France. The third piece could not be acted, in consequence of the sudden illness of the lady lessee, produced, it was said, by the dreadful news, that the municipality, instead of an allowance of twelve thousand francs a-year, which she had hitherto received, would for the future only give her half that sum. This appears to me as ill-conceived an economy, on a petty scale, as that which the government is obliged, from the parsimony of the Chambers, to practise on a grander, in the whole administration of the affairs of Algiers.

For instance, many are of opinion that with six thousand more troops all desirable results would be obtained, and that the French could advance far enough into the interior to establish secure and lasting possessions, which would lay the foundation of real dominion over the regency, and at all events render possible the cultivation of the plain of Metidschia. Those who pretend to be best acquainted with

the state of things here assert, that if the Bey of Constantine were conquered, all further resistance on the part of the Arabs would cease; as his example and his intrigues are the last remaining anchor that attaches them to the old state of things. In that event, they add, a real and successful plan of civilisation might be commenced in Africa; whereas the means employed and the money expended until now have acted as mere palliatives. Others, on the contrary, say that there are too many soldiers, and that one should only make war on the natives in case of absolute necessity; instead of which money should be given them, and by separating their interests, according to the plan of Machiavel, check one by means of the other; but if once the French troops acted, they should show no mercy, for which purpose energy, rather than a greater number of soldiers, would be wanted. I cannot decide upon these conflicting opinions, but to every impartial man it must appear astonishing that the French, after several years' possession, with an army of fifteen thousand men, and after so many millions of expenditure, have not yet been able to accomplish so much as to enable a person to go without escort four leagues from the town. Two or three thousand men are necessary to go to

Belida, which is but eight leagues off; Mount Atlas, at no greater distance, is quite inaccessible; and the fruitful plain of Metidschia, although almost entirely sold, is a complete desert, because neither the lives nor properties of the colonists are in safety. And this seems the more remarkable when one reflects that the Turkish government, with seven thousand Turks, formerly held in obedience the whole kingdom, extending from the frontiers of Morocco to those of Tunis.

It would appear that the French, with all their other brilliant qualities, badly understand the art of colonisation; or else that the government does not intend to keep permanent possession of Algiers, yet dares not openly declare so in the face of the national will of France, so unequivocally and enthusiastically expressed. If this be the case, for my part I believe the government is right, and that perhaps an establishment similar to the old chivalric order of Malta and Jerusalem, founded on the spirit of the times, and under the universal protection of the European powers, would answer the purpose better.

But the steam-packet is on the point of sailing, and I must finish. A deputation of merchants has just left me: their object was to

invite me to a grand ball. I must gratify my vanity by saying that the speaker of these gentlemen addressed me in the following words: "La réputation qui vous a dévancé, mon prince, nous fait vivement désirer que vous nous fassiez l'honneur d'assister à notre petite fête." This at Algiers cannot fail to be very flattering to a poor gentleman of Lausitz, only born to shoot hares and plant cabbages at home. Excuse this weakness, and laugh at me a little; but do it with that arch and good-natured amiability which on every occasion, whether you praise or blame, as time rolls on, attaches my heart more firmly to you.

Firmly convinced of this truth, accept with love and friendship my first farewell from this quarter of the globe.

Yours truly,

H. S.

LETTER IV.

Visit to Admiral de Bretonnière.—Anecdote of the Duke of Wellington's dawning career.—The French Admiral's Conference with the Ex-Dey.—The Merchants' Ball.

January 18.

I HAVE now made a few visits; among others, an interesting one to the admiral. He spoke of the English with much regard, and said in the course of the conversation, that it should always be among his most agreeable reminiscences, that he had been, as it were, a witness of the first dawn of the great career of the Duke of Wellington. "I dined," continued he, "in the year —99, at the table of the governor-general, Lord Wellesley, at Calcutta, where his brother, Sir Arthur, as he was then called, acted as colonel-adjutant. It was already known that the troops acting against Tippoo Saib had met with a severe check. A despatch was brought to the governor at table, which he read with evident signs of uneasiness. It contained, as

was afterwards known, a pressing demand from the commander-in-chief to send extraordinary and speedy assistance, otherwise he could not answer for the safety of the army. After Lord Wellesley had folded up the despatch, he sent it to his brother. The latter rapidly perused the letter with great calmness and placed it under his plate, while the dinner proceeded as usual. As soon, however, as the guests had withdrawn, a council of war was held, in which the majority voted that all the troops that could be spared should be sent to reinforce the army. 'No,' said he, whom fate destined for such great future actions; 'extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary means. The governor must do what no governor before him has done; he must put himself at the head of all the troops that can be collected: and not only that,—he must stimulate the public functionaries by proclamations, and invoke all true subjects to aid in opposing the common enemy.' This was done: the greatest enthusiasm inspired all classes; Tippoo Saib, the most dangerous enemy of the English, was conquered after a bloody war, and Wellington's military fame from that moment commenced its lofty and brilliant career, which even Napoleon's all-powerful star was unable to check."

With pleasure I also heard the admiral speak of his relations with the late Dey of Algiers, to whom he was sent before the great final catastrophe, with the view of attempting a last effort at reconciliation. The Dey, a serious, melancholy, portly man, received him, surrounded by a splendid guard, shining in gold and jewels, with much dignity, and seemed at first peaceably disposed. At the second audience, however, these dispositions had entirely vanished, owing to foreign influence, and the treatment the admiral received was so hostile, that throwing aside every other consideration, he prophesied to the Dey every thing which afterwards befel him. When he returned to the port, the Algerine admiral, whose influence the French had always found very prejudicial to them, and who heartily hated them, inquired what was the final result of the conference. It was in all probability fortunate for M. de la Bretonnière, that he possessed sufficient presence of mind to answer, "I am satisfied, and have not lost the hope of a good understanding." Had he done otherwise, his life, in consequence of the exasperated state of the Turks, would probably have been exposed to imminent danger; for he had scarcely reached his ship, when, on the unfavourable result of the

conference being known, he received a volley from all the batteries, and as there was only a very light breeze, he was obliged to remain a considerable time exposed to their fire. He had the firmness and coolness not to return a single shot, although he lost some men, and his ship was slightly damaged.

One of the consuls afterwards gave me an entertaining account of the enthusiasm which this prudent conduct excited in an English captain who, with his crew, viewed the affair from the walls. This comical fellow spoke all the time to the admiral as if he could hear him. "Well, my boys," cried he, "don't fire—Let the rascals alone!—hang them!—Beautifully behaved!—an Englishman couldn't do better!"—and similar exhortations. The admiral, no doubt, saved his ship by his composure; for in addition to the fact, that had a single shot been fired in return the cannonade of the Algerines would have become more murderous, it was also the opinion of all seamen that a cannonade from the ship must have put an end to the slight breeze that finally brought the vessel out of the roadstead and would have produced a dead calm.

The year after, when the dethroned Bey went to Paris, chance would have it, that on his first appearance in public, he met M.

de la Bretonnière in the tribune of the Chamber of Deputies. The admiral thought that delicacy forbade him to renew the acquaintance; but the Dey had scarcely seen him, when he sent him his snuff-box (a proof of Oriental politeness), and pressingly requested him to visit him as soon as possible. The admiral willingly complied with his wishes, and was very kindly received by the Dey. "We should not have met here," said he with a smile, "had I followed your advice and placed more reliance on your predictions. You are the only person from whom I heard the whole truth; I therefore reckon you among my best friends. Besides," continued he, "I do not so much regret what I have lost, for I was never happy in the possession of my power." The latter part of his expression is easily credited now-a-days by every ruler in Africa, as well as in Europe!

In the evening the grand ball given by the merchants took place. With the exception of the Moorish saloon, which was prettily decorated with variegated lamps, flowers, and flags, it exactly resembled a French one. If there was anything foreign about it, it was produced by the sight of the same Jewesses covered with gold who a short time before went bare-legged,

but now wore stockings. The prettiest among them was the daughter of Bacri, the Rothschild of Algiers, who, however, does not possess the genius or the good fortune of the European hero; for Bacri formerly played a great part here, but he is now ruined.

The most interesting figure at this ball was Jussuf, who, with his romantic face dark and proudly smiling, dressed now in Mameluke costume, completely black, having a costly red shawl with blue flowers rolled round his head, and a large diamond on his white hand, completely realised to my imagination the idea of Byron's Corsair. From the gallery I looked for some time at waltzes and gallopades: I then occupied myself with a game of whist with the governor—made several new acquaintances—admired some of the dresses, and women not quite so pretty,—mingled in the crowd, felt an occasional soft sensation, and found myself again at home in bed.

LETTER V.

March with the French Army to Buffarik.—Arabian Hacks.—Duera.—Military Road.—Fort de l'Empereur Charles.—Colonisation.—Home Remembrances.—The Suaves; their dress, armour, &c. in comparison with European soldiers.—Spanish Lady on horseback.—Dinner at the Café de l'Armée d'Afrique.—Summer Night in January.—Arabian Children know the Stars.—Knowledge of European Literature.—Breakfast at General Rapatel's quarters.—The Expedition.—Market at Buffarik.—Horses' tails shaved.

January 19.

General Rapatel had informed me that he would march to Buffarik with two thousand men, and proposed that I should accompany him; which I accepted with joy. It was agreed that I should join the troops next morning at the camp of Duera, and make the journey thither at my own convenience. The general politely offered me an escort, which I declined, as I had reason to suppose that at such a time the road would be safe enough.

At three in the afternoon I set out with the native of Brittany and M. Klimerath, a ne-

phew of General Rapp, who had formerly served in the navy, was then for some time a corsair, and had since travelled over nearly the whole globe for his amusement. We were all well armed.

An Arabian hack horse is as superior to a European as a Bedouin of the Desert excels the population of our towns. Mine at least, although he was aged and had lost an eye, proved in the course of these two days one of the best I had ever mounted. From all I see, the breed of horses in this country, although not to be compared to the true Arabian of Asia, seem to possess many advantages. It is easy to see that they are descended from the famous horses of the Desert, subsequently crossed with those of Spain; and besides, they have the advantage, which they probably derive from the horses of the Vandals, of requiring as little cleaning, care, and food as the Russian and Cossack coursers. The poor animals are often left, covered with foam, standing in the cold wind without clothing; and while still out of breath, they get straw and barley to eat, which they devour eagerly. It is astonishing that under such hardships their legs should be so clean and their hoofs so excellent: in this respect the English horses, the first in the

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world, are far inferior to them. They are never handsome, neither are they ever completely ugly, because generally they are well built for use, being neither too long nor too high, and well-balanced on their legs. Their croup is almost invariably slanting, and they usually carry their tails down: their hind parts, however, are strong. Their temperament is in general fiery, particularly in company, or when they are at all animated. They possess excellent bottom: one sees the stallions every moment challenging each other to fight, and from injudicious treatment they easily acquire all sorts of bad tricks, of which it is afterwards difficult to break them. If, on the contrary, the rider know how to manage them, they attach themselves to him, and, like all noble blood, show much sense of honour. The conduct of the Turks has had a most injurious effect on the indigenous breed, because every fine horse in the possession of the natives was immediately seized by them, and those only not handsome enough to excite their covetousness remained unmolested.

Duera is six leagues distant from Algiers: we went there with ease in two hours and a half, on a good high road made by the military. For the first half-hour we passed by a great

number of villas partly destroyed, all as white as marble of Carara; and the weather being extremely fine, as we proceeded along the many windings of the road we enjoyed with true delight the delightful views which presented themselves to us. Sometimes the eye caught the landscape around, or the gulf beneath, and the Aratsch; at another, the city, with its numerous forts and minarets, or the wide plain of Metidschia, and the Maison Quarrée, the Fort de l'Eau, and the distant Cape Matefou came in view. Beyond the plain rose the majestic range of the Atlas Mountains, in the middle of which the snow-covered Dschordschora glittered in the sun, whose beams of silvery lustre irradiated the dark-blue promontory. Nearer to us we sometimes saw a solitary palm-tree, or cypress; then a grove of bananas, bearing large, beautiful, violet-coloured flowers, shaped like a heart, attracted the eye amid the cactus and Aloes; and the fig-trees, stripped of their leaves, shone gracefully with their grey branches among the dark foliage and the golden fruit of the orange and lemon trees. The Fort de l'Empereur, which is built on the most elevated part of the road, and has been so called by the Algerines in mockery of Charles the Fifth, is the most favourable point for seeing the

whole of this splendid view, which Lieutenant-colonel Préaux, in his work on Algiers, declares to be equal in beauty to anything at Constantinople.

Passing by several blockhouses and small isolated redoubts, we soon arrived at El Ibrahim, a new colony, where European boys begging alms called to recollection our native land. On this height were posted several Suaves: I regret that I had not a painter to sketch the graceful and handsome attitude of these sentinels, who, with one arm leaning on their firelocks, the other on their sides, and one foot carelessly thrown over the other, in their picturesque costume, presented a picture of daring repose.

The Suaves are infantry, dressed in the Oriental fashion; a few of them only are natives of the country, of the true Suave tribe. Their uniform struck me as a model of elegance and convenience. It is a red cap with a handkerchief rolled round it like a turban, a blue waistcoat trimmed with red, a blue Turkish belt round the body, very wide breeches fastened under the knee, tightly-fastened gaiters from the knee to the ankle, below them white linen continuations and strong shoes. The jacket and waistcoat, after the Oriental fashion, are cut round, without a collar, and the neck

is consequently left bare. When the weather is cold, they are at liberty to wear a handkerchief tied loosely round it. They are armed with a musket and bayonet, a short broadsword like those worn by the ancient Romans, and they carry the cartridge-box conveniently before, buckled round the body over the belt. Their small knapsacks, filled only with necessaries, weigh at most fifteen or twenty pounds: they are carried, not like ours, fastened with incommodious straps across the breast, but with two smaller ones across the shoulders. In this dress every movement of the body is easy and free, while at the same time it is warm and airy. In colder climates it would be necessary perhaps to add a cloak.

Had I to raise a free corps in Europe, I could invent no costume that would better answer every military purpose, for I never could understand the advantage of what people in our country are pleased to call military dress *par excellence*. A soldier braced up like a wasp in his uniform, which can never be tight enough; wearing on his head a hard and heavy shako, which causes only pain and disorders of the eyes; carrying, besides, a musket, and a sword of not the slightest use except to strike the calves of his legs as he marches along;

add to these a cloak and knapsack (the latter confining his breast by the way in which it is fastened) weighing forty-two pounds;—a soldier in this equipment seems to me in anything but good military order. Experience proves this even in time of peace: for instance, on the march of the Thirty-seventh Prussian regiment, in the summer of 1832, from Wittenberg to Coblentz, on a very sultry day, seven men of the second battalion alone fell victims to their military costume;—some of them dropped dead on the spot during the march.

From the heights of El Ibrahim the eye followed the mountains as far as Oran; at our feet we saw Sidi Ferruch, the spot at which the French expedition landed, meeting with scarce a show of resistance.

From hence to Duera the country is naked; for, unfortunately, in its progress the French expedition destroyed many old trees, acting in this respect most unwarrantably. Eye-witnesses assert, that at Duera the finest palm-trees were cut down, that, again stuck in the ground, they might furnish ornamental avenues to a bivouack.

The heaths, which as far as appearances indicate are not unfruitful though neglected, and spread around as far as the eye can reach, are

now covered with nothing but thorns, bushes, myrtles, and palmitas (*Phœnix humilis*), the pith of whose roots is a favourite dish, and tastes exactly similar to our hazel-nuts. Partridges, wild boars, and hares are found in abundance here.

The first person we saw on our arrival at the camp of Duera was a Spanish lady, escorted by an officer and two Arabian Spahis, with their white *bernus* pulled over their heads. Soon after, some advanced posts, the buildings of the fortified camp, and the booths of the dealers gradually became visible. We galloped quickly past them, that we might from a hill see the sun sinking behind the Atlas, and only then thought of, what was not easily found—a lodging. The horses were soon disposed of, as we secured them a place in a grocer's shed; but we could get nothing better than a straw bed in the small sleeping-room of our host. To make amends, however, a dinner *en règle* awaited us in the Café de l'Armée d'Afrique. Billiards, a reading-room, and restaurant, are already established here. We had claret and champagne; which a good judge, however, would hardly admit to be genuine.

After dinner we walked out. Although the

18th of January, it was a beautiful warm summer night, the sky sparkling with golden stars, and the dark-red moon rising. We wandered a long time under this brilliant canopy through the silent camp, challenged occasionally by a bearded sentinel: we philosophised about all things, the earth and the stars. To my astonishment, the Moorish boy, who carried a useless lantern, was as conversant with the latter as if he had studied astronomy in the *Lettres à Emilie.*

It was long before we could resolve on quitting the view and returning to our humble inn, where a sour reception awaited us. The cause of this, though then unknown to us, was afterwards explained in a droll manner. We had brought with us provisions of various sorts, packed up in an old box, which still bore on it, in large letters, that which it had formerly contained, "300 *chandelles.*" The grocer's son, a boy of fourteen, after we had left the house, called his father's attention to the ominous words, and the affrighted family no longer doubted that in us they had a formidable rival to contend with, and, still worse, that they were feeding in their bosom a serpent that would speedily monopolise all the candle-trade of Duera.

Luckily I wished, although late, to eat a few oranges; and the landlord, who was present at the unpacking of the box, perceived his mistake, and in the fulness of joy directly told me his suspicions. I could not help laughing while on my straw pallet that the first part fortune made me play in Africa should be that of a dealer in candles: nevertheless, thought I, it is better to give light here than to be obliged to put it out in my own country.

As early as five the next morning, Captain Bonor and an aide-de-camp from the general came to invite me and my companions to breakfast, immediately after which we were to recommence our march. Our toilet did not occupy much time, and in a few minutes we followed our guide, whom, during our short walk, I was astonished to find better versed in German and French literature than I myself can boast of being;—indeed that does not say much: however, it is rarely one finds this in a French officer. Next morning our companion recited to us, in a style far superior to that of a German declaimer, the finest passages from Goethe, Schiller, Dante, and Tasso, ere we arrived at the commander's smoking coffee-pot. A moment afterwards, he appeared himself.

General Rapatel is one of the most distinguished officers of the French army, and equally remarkable for politeness as for bravery; while his comrades say of him, "qu'il avait juré de se faire tuer à chaque affaire, sans pouvoir jamais y réussir." In his last expedition against the Hajutes, (to take part in which I arrived unfortunately too late,) at the head of his staff he charged in person the savage mountaineers, to save a Spahi who had fallen from his horse just as the enemy was on the point of cutting off his head. He was successful, and this chivalrous action created in even the youngest conscripts the most unbounded enthusiasm.

LETTER VI.

Spanish Dollars *v.* French Gold.—A quick Doctor.—Land Speculators who never see their Property.—Revival of the Feodalism of Europe in Africa.—The Arabian Mountaineers.—A Saint with a crutch.—Novel plan of watering Horses.—Coffee on horseback.

After a brief stay we mounted our horses and followed the troops, which had already commenced their march. We overtook them at sunrise in a defile which leads from the hills to the wide plain of Metidschia, and where Spanish guerillas would have given us already a warm reception. The small body of troops consisted of two battalions of regular infantry, chiefly recruits, who had been in action for the first time during the last expedition; the battalion of Suaves, whose fame advances daily under the command of their distinguished chief De la Morissière; two squadrons of the Chasseurs d'Afrique; about fifty Arabian Spahis, with long black beards, dressed in such style as to look exactly like old women, but armed with

a long musket, a yataghan, and pistols; and the rear was drawn up by a detachment of artillery with four light guns (*pièces de montagne*), each of which was carried by two mules wherever the roads were practicable, and at other times, where the ground rendered it necessary, borne on the backs of these animals. In the latter case, one mule carried the cannon, the other the carriage.

The march was conducted with all the foresight and caution necessary in the country of an active enemy from whose attacks one is never secure for a moment. Similar caution was observed in drawing up the troops before Buffarik, when we halted near a group of lofty silver poplars, and a venerable olive-tree which could not be less than several centuries old. The whole plain around was covered with oleander shrubs, which, when in flower, afford a most magnificent view; some beautiful groves of underwood also checquered the extensive plain. On the adjacent Atlas we saw the signal-fires of the hostile Arabs; whilst the friendly tribes passed us quietly by on their way to market, mounted on camels, horses, and asses. The market at Buffarik is held every Monday; but since the late expeditions against the natives, it is not nearly so much frequented; indeed, it

has become dangerous from the hostile dispositions of the mountain tribes.

A well-mounted troop of Arabian warriors came, as a deputation, to meet the general, and acquaint him with some recent robberies committed by the Hajutes. I was much struck with the variety and marked expression of their wild faces, particularly as such perfection of individuality is commonly attributed only to long civilisation. If I rightly read them,—and the commander of the Suaves, who has carefully studied them for the last four years, furnished me with many interesting facts in confirmation of my opinion,—cunning, fanaticism, pride, and contempt of strangers, are distinctly written there, although necessity forces them to temporary submission. M. de la Morissière asserts that the remains of ancient nations are as easily distinguishable by the character as by the outward form of their descendants:—he considers the Kabyles as the true Numidians of old, with little mixture of other blood, and the original masters of the soil; the Hajutes, as tribes of Vandal origin; the Bedouins, Moors, Negroes, and Jews, are known at the first glance,—they are still the same they ever were.

After we had, seated on the canteens, eaten a

dinner *improvisé*, and drunk excellent wine from bottles of varnished leather, we rode to the market, about a quarter of a league from our encampment. As all the people there (in number about a thousand) were muffled up uniformly in white cloaks, and hoods of the same colour, there was little variety, though something very odd in their appearance. Some of the chiefs had good horses and arms, but would not sell them. Most of the horses had the tails and manes cropped quite close, which gave them something of the appearance of mules; others, the hair having grown a little, had tails like sheep, which gave them anything but an elegant appearance.

One wild-looking rider carried a very handsome straight sword, with a gilt scabbard in raised workmanship, and a very peculiar horn handle, perhaps a relic from the time of the Greek empire. It was hanging to his saddle, and I begged a French officer who spoke Arabic to ask him if he would sell it. Contrary to expectation, he answered in the affirmative, and the price he asked was moderate: he demanded ten duros (Spanish dollars, the only coin these people will accept). Unfortunately I had no dollars about me; and in vain did I offer him double the sum in French gold, (for

the weapon was worth much more,)—he scarcely deigned a glance of contempt at my money; nay, more, he seemed to fancy himself insulted by the offer, and, after a few words more, he concealed the sword under his cloak, rode off at full gallop down the hill, shaking his head with energy, and crying out, "No, no, no!"

I was looking after him, (for he did not come back,) when a gendarme brought me a message from the doctor attached to the governor's staff, inviting me to come and see how he dispensed medicine to the sick Arabs. I found him in a close tent, sitting before a box full of parcels of all kinds, and a table covered with bottles: near him stood an interpreter, and at the small opening of the tent a servant, who allowed only one patient at a time to enter. Most of his patients had stomach complaints, and several were afflicted with other diseases of the same region. The doctor, who is no doubt of immense advantage to these poor people, possessed also in perfection the quick perception and decision necessary on such occasions, for he never reflected a second: before the last word had fallen from the interpreter's lips, or the patient had put out his tongue, the case was disposed of, and the medicine in the hands of the patient. I believe he would have

prescribed in this manner for all Africa in a week. Whether, however, the history of the disease and the instructions given with such rapidity through the interpreter were correctly translated, Heaven only knows; but the doctor assured me that the same individual seldom came a second time,—from which, with genuine optimism, he concluded that they must all have been cured.

Near the tent of this expeditious Esculapius was another dedicated to Themis, where the Cadi sold or administered justice,—I cannot say which, for, unfortunately, he had closed his proceedings just as I entered. His decisions, however, seemed not to have given unmixed satisfaction, as some of his clients wanted to appeal to the general; but he would meddle in nothing connected with the civil department.

Leaving the market, we took our way homewards through the plain which lies between the sea and the mountains, a distance of about twelve leagues. We found but few marshy places; the greater part was a fruitful loamy soil, generally covered with a rich, thick, high vegetation of shrubs of different kinds. Some parts were already covered with tolerably good grass, and quite dry. However, in summer the whole plain is most unwholesome, and

the prevailing fever so fatal to Europeans, that most of the farms already laid out in the neighbourhood of the sea, and among others the *ferme modèle*, belonging to the government, have been abandoned.

Notwithstanding this drawback, nearly the whole territory as far as Belida, whose white houses we could descry in the distance, and whither no European dares go except in the train of a small army, has found purchasers. Among these are speculators who for a trifling sum have bought land which for the most part they have never set eyes on, and which is still undisturbed virgin soil. My companion, M. Klimerath, laughingly admitted that this was his own case, and that he was the second proprietor of a house with a magnificent orange-grove and eight hundred acres of land, in Belida, which most probably he should never see or obtain any revenue from in his life. If, however, circumstances were to alter, the prospect of affairs might become very different; and were I a rich capitalist, I should have no hesitation in settling here.

With a considerable fortune, nothing would be more easy than for a man to found, without aid from government, a feudal existence here, as was the case in Europe during the middle ages.

He should purchase a considerable tract of land near the coast, build a fortified castle, surround the whole domain by a deep ditch with a high embankment, and a *banquette* behind, flanked perhaps by a few blockhouses or redoubts, to protect it from the attacks of the Arabs; enlist fifty or a hundred armed men as a garrison, and try to establish a good understanding with the neighbouring tribes by occasional presents. He would soon be in possession of considerable revenue, without risk, and enjoy great influence and power in the vicinity. An occasional trifling war with the savage hordes of the Atlas would add new charms to this picture, and afford an agreeable exercise of power. Thus the suzerain would have on one hand the warfare of the middle ages; on the other, the polite civilisation of modern European society, liberty to live in all respects as he pleased, and a self-will and independence no longer possible in Europe. The French are not, however, easily accessible to such poetical ideas, and they therefore almost all of them find existence here extremely disagreeable, heartily wish for their speedy return, and will with difficulty ever establish a permanent colony here.

On the march, the general told me, as one of our Spahis galloped by, that this man in the

last affair with the Bedouins cut down one of them who had shot his comrade, after which he cut off his head with the greatest celerity, suspended him after the fashion of the country by a strap to his stirrup, (the strap is passed through the horse's mouth, and a hole made under the chin,) and returning full gallop to the general, rolled the head before him as a mark of politeness. This operation is performed so quickly, that one often sees riders who have already two or three heads hanging to their stirrups still continuing their philanthropic endeavours to increase the number.

Another Spahi was riding a remarkably fine young horse, whose tail and mane, after the fashion of those at Buffarik, were shaved; and no sooner did he observe us praising it, than he began to show it off to advantage, by making it prance and curvet in the same manner as our young officers used to do formerly when they rode by the windows of their mistresses. The Arabs, old and young, have this somewhat childish vanity; and their horses are so trained to it, that it takes a long time to break them of the habit. In other respects they are excellent riders, and perfectly at home on horseback. Their high saddles, which resemble chairs, give them a firm seat, and are besides extremely

convenient. I find them much better adapted for war than ours, as, in case of a fall or other dangerous accident, they afford the rider great help; and besides, as he can stand almost upright in them, they are extremely useful in firing or cutting at full gallop. Another advantage they possess is, that the stirrups serve for spurs, covering the whole foot. On account of their shortness and peculiar form, there is no instance known of any one having had his foot entangled in them.

These mountaineers' mode of fighting in a body produces little effect, however formidable they may be in single combat. They scarcely ever oppose resistance until the enemy retreats; they then pursue, continually harassing, while they surround him in a half circle. If therefore, according to the nature of the ground, a body of sharpshooters be opposed to them at a convenient distance from the main body, the columns may march in safety, covered from a general attack, and out of the range of their balls

When on our return to Algiers, we entered the mountain region; we passed by a blockhouse in a picturesque neighbourhood, where, some time since, twenty-five men defended themselves against several hundred Arabs for three days, without the latter being able to gain

the least advantage. On this occasion a lame marâbut (a sort of saint) advanced to the wall of the blockhouse, and with his crutch struck the retreating Arabs, not a single ball hitting him, although more than twenty muskets were fired at him almost *à bout portant*. The same post has, however, since been abandoned.

Several small white solitary domes are erected in the plain: these are the graves of the saints, and, like them, are called marâbuts;—they resemble in some degree our ovens. We met several hordes of cattle,—lean, hungry-looking animals, scarcely as big as our poor Vandal breed: dead dogs and jackals lay more than once in our way.

Three leagues from Algiers the region of country-houses recommenced: they look like numerous little gothic castles, and with their gardens and groves very much enliven the landscape. It is, however, only in a few places that the ground is now cultivated to the same degree that it seems to have been formerly. In one deep valley the road passes through a drained bog, which three years ago was in such a state, that on a march there was no other mode of dragging out an ox which had sunk in it than by killing it on the spot and removing it when cut in pieces.

After travelling some time through bushes and rocks, we reached a large coffee-house called the Fountain of the Rais Ibrahim. Part of it was surrounded with high stone reservoirs, so placed as to allow the horses to be watered more conveniently, while the riders sitting on them drank their coffee, which was made in handsome arcades almost in the open air. This coffee party of twenty officers, seated on their water-drinking steeds, presented a striking picture.

At six o'clock in the evening we were again within the walls of Algiers. On this occasion we had not the slightest brush with the Arabs; but we found ourselves completely tired from the effects of a twelve hours' ride without once breaking out of a walk, the most fatiguing pace I know, and such it would have proved to-day had it not been counterbalanced by sights of so much novelty and interest.

LETTER VII.

Private J . . . . of the Foreign Legion.—Adventures of his Comrades.

January 20.

THIS was a morning-gown day which I devoted to repose, and then dined *tête-à-tête* at my hotel with private J . . . . of the German Legion.

I must tell you of this new acquaintance. When on my arrival at Algiers I was leaving the Crocodile to get into the boat that put us ashore, I heard one of the sixty soldiers who had made the passage with us,—and who bivouacked throughout on the deck, feeding on rotten biscuit,—speaking German to one of his comrades. His style and manner seemed to denote an education superior to his condition; I therefore requested him, as he had then no time to enter into details, to visit me at my hotel, the name of which I gave him.

A few days afterwards he came and communicated his history to me. He proved to belong to a respectable family, and to have rich relations in Hanover. He said he had studied at B . . . . . and B . . . . and then served some time in the country, where his mother is now settled, until having passed an examination qualifying him to become an officer, he retired from the service to finish his studies at H . . . . . He had scarcely arrived there, when he met a friend and schoolfellow, who earnestly entreated him to act as his second the next morning in a pistol-duel. He could not refuse, and the antagonist, a Count P . . . . . was shot. He was obliged to fly with his friend.

Fortunately they reached Holland, and enlisted there to proceed to Batavia. But scarcely had they done so, when the colonel himself advised them to be off as quickly as possible, otherwise he should be obliged to deliver them up. Of course they followed his advice, and enlisted in the foreign legion. His friend, however, fell sick on the road, and remained behind in the hospital at Avignon. J . . . . alone arrived in the same ship with me, and was immediately ordered to work on the roads, to make trenches and root up aloes;—rather a hard lot under any circum-

stances for a German student, accustomed to a pleasant life; though, in my opinion, it is highly judicious and useful to employ soldiers, like the Roman legions, in works of general utility, instead of disgusting them with the service by constant drilling, or encouraging debauchery among them by idleness.

The courage and amiable disposition of the young man interested me, and I promised to intercede for him.

I cannot but express the sincerest thanks for the manner in which this intercession was received. Scarcely had I related the preceding particulars to Colonel Bernelle and the commanding general (Baron Rapatel), when J .... was exempted from all manual labour, and appointed the day after sub-corporal, which soon procured him a respectable station. This was what I had so often seen practised in the time of Napoleon; but I doubly rejoiced now, partly for the sake of my poor countryman, and partly out of respect for the former good behaviour of the French army in my native country, Saxony, to behold again an equal spirit of humanity and justice.

Strange fates are those combined in this Foreign Legion. To know them all were to find a rich mine for almanack tales; and criminal

cases, which find favour in so many eyes; would not be wanting. Take a slight sketch—a few fragments from one history, written by the adventurer himself, and found among his papers after his death.

"My first garrison in Spain was in the Escurial; a building so immensely large, that although I had lived in it a whole year, I could not find my way alone. The detachments sent out from hence were numerous, but usually weak, and chiefly intended to protect the road to Madrid. On these occasions I often accompanied an Italian sergeant of my regiment; and frequently, when the detachment was so constituted that he thought he could rely on our silence, solitary travellers fell by his gun or his dagger, both of which he used with such dexterity that I never remember to have heard even a sigh from his victims. Money, articles of clothing, and other things obtained in this way, were always *honestly* divided, and usually spent within a few days after. One evening, shortly after dusk, he shot a man in a thicket; but we found, to our mortification, that he was only a poor peasant, who had no more than nine sous about him.

"My conscience for the first time reproached me so bitterly for having taken the life of a fellow-creature to gain such a paltry sum, that I spoke to the sergeant very warmly about it. Our quarrel increased: I saw that the dare-devil was going to draw his dagger, and in my passion I ran my sword through his body; he sank to the earth without a cry, like him whom he had just shot. Seized with terror, I fled across the fields." . . . . . .

"We next find our conscientious Mainzer, after all sorts of adventures, drum-major of the national guard at Romain, where, he says, his athletic figure, handsome face, and fine clothes, procured him many intimate acquaintances among the fair sex. He contracted debts, and laments with much honesty his inability to pay them. As he had about this time the misfortune to be, as he facetiously expresses it, the illegitimate son-in-law of a respectable merchant at Romain, he made off with his fine clothes, and devoting himself to freedom, proposed flying to the assistance of Poland. The Prussian authorities, however, kept him confined during the whole of the war. At last he escaped and travelled with a Polish groom, who passed himself off as a colonel, and laying claim in

every shape to the benevolence of the friends of Poland, found his way comfortably back to France again. Here, for another change, he enlisted in the service of Don Pedro, to go to Portugal. The miserable transport was shipwrecked, nearly the whole crew drowned, he and two comrades alone being saved by the mercy of Providence. After this, he begged and plundered his way to Mainz; for, according to his statement, an invincible longing after home had long tormented his mind. However, his native country did not answer his expectations.

"At Mainz," he continues, "the service was at that time bad in every respect: but I met at a public-house some of the friends of my youth so merry and so heartily carousing, that I was astonished, knowing as I did their poverty. I was cordially received, and the same evening learned that the whole society carried on the profitable trade of smuggling. Without taking much time for reflection, I became one of their number, and won all hearts by the relation of my adventures. In my new trade, a pair of enormously wide trousers and a long knife were indispensably necessary: next morning I received both from my comrades, who anticipated my wishes; and in this dress I

gave notice the same day to the police that I was a workman in the free port.

"In the bonded stores the merchants have a quantity of goods of every kind, which they usually get us to unpack and clean; and do not send for them and pay the duties until they require them. Thus was our smuggling managed:—We rolled silks, linens, lace, and all such goods, round our thighs, calves, and bodies, and through favour of our wide pantaloons passed the custom-house unmolested, and delivered articles to the merchants on payment of a good per centage. Coffee, sugar, tobacco, and such like things were hidden in the day-time in suitable hiding-places, and in the night brought up the Rhine into town.

"Shots were frequently fired at us; we were often followed, and sometimes compelled to throw away our burdens to be able to run more quickly, but none of us were ever apprehended. The profit we had was large—sufficient to enable each of us to earn about fifty or sixty florins a week. Emboldened by our success, we smuggled more and more every day, till at last the number of the Custom-house officers was increased and their vigilance doubled. One evening, as I was passing quietly through the gate with two pieces of

valuable silk rolled round me, a custom-house officer challenged me in these words: 'What have you in your trousers?' and walked quickly up to me. I put my hand quite coolly into my pocket, pulled out my long knife, and holding it up to him replied, 'This!' and the man turning pale, quietly allowed me to enter the town.

"Not long after we had a more serious affair. We had to smuggle in a considerable lot of coffee and sugar; but a comrade, who had been well beaten by me the night before for improper conduct, had dishonourably betrayed us to the custom-house officers, and the latter, to be more sure of a capture, had demanded a reinforcement of the 36th Prussian infantry. At midnight we arrived, free from suspicion, in number twenty men, each four walking together and all heavily laden, at some distance from the Raimund gate, when suddenly several shots were fired at me and my three brave comrades. Uttering a piercing cry, my bosom friend fell to the ground at my side: at the same instant several Prussian soldiers and custom-house officers rushed forward to make us prisoners. My two remaining companions took to their heels: I was on the point of imitating their example, when I was seized by the

shoulder. Heaven, however, did not bestow on me gigantic strength for nothing! To turn round, seize my antagonist with the vigour of despair, and hurl him from the high wall where we then were, was the work of a second. The man thus thrown down, whom I knew to be a soldier by his leather accoutrements, roared frightfully; and afterwards, when I crept into the town on all-fours through a loop-hole, I still heard his plaintive moans. Nearly all our goods fell into the hands of the officers; but, except the man who was killed, we ourselves all escaped. But when next morning I saw the soldier whom I had thrown from the top of the wall carefully borne into the town amid loud lamentations, I thought it prudent once more to exchange my beloved native country for another clime.

"Two of my comrades accompanied me, and we took the road to Strasburg. A gendarmes of the grand duchy of Baden, not liking our appearance, stopped us in a wood on a steep hill, alighted from his horse, and demanded our passports. I made a sign to my comrades to walk slowly forwards, which the gendarme permitted, as I told him I had the passes for all three and should immediately satisfy him. Still speaking with him, and while

he had the bridle of his young and spirited horse carefully slung round his arm, unperceived I drew from my pocket my faithful knife, and stuck it up to the handle into the horse's hind quarter; the animal dashed down the hill with astonishing speed, dragging his screaming rider after him in such a manner that it is doubtful if he ever mounted him again.

"We arrived at Strasburg without further difficulty, enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and reached Algiers in good health. I like this place very well; and, tired of wandering, I think I shall soon send for one of the wives I obtained during my long travels in various countries."

LETTER VIII.

Climate of Algiers.—Marriage of Mustapha Pacha.—The Governor's Parties.

January 21.

The climate here is most delightful. I have no fireplace in my room, which has a glass door and three windows: they all shut badly; still I have never found it either too warm or too cold. Till now it has rained but seldom, and even violent storms produce very little effect on the temperature. Violent snow-storms are never seen here—such, for instance, as those in Andalusia, which is not much more to the north. There, as the governor lately related to me, after marching in the most oppressive heat, he was suddenly overtaken by such a dreadful snow-storm, that three hundred of his men fell down on the road and died, and nearly as many lost their lives in the

few succeeding days from the effects of the violent cold they had caught. Even horses yielded to this sudden frost.

The weather has only one plague here—the wind of the desert in summer: it seldom, however, continues longer than twenty-four hours. It is not so much the heat, though it reaches higher than thirty degrees, as the excessive dryness of the air, which is said to give the Europeans such insupportable torments. Whilst this wind blows, nobody leaves his room; and several assured me that they threw themselves naked on the stone floor for coolness. The soldiers have orders on its approach to fall flat on their faces, even if on duty. It would be dangerous, were the Bedouins inured to the simum, to choose such a moment for making an attack.

I dined at General Trezel's, whose amiable lady gave us a very lively description of the Turkish marriage in the house of Mustapha Pacha.

Pomp and barbarism may be truly said to have gone hand in hand there. For instance, the rooms were hung breast-high with crimson velvet embroidered with gold; the Smyrna and Persian carpets were of excessive richness, and ottomans of white satin, glittering with large

gold flowers, were furnished with fancy cushions of all colours and in the most tasteful designs, the open doors and lattice-windows had magnificent muslin curtains, embroidered in a manner far superior to anything of the kind in Europe; the ceilings were carved and adorned with works of consummate art, some parts richly gilt, others ornamented with brilliant variegated patterns. But, on the other hand, from immediately above the satin tapestry to the splendid ceiling, nothing was to be seen but the naked white wall; the room was lighted by a solitary large wax light, such as those used in churches, which was placed in the centre of the apartment on a wooden block inlaid with mother-of-pearl; and around were the Turkish ladies smoking out of pipes ornamented with jewels.

The bridegroom came last, very plainly dressed; but the bride was adorned with an enormous quantity of pearls, jewels, and gold, usually borrowed on such occasions from all her acquaintances and friends. Besides these barbaric ornaments, many parts of her face were also gilt, particularly her eyebrows, so that it was difficult to tell what was her true and natural appearance. However, to the

foreign ladies she appeared pretty, and possessed of much *fraicheur*.

Although the visit lasted nearly ten hours, no refreshments were handed round, except musked coffee and sweetmeats, of which the quinces and citron were described as excellent, but all the rest very unpalatable.

I closed my evening at the governor's, having lost two games of chess to his daughter, and a game of draughts to his daughter-in-law; after which signal defeat I retired to my writing-table, to fulfil the duty imposed on me by my travelling journal. The governor, who receives a select but not numerous party every evening, keeps a very agreeable house without pretension, which is a source of great pleasure to me.

LETTER IX.

The Belgian Consul.—Jewish opinion of the French.—Novel Bridle.

January 23.

As yesterday was wholly occupied in the tiresome duty of paying and receiving visits, I pass the sponge over it. To-day there was a grand dinner at the governor's, at which, among other guests, all the foreign consuls were present: I made acquaintance with the Belgian, M. Lecoq, whom I found a most interesting gentleman. I am indebted to his conversation for a number of useful and novel details, and I congratulate every stranger who is fortunate enough to become intimate with him. A man of this kind is an acquisition so useful in foreign countries, that I hope M. Lecoq's modesty will pardon me if this my opinion of him should ever obtain publicity—a fact at all events within the scope of possibility. In other respects the repast offered nothing

remarkable, except green peas grown in the open air, and an excellent fish five feet long and proportionably large.

As my eyes have been a little sore for the last few days, I went home early, and gave audience to my commissionnaire, a stately Jew, who much regrets the late regiment of Turks. "It is true," said he to-day to me, "we were sometimes hanged and speared, and very often flogged for the merest trifles: that was better, however, than as things are now—we earned more and possessed ten times as much money. Noble sir, the Turks, you must know, are like the English,—rude, imperious, but very generous and fond of show. The Turk never asks how much a thing costs, and never makes a bargain. When we wanted money for anything, we went to our patron and said, 'Give us so many thousand francs—we will pay you so much per cent. out of the profit.' Without difficulty, and on the security of our simple word, we received the money. And at the period when the slave-trade flourished, O Moses and the prophets, what a good time that was! The stupid Turks and Moors always purchased the strong robust people, and paid dearly for them; but we looked only at the hands: if they were soft and tender, or showed

any traces of rings pulled off,"—here he cast a longing look at mine,—" and if the person were delicate and weak into the bargain, we immediately purchased the goods, and usually obtained them for a trifle. Many a man thus bought for fifty piastres was afterwards obliged to pay a ransom of ten thousand. How miserable the change now!

" Between you and me, the French don't understand the country, and are not fit for it. It is quite out of the question to expect to make any profit by them; for every one wishes to grow rich as fast as he can, and they are more niggardly than even we the despised Jews. However," added he slyly, " they will not do so much longer: have they not been here nearly five years, and even yet one cannot go as much as outside the gate without running the risk of being beheaded by a Bedouin. The Turks were different sort of people! I will tell you in two words: The Turks took away much, but they also gave much; the Turks punished cruelly, but, on the other hand, they rewarded generously: therefore they were feared and respected. The French take nothing and give nothing; they neither punish nor reward. Therefore——"

" Aaron," cried I, interrupting him, " don't

talk politics, but tell me if you have bought me the Morocco pipe and the Arabian saddle and bridle."

"Both are already in the antechamber," answered he; and I hastened eagerly to see them. This pipe was half of wrought silver, with *paillettes* hanging in chains, and choice sentences from the Koran written on them: for instance, "If speech is silver, silence is gold;" or, "Riches do not belong to the miser, but the miser to riches," &c. The rest of the pipe consists of a sweet-smelling brilliant, with satin and gold embroidery wound round a part of it, a mouthpiece of red coral, and a bowl covered with a thin plate of gold. The student J.... declares it to be finer than anything of the kind he has seen even in the German universities: "though," he adds with pride, "we had Turkish pipes there of such a length, that when smoked out of the second story window, it was necessary to fill them in the street. It is a pity that Hoffmann, when he wrote (oh, ungrateful country!) the now-forgotten *Klein-zaches*, had not seen my superb pipe!—he would have immortalised it."

I must add a word about the Arabian bridle of gold and variegated silk. It differs from all others in this respect—it has winkers, and,

strange though it be, winkers not before, but behind the eyes.* What a subject for reflection to a profound philosopher! If this new bridle were introduced into Europe, how easy to deduce from it the strangest political conclusions!

I entreat poor Laube, who has more wit than I possess, the first time he is confined in the Berlin *Hausvogtei*,† (in which, by the way, they should not torture poor poets so long,) to prepare this chapter for me. However, I can perceive that, as one Excellency, who is perhaps a captain of the Highlanders, wears a shade, another Excellency, who may be a minister, should for the same reason wear winkers. Nay, more—it seems to me that wearing these winkers has become a main condition in the appointment of many European ministers. But suppose one of these gentlemen to throw back his winkers in the Arabian fashion, what an injurious effect might not the quantity of light, which strives to penetrate everywhere, have upon him! Such a minister would no longer dread freedom, still less the liberals and the disagreeable press.

* That is to say, these winkers do not cover the eye, but merely reach to it, lying flat on the head behind it.

† The name of a prison.

LETTER X

Algiers, its Streets, Gates, and Fortifications.—Gardens of the Dey.—Mustapha.—Danish Consul's Villa.—Villa of Colonel Bernelle.—"La maison riche."—French Deastation.—Overshaded Footpath.

January 24.

Although with a bandage round my eyes, like a wounded man,—for I have been suffering some time from ophthalmia,—I rode half the day in the town and neighbourhood. Let me take this opportunity of saying something about Algiers generally, that the reader may the better understand its condition. Only one street in the town is paved—and that, which is called Babazun, very badly. The others, made on a loamy soil, have generally in the lower part of the town no foundation; and at present, after two or three rainy days, they have become so muddy, that, when going to a dinner-party, or any where else, one is compelled to have a sedan-chair. In this case, the probability of getting

a few bruises must be taken into account; for not only are the vehicles themselves literally nothing more than large wooden boxes with two openings, (not always furnished with windows,) without cushions or ornaments of any kind; but nothing can be more unhandy than the chairmen who carry them. In addition to this, the streets are without foundation, and have large stones frequently lying in the middle of them; and as there are no lamps, one may easily imagine that the Moorish heyducs often stumble, and that a complete upset is not a rare occurrence. One is better off in the narrow footpaths of the upper town, some of which are paved, and all, on account of their steepness, soon dry after the rain.

Algiers has five gates: the new one, on the top of the mountain, near the Cassuba, which leads eastward to Fort de l'Empereur; the gate of Babazun, through which, along the sea-coast, in the same direction below, one reaches the plain of Metidschia; that of Babaluet, on the opposite (west) side of the town, by which one arrives at the gardens of the late Dey, the mountain of Budscharia, and along the sea, the Pointe de Pescade; the marine gate, to go to the arsenal and the mole; and lastly, that of the fishermen, where ships unload.

All the part of the town which look towards the sea presents a most formidable line of batteries: it was from one of them that the French consul Le Vacher, having been put into the great cannon, was fired off at Admiral Duquesne's ship, on which, it is said, some pieces of the dead body fell. On the three land sides a broad and deep ditch surrounds the town, and a high embattled wall with small towers, by which the picturesque aspect of this former nest of robbers is much increased: the more so, as cactus, aloes, and ivy now grow wild in the ditch. From the towers of these walls malefactors were formerly precipitated upon hooks, where they remained hanging till death put an end to their sufferings; or else they were speared on the platform, exposed as a terrific example to every eye.

However charming the vicinity may appear to a European, unfortunately it is almost wholly deficient in the large lofty trees of our forests. I have as yet seen only two of the kind: they were plantains; one of them, at least eighty feet in height, at the gate of Babazun, and a similar one in the court of the Cassuba. Both prove that it is the fault of men, not of nature, that there are no more.

The trees one chiefly meets with are jujubes,

mulberry, olive, almond, apricot, peach, pear, apple, and small nut trees:—there are also many species of poplar, acacia, carob, orange, lemon, and fig trees; cypresses, palm trees, bananas, jujubes, lotus trees, and some exotics in the gardens—among others the beautiful Persian wild elder tree, which attains the height of an acacia, and whose flowers, like those of our Spanish elder, smell strongly of vanilla. Blooming shrubs and flowers are now frequently to be seen, and in spring, I am told, they greatly adorn the vicinity: among them the agave is remarkable; in the space of two months it often shoots up into a stalk thirty feet high, bearing five or six thousand pale green flowers. However, it must be owned, the aloes and cactus are invaluable for fences, on account of their rapid growth and impenetrability. The ground everywhere teems with gratitude to those who will only take the trouble to cultivate it; and the evergreen shrubs and flowers here give ornament in winter as well as summer.

I went out to-day through the gate of Babaluet to the gardens of the Dey. The road passes by some picturesque forts, situate upon rocks, against which the white foam of the sea breaks incessantly. Viewed from this

spot, its brilliant blue mirror presents a magnificent spectacle; whilst on the left an amphitheatre of hills covered with villas embosoms a semicircular valley, in which the great Jewish burying-ground, studded with curiously-formed white tombstones, stands eminently conspicuous.

Near it are the extensive gardens of the Dey, surrounded and intersected by walls, and adorned with marble kiosks. They are now, however, converted into an hospital, with a kitchen-garden; and the buildings are dirty and dilapidated. Only one orange grove, with paths paved in mosaic, still exists of its ancient splendour, except a few remains of those charming covered walks of vines, rose trees and jasmine, that formerly surrounded each little garden along the walls: jasmine grows here to a greater size than our hazel trees. A part has been appropriated to a cactus plantation, for the cultivation of cochineal. Much trouble and care are bestowed upon it, but no great results are expected, as the insects must be sheltered in winter, which requires considerable expense, and the employment of a number of hands, so that the profits can hardly keep pace with the outlay.

My horse climbed up the hills from hence

to Budscharia, like a goat, in that easy and surefooted manner which custom alone can give. When I reached the desert heaths above, I found blooming in this silent wilderness, the tazette, the myrtle, and the large blue iris; while the distant hills glittered like violet flowers. The view from the blockhouse is certainly one of the finest in the world when you happen to have as good a day as this was: here the spectator stands at a considerable height in the middle of the mountainous promontory which this part of Africa forms, and which is separated by the grand plain of Metidschia from the lesser Atlas, extending in a straight line from horizon to horizon. On this immense plain, surrounded on three sides by the sea, affording the greatest variety, and by a coast most curiously diversified, the purity of the atmosphere allows millions of objects to be seen distinctly, and a good glass made the Atlas appear close to my eyes, although it is more than twelve leagues distant. It appears unnecessary to describe such a prospect: no imagination is so poor as to be unable to conceive it.

Long, long did I remain here, and at length set out, passing by the four fountains, through ravines and dilapidated rain-gutters, following the nearest direction, on my way to

the other side of the town, till I reached the new road to Duera, which leads down by bold windings to the gate of Babazun. As there were still some hours of day before me, and my horse was yet untired, instead of going home, I preferred recommencing my ride, and for that purpose struck into the road to Mustapha, as the country is called which lies, covered with villas, to the south-east of Algiers along the gulf. On this side are always stationed a number of troops, which makes it in some degree a disagreeable place to dwell in, on account of the noise and uncleanliness their presence occasions. There have also been built in the valley very extensive, tasteless white barracks, which, like an ugly plaster on a handsome face, have altogether spoiled the charming and diversified view of the country-houses on the declivity of the hill. This is the more to be lamented, as the position of the barracks is both unhealthy and ill-chosen.

The first object that attracted my notice was a handsome aqueduct, connecting two rocks, erected by the Turks in the Roman style. Beneath are the vaulted ovens which Charles the Fifth built to bake bread for his army, for the greater part of whom shortly afterwards their own last batch was baked. They are very thin

and flat, vaulted in a strange manner, and yet so firm, that the present proprietor, who is getting them pulled down to sell the materials, (rather a barbarous act,) finds great difficulty in demolishing them.

I afterwards viewed the interior of some country-houses whose proprietors I know; among others, that of the Danish consul, where there are long thick hedges four or five feet high of blooming geraniums. In the marâbut, as it is called, (alcove, or niche,) of the drawing-room, there is a mirror very tastefully and cleverly placed, so that those seated on the ottoman opposite have always before their eyes the handsomest view in the neighbourhood. From this spot a row of cypress-trees hides the barracks, which are, however, visible from the garden, agreeable in every other respect; and from their peculiar style of architecture, seen from so lofty a spot, they look like immense water-closets constructed for the army.

More favourably situated in this respect, a quarter of a league further, deep in the valley, is the villa of Colonel Bernelle, whose extensive grounds have been laid out in the style of what is called an English garden, more successfully than usual, but at considerable expense.

Several parts, such as the flower-garden for instance, shaded by extremely fine old olive, almond, and pomegranate trees, and in which one sees the cotton-plants bearing their white locks, were even at this season of the year extremely rich and attractive; and the house is beautifully arranged with such a judicious addition of European comforts, as not to deface the Moorish physiognomy, as others have done here, thereby translating the most beautiful poetical originals into common prose.

Indeed, I can imagine no sort of architecture better suited to country-houses than this. A magnificent, elegant, picturesque style forms its leading feature, combined with the greatest convenience and attention to the climate. As in the buildings in the Gothic style which adorn the English parks, here also the projecting and receding lines with deep angles, and the separate parts of unequal height connected in various ways, afford a picturesque variety, not deficient, however, in pleasurable repose. But in the interior, the hall surrounded by pillars, the fountains and baths, the multitude of variegated arabesques, the continual mixture of little gardens with the buildings, as well as the terraces also converted into gardens, throw

over the whole an indescribable charm not to be surpassed in variety.

Many of these villas which belonged to rich owners appeared in magnitude and ornament more like princely castles than the modest country-houses of uneducated barbarians, as we would call the former proprietors. One sees from them, that they are the work, though on a smaller scale, of the descendants of those Moors to whom Spain owes the Alhambra and the Generalife, as well as so many other of her finest monuments.

Beyond the estate of Colonel Bernelle stands just such a villa, which the French have christened *la maison riche*. It is still the property of a Moor; but since the occupation, it has been let and inhabited by French subaltern officers. The consequences of this change seemed to me really tragic, and the devastation committed in four years scarcely imaginable. The marble fountains, the staircases inlaid with porcelain, were everywhere damaged, and so covered with dirt, that one feared to approach them. The orange-trees that grew up in the extensive courts paved with porcelain were mostly dead for want of care; and in the aviaries, once filled with parrots and singing-birds, hens and swine

now run about. The terraces were partly broken in, and the magnificent covered avenues of vines and jasmine, which formed shady trellis-walks between them, considerably spoiled; while in some places plants as strong as trees have been shamefully cut down. The majestic cypresses alone were still standing in uninjured groups, and seemed to look sternly and sorrowfully on the destruction that surrounded them.

What might not have been made of this estate had it fallen into good hands! A hundred times have I imagined our crown prince settled here, who displays so much talent and taste for this Southern architecture and ornament,—a hundred times have I wished him to see and possess it. In the present state of affairs at Algiers, I doubt whether any one will be able to do anything of use in that way: even the English who are here seem to change their nature, for the villa of the British consul, although well situate, is as dirty and poor as most of those in the hands of other Europeans.

To return, however to the *maison riche*, which possesses with architectural beauty and a grand appearance most enchanting views. With all its galleries, courts, and numerous gardens, it is situated on the declivity of a

porous rock, almost entirely overgrown with cactus and serpentine-plants, which forms part of the circle of hills that surround the gulf. On both sides the hills around are covered with innumerable villas and rich vegetation: to the left they extend towards the projecting lighthouse of Algiers; to the right they decline near the promontory called Cape Motifu. A great part of the Atlas is still visible over them; and between the garden and the sea is a long green, enlivened by the manœuvres of the troops,—not, however, too near to be disagreeable, but affording, on the contrary, an interesting sight.

I continued my route on the handsome new road to Birkadem, but left it again after half a league, to glide down over rocks and stones into a deep valley, and to climb up again on the other side. Shortly afterwards I came into a wild, rocky, and solitary neighbourhood, where there were to be seen only a few villas, the greater part destroyed and abandoned. The fact of a few of them being inhabited was announced only by the howling of dogs: no living thing was to be seen.

The sun was sinking, and I should have much wished to rouse somebody to learn something of my way, for I was quite at a loss in

this labyrinth of hills and valleys. Besides, I had forgotten to arm myself, which prudence commands on excursions of this kind, as murders are by no means uncommon even so near Algiers as this spot.

At last I took a footpath, or rather the bed of a dried-up rivulet, which was partly filled with stones, and overshaded with aloes, cactus, strawberry-shrubs, and other evergreens, so thickly in some places, that within it, it was already quite dark. I should like very much to be able to describe such a scene in my park; but under present circumstances it was no very pleasing object, and I felt very glad when, after riding a quarter of an hour as quickly as I could, I arrived on an open and commanding hill, which at length enabled me to find the way to the road of Duera.

I reached it almost at the same point where I had entered it two hours before coming from Budscharia, on the opposite side; and I now galloped at my ease to the town, although night had already spread her wings over me before I could reach the gate. The twilight does not last so long here as with us; which is, in my opinion, a loss to the climate. But this earth was nowhere meant to be perfect.

LETTER XI

Dreams.—Homœopathy.—The Virgin and the Ice.—Religious Ceremonies.—The Belgian Consul.—Lord Byron and the Countess G——.—Royaume de Belgique.—The Robuste.—Turkish Bath.—Destructive Storm.

TO MADAME DE A . . . . AT BERLIN.

Algiers, February 18th, 1835.

You have written me, my amiable friend, a letter expressed in such agreeable terms, that I am doubly guilty in not having yet answered it. But you know that a dilatory servant and a lazy correspondent are never in want of excuses. I may, however, say with truth, that your letter glided by me like a lovely bird, scarcely seen ere it had vanished; so that I have retained the general impression, but not the contents, as will probably be the case with our whole earthly life — for the book with the dedication, half serious, half in joke, was lost in Paris while I was packing up. I intended therefore not to write an answer in Europe, at least in

winter: among African flowers, and dreams of spring, which there are often realised, I proposed again to take up the ostrich pen so well known to you.

And I saw you again in these dreams, honoured friend, while you were sitting in the church composing an opera; and the hero of your poem stood beside you, dressed in his white silk Arabian *heik*, glittering like flowers of snow, on which shone his arms and jewels: other variegated ornaments played in all the colours of the rainbow. And now began a mystical alternation between sleeping and waking—between you as an author, and me as a listener—between the hero himself, and the intrusive outward world; and all this wonderful confusion was constantly accompanied by the sounds of heavenly music, such as Beethoven and Gluck have only sometimes composed.

What a pity that I can no longer possess this magic lantern than until the cock's clarion from the neighbouring poultry-yard breaks it—otherwise I would send you a book written differently from every other—a book as strange as yours, where everything should enter a garden of jewels, full of flowers and fruits, with Aladdin's lamp in the background. What with you yet reposes in the virgin bud, watered by

the morning dew of poetry, Nature charmingly represents here by a thousand melodious varieties and infinite shades of colour.

How sad, I repeat, it is to awake from these dreams of a better world! nothing then remains but to view this with eyes still moist from bathing in the waters of enchantment. In that I sometimes succeed. However, I can but imperfectly communicate it to others; and so resign yourself, my dear friend, in future to listen again, as formerly, to prose. It is always better, *j'ose le dire*, (even mixed with a little French,) to hear African prose, than prose of Berlin; for I can only occasionally couple the two first words, but the two latter come from me as naturally as man and wife,—and what can be more tiresome than man and wife! at least that is the opinion of the St. Simonians who are here. I am not, however, so wicked a heretic, as you already know.

Apropos of the St. Simonians and such like, I hope to meet your approbation, when I tell you that here I have become the apostle of homœopathy, of which you are so ardent a protector, hitherto totally unknown in these regions; I have already cured the commander-in-chief of a disease in the stomach by the millionth part of some drug.

Strict diet also was ordered, for I am still of the old school; the new one is too liberal—it even allows coffee, which I consider hazardous.

But, alas! I have not been able to cure myself of a serious malady occasioned by the climate, from which I suffered painfully for more than a week: it was ophthalmia, so common here. Luckily only one eye was affected; so that while it was carefully bound up, I could read with the other. However, it was necessary to use strong remedies of all kinds—leeches, bleeding, mustard plaster, &c. before the disease could be subdued. And then, after a long-continued spring, such cold and stormy weather has set in (the horrid *Africus* blows) for some days past, that I have been compelled to go to another inn, which boasts of a room with a fire-place—a thing not to be found in mine old one. In all besides, one house so resembles another here, that I scarcely remark the change.

You know the agreeable and cheerful architecture of Spain. I am astonished it is not adopted in the rest of Europe: for were you to replace the awning over the court by a glass dome, and build two large and lightsome staircases instead of a single narrow dark one, make the rooms wider and warm them properly, I cannot imagine anything more handsome and com-

modious, even in a much colder climate than this, for a dwelling-house. And what magnificent buildings they are for entertainments of every kind! What a magical effect is produced by lighting the court, galleries, and rooms, which you can see at a glance, notwithstanding their great extent! Even in my modest inn, it is a daily source of pleasure to me, when the guests of the restaurant are assembled, to look down from the little inner window of my chamber on the mixed assembly, while the lights in the colonnades add enchantment to the scene, and the many dark places leave me room to imagine something secret and magical behind them.

But how splendid the scene when the governor gives a ball in his palace! where, by-the-by, may be seen so great a crowd of charming ladies, in tasteful European dresses, that in your own Berlin you could hardly assemble as many. One of the most admired beauties told me at one of these balls, while she was resting for the first time after seven or eight sets, the following miracle:—

The poor creature had a most violent attack of the cholera at Nantes while she was pregnant. She assured me *naïvement*, that she would rather—*faire deux cents enfans*, than bear that pain, frightful beyond descrip-

tion. In short, she was in the black stage, and about to expire; when she suddenly felt the most violent desire for ice *au naturel.* They brought her a pailful, extremely dirty. However, without minding that, she devoured one piece after another with eagerness; while the exterior of her body was covered with burning hot bran. In a short time she felt great relief. Then it occurred to her to consecrate to the virgin a wax light with a silver candlestick, and she ordered that her vow should be forthwith executed. From this moment her recovery advanced rapidly; and when her candle burned for the first time on the altar, she also for the first time quitted her bed. Shortly afterwards she had a most successful *accouchement*, and not the slightest trace of the disease remained.

"Can I, after that," cried she, fixing her brilliant flashing eyes upon me, "without the most shocking ingratitude, doubt of the immediate assistance of the blessed Virgin, and of the full effect of my vow?"—"The ice," said I timidly, "seems also to have contributed a little to your recovery."—"Don't believe that," said she, looking imploringly up to heaven: "without the Virgin, it could no longer have been of any use to me!"

The next day I had a specimen of Mahometan devotion. I first visited the Mufti, a handsome old man, who reclined upon a divan, over which was written in Arabic, in large letters, this fine sentence: "The beginning of all wisdom consists in the love of God." He was studying attentively, when I entered, a medical book, to find a cure for deafness, from which he begins to suffer; but he laid it instantly aside and received me with much cordiality, saying, "I rejoice to see a foreigner of distinction, who, I hear, only travels for instruction, without heeding the many inconveniences that accompany so tiresome an undertaking." He seemed to have no idea that a man could travel for amusement.

After exchanging a few sentences, he gave me permission to enter the mosque. I pulled off my boots and proceeded in my stockings with the interpreter. As the floor is everywhere covered with thick mats and double carpets, which are even carefully rolled round the pillars and columns breast-high, there is nothing inconvenient in this custom.

I was also struck with the simplicity and absence of all pomp in this temple: here and there burned a few solitary lamps—that was all. On this account the divine service ap-

peared the more odd to me. However great the reverence I feel for every kind of religious worship when it does not degenerate into inhumanity, it was physically impossible for me to suppress laughter, when suddenly, after the deepest silence, a double row of about sixty men dressed in white, with the Mufti at their head, came in, screaming most dreadfully, particularly two men, the *élite* of the troop: tumbling head-over-heels on the carpet, the whole group remained in that position like sacks of flour against the wall, the part on which they sat turned towards heaven, and made very conspicuous by reason of the wide breeches. This strange ceremony, varied only by singing different verses of the Koran, was repeated several times, without anything further following, my gravity all the time put to the severest trial.

In a court below, on a level with the mosque, those who arrived washed themselves before prayer at a covered fountain. Many left their slippers at the door; but most kept them in their hand, and afterwards laid them down beside them. The perquisite which I offered the servant of the church on my departure he refused to accept—a piece of delicacy which we have already luckily got over, and which would indeed be ridiculous in a country where

it is usual to pay the priest himself for baptism and communion.

Shortly afterwards the Rhamadan, the long lent of the Mahometans, ended; and for some days subsequently nothing was to be seen but the Moors and Arabs, dirty and ragged at other times, in grand gala in all the streets, attired in handsome, variegated dresses. When acquaintances meet, they embrace and kiss each other's shoulders very affectionately; the lower classes execute all kinds of dances; and young men drive outside the gates in a sort of low carriage, the prettiest, cleanest, little Moorish boys, who at this time abound in the place. It appeared to me a quiet, amiable custom, and it gave great joy to the children.

The contrast was striking with the dirty, disgusting crowds of ordinary days, when one requires ten eyes to avoid being run over by an ass, or a basket of vegetables, a long plank, or a slaughtered sheep, carried on men's heads. The most noisy place, however, is the Jewish quarter, through which often there is no passing. Here hundreds of these children of Israel, in a state of disgusting filth, and with deafening cries, offer their wares for sale, not alone in their shops, but personally decorated with them from head to foot; and not one of them cries "Make way," but rushes blindly for-

ward right or left, like wandering mice, which, you know, avoid no obstacle.

All this bustle would probably interest you, were you here; but you would certainly be more charmed by the natural beauty of the open country, where I am now going to take you. To-day I wrote to Julia; "Couldst thou but feel these balmy airs, and see this heavenly land, that even in winter's season wears the verdure of spring — these charming villas, surrounded by orange-trees, palm-trees, and bananas — these fragrant heaths, rich in flowers and aromatic plants—this background of the dark-blue sea,—thou wouldst, like me, feel youth come back again!"

Now follow me at least in thought, since otherwise you cannot.

The Belgian consul had invited me to breakfast at his country-house. A splendid barb from Oran which he had sent me carried me thither at a quick gallop over the plain, and in wild leaps up the mountain. There I overtook four naval officers of the Robuste (a Belgian ship arrived yesterday), and a major in the army, who avails himself of this opportunity to travel to Egypt, whither the ship is bound. I alighted; and going slowly up, we soon approached the small, dazzling white

Moorish castle, which hospitably shone from among the brilliant dark-green foliage of the carobs, and the rosy blossoms of the almond-trees. The consul, who has only lately bought this charming *sans-souci* from a native, endowed as he is with talent, and possessing both the means and the will, promises to convert it soon into a real paradise. Conceiving, as I did, the whole plan, it was perhaps more interesting to me, with the house and garden filled with workmen, than if it had been finished; for you will readily believe, that where I meet industry and taste united, I take the most lively interest in them.

After we had viewed the orangery, which is richly supplied with water, inspected the new works, and gathered a number of our garden-flowers that here grow wild, we turned to the view from the terrace. In our vicinity, were rocks and deep valleys overgrown with shrubs, out of which shone the summits of other country-houses; then under the steep declivity, near the sea, stood two strong castles, the *Forts des Anglais*, and *des Vingt quatre Heures;* a little farther on one side, Algiers, with the castle of the Cassuba, and the gradual descent of its crenelated wall, stretching in a long line from the high mountain to the port; before

us, the endless surface of the Mediterranean Sea, here and there a solitary sail gently floating on its waters. At sight of the latter I was near having an attack of the *maladie du pays;* but breakfast had been announced, and hunger (for the air is nimble) conquered all sentimental feeling.

I shall spare you this time the bill of fare, but not the conversation. The consul, who has seen a great deal of the world, and who proved in every respect a most amiable Amphitryon, spoke to us of China, of Lord Byron and Trelawney, whom he had accompanied to Greece, and then of his mission to Morocco. He spoke of Lord Byron with enthusiasm, but without being blind to his defects. He admitted that he was full of whims and singularities, and that when influenced by them he was almost insupportable; "but," said he, "we knew that and did not meddle with him, when he drank but water and ate only Roquefort cheese at dinner, or when he went upon deck without a shirt, wearing nothing but a morning-gown, quite careless how indecently the wind might blow it about;—but as soon as he called for a bottle of champaign or claret, which was always a sign of returning sunshine, every one tried to get near him, and then the poet *par*

excellence charmed the most indifferent, forcing his declared opponents and those of the coldest dispositions to admire him.

"It is well known he did not like the English; but he easily contracted friendships with individuals of any other nation who pleased him. In this way, M. Lecoq, during his stay at Genoa, saw him on terms of the greatest intimacy with the handsome Countess G——. There were, not unfrequently, domestic scenes, to which, one would scarcely have thought it, Byron's unfounded jealousy gave rise. One day at dinner, when the poor countess would not immediately tell him where she had been the evening before, he got into such a passion, that he drew a dagger, which he always wore in his girdle, (for at that time he dressed almost like a Carmagnole), and stuck it so violently into the mouth of a bottle near the countess, that it was broken and all the contents spilt on the table. 'They are all the same!' cried he in a rage, fixing his eyes for a moment on the countess, who was pale as death; afterwards he quietly called for another bottle, and, without recurring to what had occurred, commenced talking on some indifferent topic."

The mission to Morocco ought to be cir-

cumstantially related to the public. The following is a sketch of it :—

Belgium was scarcely free, when M. Lecoq was sent to Morocco, to claim five or six Belgian ships that had been captured. Convinced that the emperor, with all his interpreters and ministers, would not know much more of Belgium than we do of the realms in the moon, he bought at Gibraltar a map of Europe, and got it coloured in such a way, that Belgium encroached a good deal on France, Holland, and Germany: he then had printed on it in large letters, "Royaume de Belgique." With this cheap and bloodless conquest in his pocket, he presented himself before his majesty; and, to convey to the emperor in a plausible and agreeable manner a notion of the revolution that gave birth to Belgium, he prudently made use of the example of Algiers.

"The Dutch," said he, "had formerly taken Belgium by surprise, as the French did Algiers. But now the Belgians had re-conquered the country and driven out the Dutch, as no doubt the Africans would sooner or later do with the French; and then both nations would stand in the same relative position as the Belgians at this moment did in relation to the

Dutch." This *argumentum ad hominem* was so well understood, and met with such applause, that the consul had the good fortune to get back all his vessels, and was dismissed with presents and many marks of favour.

Indeed, his getting audience at all was for a time doubtful; for according to court etiquette at Morocco, every foreign envoy is first introduced into a large hall, in the corner of which a gold lattice conceals the emperor from view. The latter looks at the ambassador, and if he does not please him, gives no audience. Fate was, however, favourable to M. Lecoq from the first moment, and he was admitted without delay.

The emperor's equipage is remarkable. The consul saw him drive out. He sat in one of those high, coarsely-made gigs without springs —properly speaking, only a seat upon two high wheels—similar to the breaks used in Paris by the horse-dealers.

Probably this vehicle had been captured, and the emperor, on account of its great height, thought it something very grand. To this cabriolet were harnessed twelve of the finest Arabian horses, one before the other, and each led by two splendidly-dressed grooms, who ran beside them.

What the consul most admired at this court, were the horses; and he declared, that the negro cavalry of the emperor, eight hundred strong, commanded by Piedmontese and French emigrants, is not only the finest, but by far the best he had ever seen. The negroes are all handsome tall men from the interior of Africa, richly armed, and as richly dressed in white and gold; their horses excellent, and themselves such perfect riders, that they look more like centaurs than men on horseback. But this forms the whole nucleus of the army, as the infantry and the rest of the cavalry are nothing better than a mob assembled in time of need.

Our naval guests were obliged during dinner to bear some jokes about the damage which, while they were entering the port yesterday amid stormy weather and a high sea, they had—*not* sustained, but—caused; although they proved very clearly that they were not to blame, but the pilot and their opponents. The consul laughingly observed, that they only wanted to make the acts of their ship accord with its name (*le Robuste*); adding, that he was the greatest sufferer by it; for scarcely had he shown himself that morning in the street, when his Grecian colleague ac-

costed him in these words: "Mon ami, il faut que je vous fasse assigner; vous m'avez presque coulé à fond un bâtiment de Nauplie." Before he had time to answer, the representative of Austria joined them, and demanded an indemnity of some thousand francs for damage done to a vessel from Trieste; and while he was trying to appease the last official, the Neapolitan consul overtook him, and complained that two of his men had been almost killed. "But," added M. Lecoq, "you may depend upon this, gentlemen—the *Robuste* has nothing to reproach herself with; she too well deserves her name, if not against wind and tide, at least against all lubberly-manned ships and inadmissible claims of consuls."

"I don't care about those things," answered the captain; "but, after a month's voyage, I am very glad to be in a safe harbour, that I may enjoy the land a little, and put my good ship again in order." The poor man little dreamed of what awaited him.

Of the maritime discussion that followed, all I wish is that I had a better memory, for there was a good opportunity of learning all the French sea-phrases at one lesson.

After dinner we took a walk. We went farther than before, and visited some of the

neighbouring country-houses. In that of M. Lacrosse, we found an open court, surrounded with oleander-trees twelve or fifteen feet high, which shaded an elegant marble fountain. A parterre of flowers, the walks of which were covered with tablets of porcelain, was the ornament of this interesting spot. The view from one of the terraces of "the sea, and nothing but the sea," in an immense half circle, produced a strange impression. In the stables we were shown a coal-black mare from Sahara, of extraordinary beauty, and also a fine large ass from Tunis, that much surpassed its modest comrades of Europe; it possessed all the qualities of an excellent saddle-horse. In the vegetable kingdom, I was pleased to see the lianas entwining themselves round the trees, fine luxuriant acanthus plants, and a Chinese tree smaller than the real chesnut, but, like it, bearing sweet-flavoured nuts, that grow in bunches like grapes and form a very pleasing picture.

On our return, through shady paths, we found a newly-arrived batch of newspapers. Every one instantly put himself at his ease, smoking and drinking grog, in order to peruse what most interested him. For my part, I placed myself at the foot of an orange-tree,

near a bubbling spring; and while I looked at the smoke of perfumed tobacco rising from my long pipe with a delightful amber mouth-piece, and fancied myself in heaven with the houris, Eastern life pleased me so well, that, were it only possible for me to get rid of my Prussian estates, I ran great risk of settling down here as a Mahometan. The sun had already sunk behind the naked summit of Badscharia when we set out on our return: my spirited horse carried me home with redoubled swiftness; he seemed, in fact, to fly.

I devoted the evening to a Moorish bath, which I frequently take, and find very conducive to health in this climate. It differs essentially from the Russian, now so much in vogue in Germany, and deserves a short description. Shall I describe it to you, my dearest friend? Why not? you are no prude, and are, besides, an artist, not shocked at the idea of nakedness; therefore will you go to heaven,—a difficult thing for a devout woman, if God does not provide her with an extra dressmaker.

You first enter a Moorish court completely covered, in the middle of which is a large reservoir. The colonnades that surround it are furnished in the interior with an elevation,

to which you mount by two steps. Here mats are spread; and between the pillars all round, hanging upon cords, is the linen for the bath, which is kept at a temperature of about 18 degrees of Reaumur, and (at least for strangers who wish it) very nice and fresh, and plenty of it. To undress, you take one of the mats, behind which are boards fastened to the wall, with hooks to hang up the clothes. You may give, with the greatest confidence, the master of the establishment, your purse, brooch, rings, &c. to keep for you: he usually examines them with curiosity, and compares them with his own, before he puts them into an unlocked drawer. It is, however, a thing not known that any article should be stolen! Once I forgot to ask for my rings back, and they were all brought to me next morning by a ragged boy, in his bare hand.

The master of the house, with his family, and the servants of the bath, sleep and dwell inside the elevation of mats, and have, I believe, no other room. Large nooks in the wall contain his effects: all they require for the night, is to put over their dress, which they do not take off, a *bernus* with a hood, that completely muffles them up. They lay themselves down on the spot where they passed

the day in smoking and enjoying the *dolce far niente*. For this reason, you can bathe at any hour of the night or day. If you rap at the outer door and somebody within hears, you are instantly let in; and as everything wanted is always ready, the heating being never interrupted, not the slightest delay ever takes place.

As soon as one has undressed,—frequently in the presence of many persons,* partly bathers, partly inmates of the house,—one of the servants of the bath (who here, from an inherent taste for beauty in this people, are almost invariably well-made youths from sixteen to eighteen, and pretty young girls for the female bathers) binds a blue cloth round your body, such as he himself wears,—hands you a pair of wooden slippers, leading you through a somewhat warmer gallery to an extensive vault, heated to the temperature of not more than 30 or 35 degrees, but with a reservoir of water in the middle so large that one might swim were it necessary. The ground is paved and burning hot, so that the slippers are indispensable.

At the sides are alcoves with a higher and cooler floor, and fountains at the wall where the bathers get ready. If you prefer it, there are

* You may, however, hire the bath for yourself, by paying about six times more.

some smaller vaults, also furnished with a fountain of lukewarm water to wash, but having only room for one bather.

After you have perspired for some time, sitting on the margin of the basin, a large cloth is spread over the spot you have chosen, on which you must sometimes lie down, sometimes sit, sometimes stand up again, then lie down again, before all the operations of rubbing, beating, shampooing, brushing with something like a horse-brush, soaping, &c. are ended. However disagreeable much of this may be, it is not so bad as some travellers make it out: certainly it is the only way in which the body can be perfectly cleaned, and one feels every time after it several pounds lighter.

The first time I bathed, I had an attendant, a lad scarcely sixteen years of age, but strongly built, who spoke only a few mutilated words of the lingua franca—a collection from all European languages, clothed in a half Arabian garment. The greater part of what he said was unintelligible to me; but he was quite impatient when I did not instantly do what he bid me, which laughter sometimes prevented me from doing. For instance, when I was to lie down, he twice cried out as we do to a dog, *Couche!* the second time usually accompanying

it with an Arabian curse; when I was to sit down, he said, *Sedi;* and to make me stand up, *Alz*,—probably from *alzare*. Between the acts he sang a dismal national air, rubbing me to the tune. While he was brushing me over the face I was a little unsteady, at which he goodnaturedly laughed, and asked, with great self-satisfaction, *Fa bono?* to which he immediately answered, *Si, fa bono, bono!*

At length, after you have been covered with lather, and, like a horse in a pond, thoroughly washed with streams of warm water, you sit down again on the stones to perspire a little more; unless you prefer walking up and down in the large and lofty vaults, where every step and word is repeated by a loud echo. Then the attendant arrives, with a basketful of warm linen; rolls, first, several handkerchiefs round your head like a turban, and, lastly, envelopes the whole body in three or four soft sheets.

Thus muffled up, you walk back on the mat to the assembly-room, where, in the mean time, a mattress, covered with white and furnished with pillows, has been prepared. Here you lie down under more cotton quilts,—not blankets; for the design is not, as in our Russian baths, to perspire more, but to indulge in agreeable repose. They next bring a pipe, with excellent

coffee or sherbet; and you recline as long as you please.

The servant who has attended in the bath, and another, generally lie down near the bed, and look after the bather, watching every motion of his eyes, whether it be to bring him something, to answer his questions, or merely to settle the bedclothes,—to refill the pipe, or to take away the coffee-cup. At the same time he is softly rubbed, sometimes by one, sometimes by the other; which not only thoroughly dries the body and guards against the least cold, but gradually produces a soft refreshing slumber. For this reason the Turks of distinction have the whole operation daily performed on them by young Mameluks, before they go to sleep. For my part, I always avail myself of these opportunities to learn a few Arabian words; but as yet I have not made much progress in the language. When I bathed late,—that is to say, after ten o'clock, when natives seldom visit the establishment,—the people of the house immediately rolled themselves up in their cloaks, and went to sleep, without taking further notice of me. At other times, if I wished, after I had slept a certain time, to get up, I awoke one of the servants, dressed myself, and left the rest snoring.

You will perhaps be astonished to hear that all these services (which I have taken so many words to describe), coffee, linen, and pipe included, cost no more than fifteen-pence; and as I always give double or treble as much, they kiss my hand as if I were a sultan. The natives themselves are said to pay only tenpence.

Before the conquest, it cost scarcely anything to live here. Even now the price of everything is dear only in proportion as you have to deal with the Europeans, who are mostly the dregs of their several countries; and the impudence with which they defraud and overcharge is beyond description. I was lately asked for a coat of bad cloth, two hundred and twenty francs; and for two iron nails to fill up the holes for spurs in boot-heels (a piece of furniture with which you, dear friend, can hardly be acquainted, but which is called in French, *bouche-trou*), fifteen francs, although in the dearest Parisian shop they would cost no more than one. It is the duty of a traveller not to pass over such things in silence.

I must also mention the counterpart of this. As I was returning home one evening very late, I saw an Arab lying, like a forgotten corpse, on the step which is before all the shops. He was sleeping soundly, in spite of a

pelting shower. This man was the guard of the shop—certainly not a very watchful one; but the wages were, however, not commensurate with the service,—for I was assured by the Moor who accompanied me, that the unfortunate man was paid only fourpence-halfpenny a month. This surpasses even the velvet stockings for four groschen, which the States of Brandenburg offered as a present to their Elector.

The native tradesmen are always polite; while the republican manners of the French of this class in France, as well as here, are becoming every day more familiar, to a degree that is really amusing. I took one of my Arabian lessons lately before I had got up, and the professor was sitting down at a table when my tailor entered with a pair of pantaloons. With his hat on his head, the first thing he did was to shake hands with the professor; and after he had laid down his burthen, he asked us both what political news there were, and if the ministry had really been overthrown? Unfortunately, he added, he had not yet seen the newspapers that arrived by the last packet; but it seemed certain that the Emperor of Austria was dead, and the reign of Monsieur de Metternich at length over, &c. I had the utmost difficulty to bring him back to his trade, and

induce him to spare me his further political effusions.

At Toulon I met with something that exceeded even this. I had sent for a journeyman saddler to order a trunk. When he came, I was writing, and, without looking round, I begged of him to wait a little. After about five minutes, when my work was ended, I stood up to give my orders, and found the man stretched fast asleep on a silk sofa, so that I was first obliged to awake him to get rid of him. The French have only mistaken the gradations; they have equality before freedom: the reverse would have been better.

We must now pass to something more serious; for these last few days have been to many a frightful, to all a painful time. A dreadful storm, such as nobody here ever remembers to have witnessed, spread desolation in the port, destroyed part of the mole, and dashed in pieces eighteen large and small vessels that were lying here at anchor. In the roadsteads of Bona and Bougie hardly one escaped destruction: a number of souls have perished. This tempest raged along the whole coast of the Regency.

As I was going to the port to have a closer view of the frightful spectacle, and had almost

reached the end of the Marine-street, I was washed over by a wave, that passed above the lofty stores which surround the port on this side. It was with the greatest difficulty one could stand on the mole, in consequence of the wind and spray; and not without danger did I at last get to a sort of elevated pavilion, where one could stand with dry feet. The sea raged in awful magnificence; immense waves dashed unceasingly against the half-ruined mole, rising up with thundering roar more than twenty feet high amidst foam and vapour, and then falling upon the platform.

The sea, as white as milk, rolled before it stones several thousand pounds in weight, forcing the men to seek safety on higher ground. During one of these sudden inundations, the civil superintendent, M. Le Pasquier, who had imprudently advanced too far, was thrown down, and nearly carried away into the boiling abyss.

The confusion in the port was at the highest; every moment one heard a cable snap; and the ships running foul of one another, caused mutual destruction. The first instance I saw was that of the poor Robuste, with whose officers only the day before yesterday we had so innocently joked about their little

mishaps on their arrival. All her masts fell together into the sea, as, run foul of by a gigantic *gabarre*, she was thrown against the French man-of-war corvette La Cygne, whose bowsprit she broke, while her own timbers were loosened by the shock. By great and incredible efforts on the part of the French crew, the Belgian sailors were saved. For a brief space the wreck struggled against the waves, till it drifted on the rocks, and, after offering one more vain resistance, was broken into a thousand pieces.

The Salvador of Naples soon followed the Robuste; then the Venus, a large Russian ship, and the Thrasybulus, a new vessel, on her first voyage; and, along with them, one after another, all the small craft, with which, as already stated, the Robuste, while entering the port, had come in contact. One of the last was so completely smashed, that I could scarcely have thought such destruction possible, for among the fragments there was not one six yards long. The whole sea was covered with boxes and merchandise, bales of cloth, costly stuffs, and articles of every kind, which were tossed about by the billows, mingled with masts, boards, and other shattered fragments.

The officers and passengers of the Robuste lost everything but what they carried about them—even their money was left on board the ship, which could no longer be reached. A boat belonging to the Venus, with twelve sailors, attempted to reach it; but it upset and sunk with all on board, nine of whom perished; the other three were saved by soldiers of the foreign legion who were on the beach.

A French artillery officer, M. de Livois, a handsome young man, whom I had remarked at the governor's last ball as one of the best dancers, also lost his life, without succeeding in the generous intention that made him hazard it, with the view of saving, if possible, the captain of the Venus, who had remained on board when she was thrown upon the rocks. M. de Livois descended from the hospital window, and reached another shipwrecked vessel, l'Immaculata Conception, lying about thirty feet from the Venus. With the assistance of some sailors, after several vain attempts, a communication was established between the two ships, by means of planks. M. de Livois attempted to traverse them. The bold undertaking had nearly succeeded, when a furious wave almost upset the ship. In consequence of this, the planks suddenly yielded, M.

de Livois lost his balance, fell, and instantly disappeared in the deep; his body was never found.

The damage sustained during these days is estimated at several millions; and many who saw their property lost before their eyes vainly offered thousands for assistance, which at another time would have been rendered them for a good word: nobody dared earn the money; neither was there any such sublime philanthropist as that spiritual hero of whom Madame de Crequy makes mention in her entertaining memoirs. At a shipwreck on the Chinese coast, he swam from one drowning man to another, not to save them, but merely to speak to them once more of heaven and give them absolution. After he had thus afforded spiritual relief in the water to nine persons, he was himself drowned. "It was evidently all-bountiful Providence," adds Madame de Crequy, "that supported the martyr to the end in the execution of his holy work; for all the witnesses agreed that he was the tenth and last who disappeared in the waves." When I related this anecdote to the Turk Jussuf, the tolerant Mussulman said with a smile, "Ma foi, on ne saurait mieux faire son métier."

During this dreadful tempest, the steam-

boat l'Eclaireur, coming from Oran, struggled in the most extraordinary manner with the waves in the roadstead. For forty-eight hours it rode on its anchors, by the strength alone of its paddles, sometimes hoisted up into the air, sometimes buried in the abyss, but almost invariably at the same spot, till its coals were exhausted. Then, after the gale had considerably abated, it tried to gain the port, but was wrecked on the projecting rock at one side of the entrance to the harbour—it is said, because no cable was left there to throw to it. The crew and cargo were saved, but the ship is considered lost.

Still more astonishingly did a little English schooner weather the whole gale within the gulf. She sailed out of the port at its commencement to reach the high sea; and, although her sinking seemed inevitable, neither the captain nor his son, who was under ten years of age, could be prevailed on to quit her. When the storm was over, the port-officers sent them assistance.

If we could forget the misfortunes which accompany these frightful convulsions of Nature, when she seems as if she would take vengeance for the violence we every day do her, we should merely call the spectacle magnificent and sub-

lime. The view at night was particularly grand, on account of the light of the moon, which now and then pierced through the dark clouds. At these moments the white foam on the rocks looked like apparitions conjured up from the depths of the sea to disturb the earth. The howling of the wind seemed a war-cry, and the long rows of crisped waves rushing quick as arrows from afar, appeared to me to be renewed incessantly, like inexhaustible auxiliaries sent to destroy mankind. But in the midst of the roaring desolation, the uncertain flaring lighthouse, like a taper on the point of going out, still cast its dim light on portions of the ash-coloured foaming sea.

A remarkable accident caused by this storm was, that it made the only town-clock at Algiers, and probably on the whole north coast of Africa, stop. Three days elapsed before it could be again put in order. The superstitious looked upon this as an evil omen.

The two following occurrences also deserve notice. I saw the spot where they took place, and heard the account from the admiral's own mouth.

This active sailor, who in the time of danger was to be seen everywhere, particularly where assistance could be effectually rendered, was wet

through and excessively tired; towards evening he was obliged to retire for a moment to change his clothes and take some refreshment.

After a short stay, he went out again as it was growing dark; and, to protect himself from the cold, took a cloak, which he fastened at the throat with an agraffe. Taking the shortest way to the pavilion already mentioned, from which he could view the whole neighbourhood, and make the necessary signals to the Eclaireur, still exposed to all the fury of the tempest, he chose a narrow steep part of the mole, against which the roaring billows broke like mountains of snow. At this moment a blast of wind struck him, caught his cloak, raised him up without the possibility of resistance, and was rapidly hurrying him onward to the deadly precipice. He gave himself up for lost. Along the mole are pieces of cannon instead of posts; good fortune threw him against one of them. By instinct he clung fast to it with both arms; the blow he received on his breast probably took away his senses, and, covered with the waves, he lay, still clinging to his iron supporter.

When after a few minutes he recovered himself again, he saw on the opposite side a sailor approaching him, whom he called to his aid, battered and scarcely able to speak as he

was. This man had scarcely delivered him from his position, when the *chirurgien major de marine*, a very active man, who, like the admiral, also wished to be where he could afford aid, came up, and, astonished at finding his chief in this situation, immediately administered all the necessary assistance of his art. It was rather singular that it should be a cannon, of which the admiral has often made such glorious use, that also saved his life. By his orders a ball has been placed on its barrel, that it may be distinguished from the others.

To give you some idea of the almost incredible strength of this gale, which was unexampled here, I shall relate what follows:—The admiral conducted me to the roof of his house, of which the Turkish admiral in former times, M. de la Bretonnière's bitterest enemy, had been the former inhabitant. The house is situate near the port; it is about thirty feet high, and a hundred distant from the sea. On the roof are five or six domes, under which was placed the superb vapour-bath of the Algerine minister. Among these domes the admiral's cook had taken his station to view the storm: certainly he could not have chosen a more favourable position for the purpose. He thought himself, no doubt, in perfect safety here, when

suddenly a tremendous wave passed over the whole distance from the sea to the house, knocked down the affrighted cook, and fell far beyond the domes into the port.

I rode next morning, on a good horse General Rapatel was kind enough to lend me, over the sands, along the gulf, in the midst of the devastation of the preceding night. I was frequently overtaken by the waves, that still rolled high; at first they seemed to frighten my horse, but afterwards evidently pleased him. It creates a strange sensation to see oneself suddenly in the midst of the sea; and it invariably strikes one, that when the waves withdraw, you cannot but be carried away with them. I felt, besides, a slight giddiness as when seasick. Nevertheless, it is a delightful thing to sport with the idea of imaginary danger. The strand was everywhere full of men, who, middeep in the sea, were fishing out the goods; and far beyond were still seen the floating remains of shipwrecked vessels.

The history of one of these wrecks is not without interest. She was a Sardinian merchant-vessel, which, having vainly attempted to enter the port, had cast anchor at night off Babazun, and next morning had been driven from her moorings. According to the account

of eye-witnesses, she was, like the ship of the Flying Dutchman, driven with frightful rapidity along the coast, and wrecked on the strand. She was still intact; but a few minutes after, nothing remained except her keel stuck in the sand like a skeleton-ship. Some hundred soldiers of the Foreign Legion who had hastened to afford assistance, succeeded by great exertions in saving the captain and crew, as well as great part of the cargo, from the fury of the waters.

When the sea became appeased, it brought in to shore many things of itself; among others, a box filled with ten thousand francs, which the captain, either in the anxiety of the moment, or guided by lucky inspiration, had thrown overboard. This poor man's fate was pitiful: he had been a mariner for twenty years, and his ship was laden with all he had during that time earned!

Heaven preserve us, my charming friend, from such a fate; and may our little skiff sail always as fortunately as you deserve, and as I, alas! must only hope for from mercy. However, I have always thought like a real Turk: Let what will come, Allah be praised!

Your truly devoted,

SEMILASSO.

LETTER XII.

The Foreign Legion.—The Spahis.—Excursion to El Ibrahim.—Landing of the French Expedition.—Newspaper Tactics.—The Marabut and the Spaniard.—The Sheeh Ben Omar.—M. Lecoq and Béranger.—Scenery round Algiers.—Agreeable Trips.

TO COUNT VON P . . . . . ZU P . . . . . ,
COLONEL IN THE PRUSSIAN SERVICE.

Algiers, 22nd February, 1835.

My dear Friend,—My military acquaintance are a source of much gratification to me. The governor, and the general in command, Baron Rapatel, with his highly-polished and well-informed aides-de-camp, the Generals Trezel and Bro; Colonel Bernelle, in command of the Foreign Legion, one of the children of Napoleon's Guard; Baron Schaumburg, Colonel of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, also advantageously known by his military writ-

ings; the Commanders of the Spahis; Colonel Marey, Aga of the Plains; and the famous Turk Jussuf, together with many others, have all treated me with so much politeness and attention, that I shall carry away the most grateful recollections of them on leaving Algiers.

The French infantry here (the 67th of the line, and the 10th and 43rd light infantry) consists chiefly of conscripts; and as the troops (in many respects very suitably) are employed in works on the roads, their manœuvres scarcely satisfy an eye accustomed to Prussian precision. I, particularly, thought them slow in their evolutions. Their manner of charging varied most of all from ours. The manual exercise was executed with less precision and rapidity, and the attitude and position, matters of less importance, are much neglected.—But to return to their manner of charging: the kneeling down and rising again of the first line, the shaking the powder into the pan, the turning the ramrod, and ramming down the charge twice, all of which is omitted with us, makes them take up just twice as much time as a well-drilled Prussian soldier would require. In the field, they told me, their plan was more simple; but then, why this useless practice on parade? It is true,

in order that they should adopt our exercise, their muskets and ramrods must be like ours.

A singular custom seems to prevail in the camp, though I know not whether this is general or confined to particular regiments. An officer, formerly in the German service, told me, that, in August of the preceding year, a battalion of the Foreign Legion at Tuled Mandil had piled their loaded muskets, three and three, at the distance of about fifteen or twenty paces from the tents, leaving only two sentinels to guard them. How very unsuitable such an arrangement must be, in an open camp surrounded by enemies, can scarcely fail to strike everybody. So dangerous a practice has, no doubt, been reformed; but that it has prevailed on more than one occasion, I can most positively assert.

The before-mentioned Foreign Legion, which contains many veterans, is composed of six battalions,—four German, one Polish, and one Italian: the seventh, composed of Spaniards, has been recalled. The corps is said to fight well, but contains adventurers of every description, and, no doubt, many criminals: at least, it is not uncommon to see individuals who have been demanded by their own authorities sent off in chains. A singular circumstance of this

kind happened lately:—A German trooper, who, it seems, had some heavy sins upon his conscience, but who conducted himself so well here, and had so often distinguished himself in the field that he had acquired the good-will of his officers, was suddenly demanded by a German government on account of some capital offence, and an exact description of his person was forwarded at the same time. The *signalement* described the poor devil correctly enough, and it only remained to ascertain whether he had, as was stated therein, two sabres marked with gunpowder on his right arm. By one of those lucky chances which save some men when already under the gallows, our delinquent, now serving as a pioneer, had, by means of a new and painful operation, converted his sabres into two handsome battle-axes. This trifling circumstance saved his life and honour; for, as he was an excellent soldier, his officers did not choose to lose him, and therefore availed themselves of the fortunate chance, returning for answer, that the *signalement* only partially applied to the individual in question.

I took much interest in the manœuvres of the Spahis, whom Colonel Marey exercised for me in firing, and their execution was really astonishing. The rapidity and surefootedness

of the horses—the boldness and skill of the riders, their precise firing when in full gallop, and the skill with which they attacked and avoided one another when at full speed, would shame our cavalry:—only one fell, but without hurting himself, or without letting go his horse; and in a moment he was in the saddle again. Two blacks distinguished themselves most of all: they are both deserters from the troops of the Bey of Constantine. At the utmost stretch of their horses, half standing in their short stirrups, and levelling their muskets, their bodies made no more movement than if they had been of marble. Dashing by us, they fired their pieces almost upon our breasts.

The colonel told me, there was one chief in the plain so skilful, that he will make one of his people stick a pipe in his bernus, projecting only six inches above his head; he will then make him gallop on before him, and, dashing after him, scarcely ever fail to hit the pipe with his musket. On one occasion this equestrian William Tell, it is said, with all the genuine perfidy of an Arab, chose this way to rid himself of his lieutenant, of whom he had conceived a suspicion, by blowing out his brains with affected awkwardness.

Their attack as *tirailleurs* is as follows:—They take the musket in the left hand, urge their horse to his full speed—drop the long bridle, only keeping hold of the end with the little finger. They then level, and half standing in their short stirrups, as I have said above, they are ready to fire with a sure aim, either before, behind, or towards either side. As soon as they have fired, they snatch the reins with the right hand, throw the musket over the shoulder or under the right arm, then pass the reins to the left hand, and draw the sabre, which they carry fastened to the left of the saddle, instead of buckling it round the body as with us. This weapon, likewise, they use with much skill and energy.

Their pistols they carry in a gold-embroidered pouch on the left side, so that the ends project upon the breast. They are fastened to a thin cord slung round the neck, in order that when they have fired them, the pistols may be immediately thrown over the shoulder, without any danger of losing them. To the right hangs the cartridge-box. This appears to me infinitely better than our manner of carrying the pistols, fastened to the saddle; the consequence of which is, that if the horse is lost, the pistols

are generally lost too. Their saddles, likewise, appear better calculated for the field, and in many cases more secure, than ours.

The Spahis will not submit to any prescribed costume. Every one dresses himself according to his taste, in the motley garb that he thinks most becoming. They are only required to wear a red bernus, to distinguish them from the Bedouins; but even with this I found scarcely half of them provided. Some pretended Arabs, notwithstanding the imitation of the costume, were easily recognised.

M. de la Morissière had kindly offered to accompany me to the place where the great French expedition landed, and to serve me as a cicerone for all the ground over which they advanced, or on which they fought their several battles. Fear not that I shall avail myself of this opportunity to copy off or cook up one of the innumerable descriptions of this campaign: I only intend to inflict upon you an account of a *promenade à cheval*, and a few casual remarks to which it may give rise.

At eight o'clock in the morning, under an escort of the *Chasseurs d'Afrique*, and accompanied by M. de Sarcelle, aide-de-camp to General Rapatel, the Belgian consul, and Major Stockmann, we left the town to repair in the first

instance to El Ibrahim, whither M. de la Morissière had invited us to a *déjeûner*. At a quarter of a league from the camp, which lies in a barren and wild neighbourhood, we were received by Captain Manuel, a dandy officer, who was present at the taking of Algiers, but is now just arrived from Paris; a striking contrast to this inhospitable desert, for these gentlemen may be said to be incessantly encamped. Our *déjeûner* was served under a large shed; it was equally abundant and good, and particularly merry. I was agreeably surprised to learn, that my next neighbour but one at table was a son of the celebrated traveller Le Vaillant, from whom he appears to have inherited all his partiality for the chase and natural history. All the time which the service left him, he told me, was successfully devoted to these two objects; and the ladies of Algiers, he seemed to think, were in the habit of inspecting the birds that the son shot with quite as much interest as that with which the beautiful Narina had once contemplated the produce of his indefatigable father's chase.

After our repast, we repaired to another shed, the *café* of the camp, where we sipped our Mocha and played billiards till our horses

were saddled. M. de la Morissière was generous enough to lend me one of his best horses, in the place of my detestable hired jade; and shortly afterwards our proud cavalcade was seen galloping down the hill, through palmitas and arbutus, towards the waste and naked plain of Staoueli and Sidi Ferruch.

The weather was anything but favourable. Early in the morning there had been a little frost; then, after the storm which we had weathered, the temperature became extremely rough, and a sharp icy wind pierced our clothes, making us feel most disagreeably cold. This was the more annoying to me, as, calculating my measures of defence rather against heat than cold, I was unprovided either with mantle or great-coat, and was beginning to feel quite unwell when we arrived at Torre Chica, the temple of the holy Marabut. But a few gulps of geneva, so highly lauded by Trelawney as a universal panacea, and the kind loan of a comfortable bernus, soon completely re-established me.

The bay of Sidi Ferruch was certainly well chosen for a landing-place, with its narrow promontory projecting into the sea, and which, by means of a ditch and breastwork, and a

few redoubts and palisades running into the shallow part of the water, might so quickly be converted into a camp impregnable to the Arabs. It is difficult, nevertheless, to conceive, since the Dey knew the plan of the French from the newspapers, that no preparations were made to prevent the landing, the nature of the locality enabling him to make the task of the French one very difficult of execution. I am almost tempted to agree with the opinion entertained by many, that the absurd conduct of the opposition afforded the government an unexpected service. They say, that in the Dey's council a suspicion prevailed that the announcement of the plan of operations in the public papers could only be a stratagem of war, particularly with so crafty a nation as the French, and that they would therefore most probably follow the course of Charles V. or land at Cape Matefoux; and according to this calculation the Turks arranged their plans of defence.

It is singular enough, that before the artillery, the stores, and a greater part of the horses had been landed, the French fleet was overtaken by as violent a storm as that from which Charles V. suffered, and which, if it had not sub-

sided after a few hours, would have prepared for the new expedition a similar end to that experienced by its precursor.

We rested a short time among the ruins of Torre Chica, and examined the relics, as also the tombs of the holy Marabut and of his friend the Spaniard whom he there converted. The history of this event is told as follows:

The Spaniard, a captain of a ship, had gone on shore with the Marabut, whom he had brought hither; and as they were both fatigued by the heat, they fell asleep. The Spaniard was the first to awake, when the Evil One tempted him to take advantage of his companion's sleep to rob him of his property. He accordingly put to sea, but was never able to get out of the bay;—a magic wind drove him about in a circle, and at last threw him on shore again at the same point, where the Marabut was still sitting, and saluted him in a friendly manner. The Spaniard now repented his offence, confessed his treachery, and delivered up the stolen property; whereupon, strengthened by the forgiveness of the holy man, he was enabled to re-embark. But the same fate again awaited him, and, after four-and-twenty hours, he was once more thrown on shore at the same spot. The Marabut received him with a smile:

"Pardon me," he said; "thou hadst forgotten my sandals in the hold: it was they that would not let thee forth." This last miracle softened the heart of the infidel; he fell down at the feet of the Marabut, entreated his blessing, became a Mussulman, and died on the same spot, as a pious hermit, by the side of the holy man.

We took the liberty to detach a few fragments more from the once gilt, but now broken and decaying, lattice of the sacred tomb, without experiencing such evil consequences from our robbery as did the infidel Spaniard.

The land which we passed over upon this excursion consisted chiefly of a plain intersected by various lines of hills, waste indeed, but not naturally barren, being thickly covered with bushes. An immense quantity of oleander, arbutus, pomegranates, myrtles, lavender, and a host of other flowers, array the country during spring in the most variegated garment, and green fields alternate with bushy thickets. A few Roman remains may be observed here and there, but they are of little importance.

Shortly before arriving at El Ibrahim, where, after their first victory, the French took up a position, the landscape changes, displaying a broken country, plentifully covered with trees,

hedges, and luxuriant shrubs. Towards the side lie some Arab villages, the first that I had seen. They consist partly of miserable huts of reeds, partly of dirty tents of camel-hair, in which some half-naked children were crowded together, staring at us with looks of terror, and bearing in their gestures all the appearance of downright savages. Though we threw money towards them, not one of them would venture forward to pick it up. The adults, on the other hand, took little notice of us.

On a neighbouring meadow, stretched out under a tree, with two chamberlains standing by his side, lay the chief of the tribes, the Shech Ben Omar, a very old man with a long snow-white beard. He and his attendants were equally ragged; yet they assured me that the old miser possessed a fortune of upwards of three hundred thousand francs. He appeared to be in a very ill humour, and stood on no ceremony with the persons about him.

Here we met again with some ruinous country-houses, and the landscape offered many picturesque points. We particularly noticed a magnificent glen filled with jujubes, orange, and other trees, with lianas creep-

ing up their stems, and a species of rushes which here attain the astonishing height of twenty feet. The advance of the troops over ground of this nature must have been attended with great difficulties: accordingly they showed us an olive-grove, in which the Arabs had concealed themselves, and from which with their long muskets they killed a great number of the French; and further on is a ravine, in which a whole company was cut to pieces, the soldiers having unfortunately taken it into their heads to clean their arms there.

It was sunset when we arrived at El Ibrahim, where we sat down immediately to the merry repast of the hospitable Suaves, which, in honour of us, was on this occasion prolonged to a late hour of the night. Many of the officers, at the dessert, practised the neat and sociable custom of the French, of singing light and serious songs over the mantling foam of the champagne. They knew many such, and when a new one was not forthcoming, the consul dictated one, (pen and ink having been brought him for that purpose,) with the facility with which a man would have written an address. Such talent for improvisation I had not witnessed since leaving Italy;

and it appeared the more striking to me, as these productions, even when more closely examined, were by no means without permanent value.

You have here a specimen, not indeed written on the day of my visit, being several months older—but it is doubly interesting in having called forth a yet unpublished reply from Béranger, to whom one of the party had privately sent it. I send the latter likewise, and hope you will be as little scandalised as I was, to find that in the first *chanson* we are set down for Vandals. We must forgive something to the wounded national vanity of the French.

M. LECOQ À BÉRANGER:

Il est un dieu ! devant lui qu'on s'incline
Amis, ce dieu vous le connaissez tous ;
La France l'aime, et l'histoire burine
Son nom chéri de sages et de fous.
Quand des tyrans pesaient sur la patrie,
Ses vers magiques ont su nous consoler
Que de nectar ma coupe soit remplie,
Je bois à Béranger. (*bis.*)

J'ai vu le Nord vomissant ses Vandales,
De nos hameaux oser troubler la paix,
Et du Volga les poudreuses cavales
Fouler l'or pur de nos riches guérêts.

Le cri plaintif de la France asservie
Reveille alors le luth du Chansonnier:
Que de nectar ma coupe soit remplie,
Je bois à Béranger. (*bis.*)

Libre et poëte, aux autels de l'Empire
Il n'alla point brûler un vil encens;
Mais un jour vint qu'il suspendit sa lyre
Sur le tombeau de ces mânes-géants.
Du laboureur la famille attendrie
Redit ses chants à l'entour du foyer:
Que de nectar ma coupe soit remplie,
Je bois à Béranger. (*bis.*)

REPONSE DE BÉRANGER.

L'Aï brillait, et ton tendre délire
En doux accents a salué mon nom;
Ces chants heureux échappés à ta lyre
Un vent léger m'en a posté le son.
Grace aux accords de ta lyre badine,
J'aime sourire à ma divinité:
Tu m'as fait dieu; devant toi je m'incline:
Sans t'en vouloir, je bois à ta santé. (*bis.*)

Oui, j'ai pleuré sur notre indépendance,
Quand du Volga les coursiers vagabonds
Osaient fouler le beau sol de la France;
Un saint transport inspira mes chansons.
Mon luth alors sous mes doigts en délire
Rendit des sons chers à la liberté;
Mais je suis vieux, je te lègue ma lyre:
Sans t'en vouloir, je bois à ta santé. (*bis.*)

Celui qui dort aux rocs de St. Hélène
De sa grandeur effraya mes travaux ;
Mais il n'est plus, et sa dernière haleine
Vint en mourant effleurer mes pipeaux.
Point ne paré de sa croix noble et fière
Ce pauvre habit qu'ai si long temps porté ;
Une autre croix brille à ta boutonnière :
Sans t'en vouloir, je bois à ta santé. (*bis.*)

The night had become warmer. With a bright moonshine, of which the dazzling rays played on the white villas, while the sea to the very edge of the horizon seemed converted into a mass of liquid silver, the close bernus of our kind hosts protecting us against every breath of wind, we reached home considerably after midnight. Fortunately, an order from the governor relieved us of the necessity of holding at the gate of Baba Zun a quarantine similar to that which fell to my share some time ago at Toulon. Cheerful conversation shortened the road, and I shall always consider myself a debtor to the amiable Suaves for the agreeable recollection of this day.

Alone and without escort, or accompanied only by J——, I frequently make little trips into the vicinity, which always offers something new and striking to the eye of a European. A clear horizon at this season, with no mist hanging over the distant mountains,

is not of frequent occurrence; and those who wish to take advantage of it have never any time to lose.

Lately, on such a favourable day, we had wound our way between impenetrable thickets of rushes, thorns, and gigantic aloes, over a most diabolical pavement, the remains perhaps of an old Roman road, and were turning into a deep ravine, the character of which appeared to me wilder and more Alpine than those hitherto seen. We overtook a pretty Italian riding with her sister towards their country-house, and up a road which in Europe would certainly have been deemed impassable for ladies. At the house we found the lady's husband standing at the door in a blouse, propping an orange-tree, and apparently applying himself zealously to the cultivation of his land. The villa was charmingly situated, and commanded from its terrace a delightful prospect over several valleys covered with bushes; and in the background was a stream, on which some European colonists had erected mills of my own country fashion. These are never seen far from home without a peculiar half-melancholy, half-delightful feeling.

I have always had a passion for mills; and as the attention of my companion seem-

ed fixed upon the fair Italian, I took advantage of their animated conversation to ride down to one of the mills in question. The good-natured husband had indeed had the kindness to put me in the right way; but I must have taken afterwards a false direction when I came to the swollen forest-stream, for, before I was myself aware of it, I got into a path scarcely practicable for anything but a mountain-goat. The least false step must inevitably have thrown me down some fifty feet into the water; and the worst of the matter was, that a perpendicular rock on the other side made it impossible to jump off my horse, whose footing was so narrow, that the slightest movement on my part might have made him lose his balance. Turning round was out of the question; so nothing remained for it but to abandon myself to the *kismet*, and prepare for a fall. Fortunately the dangerous passage was only a few paces in length; in a few seconds I was beyond it, and immediately afterwards the rocky path became considerably broader.

I alighted to examine this break-neck pass, and can assure you that there were only two or three inches of solid ground on each side of the prints left by the horse's hoofs in the clay which had been washed down. But

one of the country horses, if left to itself, will go in safety over roads which many people would be unable to pass on foot. On the other hand, all my equestrian skill was unable to induce the animal, in general so very docile, to go up to the European mill; an object which, being unknown to him, excited his terror to a high degree. Snorting and trembling all over, it turned round, and seemed prepared to scale the perpendicular mountain rather than face the dreaded object. I was accordingly obliged to renounce the Arcadian picture which I expected to find realised at the mill, and to hasten back by a more roundabout way to the Italian villa.

After I had again been joined by J——, we wandered about for a considerable time among the ravines of the Sahel, the general name of the mountain-range about Algiers, till towards the west we reached the sea-shore, and then continued our ride to the Pointe de Pescade, the extreme French post in that direction. This is a most romantic neighbourhood. The stern and solitary coast, with its black rocks worn by the waves, and the surge breaking among the headlong precipices, with their caverns and grottoes, reminded me strongly of the dear and never-to-be-forgotten shores of Ire-

land. Here also I saw again, for the first time, those flakes of dry foam, of the appearance of cotton, which the wind flings up to the very summits of the mountains.

The ruins of the fort built by the celebrated Barbarossa, upon a narrow promontory projecting into the sea, present an aspect as beautiful as the prospect from its broken battlements is magnificent. We had a still finer view farther on, where a number of strangely-formed cliffs emerge like a magic palace from among the waves. We tied our horses to a solitary fig-tree, which overshadowed a tomb, and climbed up the giddy heights, where we were delighted by the whirling masses of foam rushing up with deafening noise from the caverns formed by the sea, or bursting like fountains through the fissures in the rocks. Everywhere around us the sea boiled, stunning our ears, now with a whistling and then with a rattling noise. High above this chaos the dazzling walls of Barbarossa's castle on the black beetling rocks formed the principal point of view; and farther in the background, beyond the watery plain, and mingling with the clouds, was seen sitting on his throne the white-headed Jarjora, like the proud king of the mountain-range.

To this point it is possible to proceed without fear of the Bedouins; and so far country-houses are seen scattered along the coast, with carefully-cultivated land in their vicinity. We observed an old man and his son planting a hedge round their garden. How easy their task! He merely stuck a few broken twigs of the Indian fig into the earth; these the boy moistened with his watering-pot, and in two years the rapidly-growing plants will form an impenetrable fence of from five to six feet.

Beyond the cliffs the scene changes: it remains indeed romantic, but is wild and inhospitable,—hill and vale covered with a close thicket of palmitas, the soil scattered over with stones, and no path any longer to be found. Nevertheless we ventured on for about an hour through this wilderness, having before us at a distance a singularly-formed mountain, on which there seemed to stand something like a tower; but, on seeing, not far off, an Arab riding towards us through the bush, and not knowing what might be behind him, I thought it most judicious to hasten our retreat.

We struck sideways among the hills, and concluded our ride with a closer inspection of Fort l'Empereur, to examine the destruction occasioned by the explosion of the powder-ma-

gazine, which at the time presented so splendid a spectacle to the Army of Occupation. Colonel Marey has still lying before his bed a carpet which participated in this aërial journey; and, with the exception of a few holes that have been burnt in it, it reached the ground unhurt, though at a great distance from its point of departure.

The French have partially repaired the fort; but, being commanded by several neighbouring heights, it is rather calculated to keep the city of Algiers in check than to contribute to its defence. We found the commandant unwell and in *robe de chambre*, and the officers *en négligée* playing *écarté*. A sergeant served as our cicerone; and a splendid sunset over the sublime landscape closed our harvest of agreeable recollections on this day.

I came back rather late to a dinner at General Bro's, whose wife, a very accomplished woman, was one of my most agreeable acquaintance in Algiers. The general, who, by the bye, left the field of Waterloo covered with fifteen wounds, is a man of great experience and knowledge of life.

When I was mentioning at table the prospect at the fort above described, he said,

"Yes, these moments are among the greatest

pleasures of our lives. Never shall I forget the speechless astonishment with which I witnessed, for the first time in my life, two spectacles which nevertheless are of daily occurrence: the first was a sunrise over the forests of Columbia, glowing with ten thousand various blossoms, while the joyous clamour of innumerable animals greeted the return of light;—the second was a sunset over the heavenly fortresses of the Andes, the dazzling white of their summits bathed in the deepest hues of fire. This," said he, "is a spectacle which far exceeds anything of the kind that can be seen in Europe or Africa."

Perhaps some day I may see this also; and in the expectation, you must content yourself with whatever novelty Algiers will afford. While sitting by your fire at Potsdam even this may have its value; and I venture to flatter myself that it will receive an increased worth from your friendship for him who sends it.

May Heaven keep you, and grant you happiness—and promotion! All sorts of kind things to Agnes and your children.

Yours most sincerely,

H. S.

LETTER XIII.

Jussuf's Narrative continued.—Curious Secret Society.—The Hissavys.—The Taking of Bona.—Baron d'Armandy.

TO THE PRINCE OF L——.

Algiers, Feb. 26, 1835.

You have expressed, my respected prince, so much interest in the relation of my agreeable though formidable Turk, that I will once more entertain you at some length with his adventures.

One evening, whilst a handsome Jewess was pressing with a pair of silver tongs a glowing coal to the head of his pipe, he continued his narrative as follows:

"You have hitherto known my lovely Kabbuhra only as a cooing dove; but what I am

now about to relate will show you that she also had African blood in her veins.

"The Pasha sometimes gave splendid fêtes to us Mameluks, and many handsome girls and dancers from the city were invited, to whom we exhibited our gallantry by sticking money on their foreheads, in the manner you have seen; only that on these occasions we made use of costly rose and jasmine essences instead of our spittle, and the coins were zechins instead of francs.

"The ladies of the harem are also permitted to witness these festivals, though veiled and from behind a grating, and they generally take great pleasure in them. Kabbuhra, however, too jealous to permit me to approach any other woman, sent a message to me on the day before one of these balls to absent myself from it under pain of her highest displeasure, promising on her part to feign sickness, and, as I could easily make a similar excuse, to await me in her garden-pavilion, where, whilst every one was occupied at the fête, we could pass a considerable time together.

"I appeared at the appointed hour, and found Kabbuhra's couch covered with splendid stuffs, and strewed over, as well as the rich carpets of the floor, with the choicest flowers. At

the foot of the couch stood a large French Psyche, with elegant bronze pillars; and other looking-glasses on the walls and ceiling reflected us in every tender attitude. Everything around us breathed of love. A white silk transparent robe, tinged with rosy hue, alone covered the graceful form of Kabbuhra; fragrant perfumes filled the apartment; while the veiled light of many glimmering lamps shed a mysterious splendour, and every moment seemed to bring new rapture. The only snake under so many flowers was my trusty *kanjar*, which I had laid ready beneath the swelling pillows. In the antichamber a lady devoted to the princess kept watch; and, believing ourselves in the most perfect security, we abandoned ourselves, amidst the distant sound of the music and the noise of the festival, to the fullest enjoyment.

"Suddenly we were startled by a noise at the door. I had scarcely time to conceal myself behind the Psyche when there entered one of the black eunuchs, who have the right to go all over the harem at pleasure, and open without knocking at any door, unless the slippers of the sovereign stand before it. He was sent by the Pasha to inquire after the health of his daughter; but scarcely had he begun his message, when he perceived my feet under the Psyche,

which did not reach quite to the ground. He stopped his speech with an expression of horror, and, without uttering another word, instantly quitted the room. At the same moment I saw Kabbuhra, half naked, spring up like lightning, and, seizing my *kanjar*, dart out of the door after him. I heard a stifled cry; when my beloved, whom I was hastening to follow, rushed back again covered with blood, with the dagger in her right hand, and fell half senseless into my arms.

"'He is dead!' said she, drawing a deep breath. 'He was just hurrying up the stairs, when I plunged the dagger into his ugly black body! It was our only chance, Jussuf, and I had no time for reflection. Now help me to consider what we must do next.'

"She drew me with these words into the next room, where lay the corpse of the eunuch, now watched by the attendant, who before had slumbered on her post, so that she did not perceive his entrance. We threw a woollen covering over the body to absorb the blood, washed clean the marble floor which it had stained, and then prepared, since there was no other way of disposing of it, to conceal the body in the garden, where a ruin of an ancient archway would much favour our design. With

the help of another girl, who was still awake, we completed our difficult task, after an hour of excessive anxiety."

I must here interrupt Jussuf, in order to point out a very characteristic trait; namely, that after this little interruption the enamoured pair returned quietly to their couch, and continued together till morning.

"Papa Bernu, as the eunuch was called in the seraglio, was not missed for a day or two, for the Pasha did not ask after him; and, since he had an estate in the country which he often visited, it was supposed he had been robbed on the way thither, or met with some other accident; and since he was rich, and the Pasha his heir, no very strict inquiry was made."

Another time Jussuf related to me an instance of the fidelity and devotion of Roduin, of whom you have heard some mention in the former story.

"Roduin and several other Mameluks had allowed themselves to be entangled in a foolish conspiracy against the Bey, the exact grounds of which I cannot here enter into. I must only observe that my friend belonged to the secret society of the Hissaviah, which has, I believe, some resemblance to several that exist in Europe.

"The founder was Muhammed Ben Hissa, a native of Morocco; but its objects varied with the countries where it was established, and it is still powerful in many parts of Islam, especially under the Moors. The members of the Hissaviah have strange customs and ceremonies. They eat the flesh of all forbidden animals raw, and even alive; they do not shun wine: and it is even said that they admit Christians to their number; and that the word *Hissavy* signifies Jesuit, while *Sacristan* is synonymous with Christian. It was rumoured that the Pasha himself was a Hissavy, and it is certain that they appeared to enjoy his protection.

"The most extraordinary part of their tumultuous ceremonies, which often degenerated into the strangest orgies, consisted in the personification of different animals: when this sort of metempsychosis took place, it was always preceded by the wildest dances, every one endeavoured to support his part as naturally as possible, and their fanaticism became irritated to perfect fury. The ox and the cow are the only animals that must not be represented; but the favourites are lions, tigers, snakes, and cats. Of the birds, the ostrich alone is admitted. The Hissavys, I may mention, do not fear the poison of serpents, against whose bite they pos-

sess the same secret as the celebrated snake-charmers of the East.

"During their sacred dances they are obliged to close their eyes, as it is supposed that Ben Hissa then appears among them, and they are not allowed to see him face to face. The sect has three degrees of rank: first, the Shech; secondly, the Shaush; thirdly, the simple member. The grand Shech is unknown, but the dignity is said to be hereditary in a certain family; the other Shechs are chosen by a majority of votes, and generally selected from among the Shaushes.

"It is the business of the Shech to try the physical qualities of the members, and thereafter to determine or confirm the several parts they are to enact; for it is not lion who likes, or donkey who must.

"On his reception, the aspirant kneels before the Shech, who spits into his mouth, in the name of the founder, as a mark of complete intermixture, and at the same time of supremacy.

"The mark of recognition of the *Hissaviah* is: ··—, that is to say, two short and one long, which they communicate to one another by a pressure in the hollow hand with the fore and middle finger.

"Roduin was lion in this society: I shall not

say how I came to the knowledge of the fact. His continually recurring part may have inspired him with ambitious ideas, and I have no doubt that he yielded to foolish hopes. But before the matter had attained any degree of maturity, it was betrayed to the Pasha, who, as I was then his chief favourite, not only informed me exactly of all the information he had received, but also of his intention immediately to send for the Bash Mameluk, to cause the instant arrest of the conspirators, who were just assembled for one of their mad ceremonies, and, their guilt being proved, to have them executed on the spot, in the true spirit of our prompt judicial proceedings. Terrified at the imminent danger which threatened my friend, I undertook to fetch the minister myself; but immediately afterwards,—determined to save Roduin, cost what it might,—I hastened to the denounced room, where I found the slippers of the four imprudent men standing at the door. I left mine also standing there, forced my way in, and, seizing the dancing lion by the mane, I called to him immediately to hasten to his room, if his life was dear to him. Not a moment, I told him, was to be lost; the rest he might leave to my care.

"My astonished friend had scarcely followed

these directions, when I communicated to the others what had happened, and promised to save them, if they pledged their words to me in every case to conceal the presence and complicity of Roduin: this alone, I told them, would enable me to ward off the danger. I had scarcely had time to inform them of the turn which I intended to give to the whole affair, and to impress upon them the course which it would be necessary for them to pursue, when the Bash Mameluk appeared, and seeing, like myself, the four pairs of slippers at the door, thought himself sure of catching the four heads of the conspiracy. He was not a little surprised to find me among them, and quietly engaged in conversation. I immediately led him aside, declared that I had been informed of everything by the Pasha, as he was well aware, and that I was now fully convinced, as I had at first suspected, that the Pasha had been misinformed on the subject of this conspiracy. I therefore requested him, in the first instance, merely to arrest the accused, and to take no more serious step until I might have had time to speak to the Pasha, and obtain fresh orders from him.

"Without losing a moment, I hastened to the

sovereign. I informed him that, anxious for his precious life, I had conceived the resolution to examine personally into the matter — I had even gone so far as to assume the part of a malcontent, to be able the more securely to lure the traitors into a trap. I had, however, obtained a perfect conviction that their proceedings had no reference to a conspiracy against the Pasha, but simply to some foolish secrets of their society, and at the same time to a love affair between one of them and one of the ladies of the seraglio, (there was fortunately some truth in this,) an offence which I admitted was in itself deserving of the severest punishment. Still, in comparison with a design against the Pasha, it was but a minor transgression; and I expressed a hope that, in consideration of that circumstance, he would extend his mercy to the offender. With respect to Roduin, however, the information received must be entirely false; for I had not found him in company with the rest, nor had I heard from the latter anything that could in the least degree compromise him.

"The Pasha, well pleased, probably, to find the more serious danger unfounded, and always well disposed to the *Hissavy*, granted a pardon;

and my friend never forgot the service which I had rendered him at the hazard of my own life. Shortly afterwards I myself fell into disgrace, and he rose to the highest point of favour with his master; a favour which, subsequently, while I was in prison, proved the cause of his premature death.

"The intercourse between the Bey and the young Mameluks is quite on as familiar a footing as that between a father and his children, and altogether different from the manners of Europe. If they happen to be in favour, they may allow themselves great liberties. For instance, they may approach the sovereign with their prayers and solicitations in a manner that would be altogether impracticable in Europe. If a Mameluk wants money, he asks the Bey, without ceremony, to give him a crown estate, the revenues of which he then enjoys for life, or a *thiskera* (an order on the treasury)—demands which are seldom refused. His favourites are continually teasing him, like so many children, for one thing or another;—sometimes for a jewel that he wears on his finger, for a fine dress, or a handsome weapon; at others, for a horse, or any other object that he happens to possess: and these solicitations, also, are rarely refused. It is true the sovereign is always the

heir of his Mameluks, so that his gifts are in reality little more than loans.

"At the time when fate had resolved upon the ruin of Roduin, the Pasha had just received, from a Shech of the Desert, a remarkably fine, but, at the same time, almost untameable horse. Roduin eagerly demanded it as a gift. In vain the Bey urged him to let the animal be first properly broken in; Roduin persisted, and became the victim of his own pertinacity. The animal flung out behind, and, throwing him forward, fractured his breast with the high pommel of his saddle, so that he died a few hours afterwards."

The following account of Jussuf's earlier days is strongly characteristic of the manners of the country.

He remembered the arrival in Tunis of a Sicilian nobleman, who had been taken prisoner, with all his family, during a party of pleasure on the water, on the occasion of his daughter's marriage. The whole party were splendidly dressed; the Duke himself, with diamond buttons, and orders set in jewels. In this condition, the old man, whom terror and ill-treatment had completely overwhelmed, was brought into the stable, where the Pasha was just inspecting his stud. There, without ceremony, they

were stripped of their splendid garments, and forced to pull on the slave-dress: the bride and the other women were taken to the harem. The ransom was long the subject of negotiation, and the unfortunate party did not recover their liberty till they had purchased it by a bill of exchange for a million of francs.

About ten years after the above event, Holland, or America,—Jussuf could not exactly recollect which,—instead of the usual present of jewels and money, sent a ship with the most beautiful models of agricultural and other tools, imagining thereby to do the Bey a particular favour. The latter, however, flew into a terrible rage at what he considered an intentional affront. He ordered Jussuf, then eighteen years of age, immediately to pull down the flag from the consul's house, threatened to drive him away, and ordered him to give notice to his government, that if they did not, without delay, instead of such absurd trash, send the usual present in solid gold, he should consider such conduct as a declaration of war.

How disgraceful to Europe to have so long endured this tyranny from a handful of pirates!

I owe you still, prince, the history of the taking of Bona by my young hero, in the company and partly under the direction of his

equally extraordinary friend d'Armandy: the relation is too striking and historic to be passed over in silence. After that, we will take leave of Jussuf; for pictures crowd upon pictures in this varied dance of life; and, in this world, the old, however deserving of attention, must continually yield its place to that which is new.

By way of a brief introduction, I must tell you, in a few words, that shortly after the taking of Algiers, General Berthezène had sent Commandant Ouder and Captain Bigot to Bona with one hundred and fifty Suaves, by way of a garrison. Nearly the whole of these perished in an insurrection, treacherously fomented by Ibrahim, the dethroned Bey of Constantine, who was then living as a private individual at Bona, and who used for the execution of his plan the very same funds which had been advanced to him as a means of maintenance by the too-confiding Ouder. The city was soon afterwards besieged by a corps of Constantine troops under General Ben Aïssa; and Ibrahim, who had withdrawn into the citadel with one hundred and fifty Turks, threatened by a very superior force, was already beginning to suffer from a scarcity of provisions. In this emergency, he sent an emissary to Algiers, to bring about a reconciliation with

the French, and to solicit their assistance against the Bey of Constantine. The Duke of Rovigo had, in the mean time, arrived as governor; and while they were consulting what they should do, Jussuf offered, by himself, to bring the negotiation with Ibrahim to a conclusion, if they would provide him with the necessary authority and instructions. He hoped thus to spare the government in a great measure the expense of a new expedition, and perhaps prevent a further effusion of blood.

This bold proposal (for Ibrahim's barbarous faithlessness was sufficiently known) was willingly accepted, and Jussuf embarked on board the Bearnaise, commanded by Captain Freard, to put his dangerous enterprise in execution. His mistrust was greatly awakened in Bona, when he received permission to land for himself *alone*, and was treated at the Cassba by Ibrahim with the most repulsive haughtiness. By his firm, and still haughtier behaviour, he at length commanded a greater portion of respect; — a fortunate circumstance, partly attributable to the accident of meeting in the garrison with eighteen or twenty Turks who had formerly served under him, and whose attachment to his person made a considerable impression on Ibrahim. This, and the want of provisions,

which was now sensibly felt, and had begun to awaken murmurs in the garrison, compelled the Bey to moderate his tone.

The result of the negotiation was a written document, in which Ibrahim agreed henceforth to consider himself only as commandant, under the authority of the French, in Bona; and he further engaged, if it should be required, to give up the Cassba to the French troops. On the other side, Jussuf, in the name of the governor, undertook to provide the citadel with the necessary provisions then wanting; and, according to the wish of the city, to obtain the appointment of a French consul at Bona, for the management of commercial relations. The Duke of Rovigo ratified this agreement in every respect, and immediately despatched a ship with provisions, escorted by the Bearnaise, which also carried Jussuf, Captain Baron d'Armandy, and three subaltern officers, to the Bey's assistance in his further defence, as well as to protect the French interests during the struggle.

It is here necessary to bestow a few words on Baron d'Armandy, who for thirty-five years has led the life of one of Ariosto's adventurous heroes in all parts of the world.

The Restoration found d'Armandy a captain

of artillery. His youthful ardour, and boundless devotion to the idol before whom Europe had so long burnt incense in terror and amazement, caused him not only to receive his dismissal, but also to be placed under the surveillance of the *haute police.* He quickly succeeded in eluding its vigilance, and hastened to Egypt, with the intention of offering his services to the viceroy. His situation there not proving agreeable to him, he went to Suez, embarked on the Red Sea, and went to push his fortune in India; here the Fates were still adverse, for he had scarcely arrived when the power of his new master was annihilated by the disciplined warriors of England.

He then returned to Muscat, the hell of Asia, where 40° Reaumur (122° Fahrenheit) in the shade is the ordinary temperature. Here the Sultan gave him the command of a frigate, with which, compelled by necessity to accommodate himself to this new employment, he cruised a year in the Persian Gulf with tolerable success. A deadly sickness obliged him to renounce this undertaking; and when, after long suffering, he was not more than half recovered, he pursued his wanderings in Persia.

In Kermannschah he was very favourably received by Mehemed Ali Mirza, the son of the

Schah, who had become nearly independent of his father; and this was the period when fortune seemed most to smile upon him. The prince treated d'Armandy and others of his countrymen, French officers who had left their home on similar grounds, with the greatest distinction, and with regal munificence. As colonel of a regiment organised by him in the European mode, d'Armandy received the yearly pay of twenty thousand francs, besides occasional rich presents. He passed two years in Persia, during which twice he was raised to the dignity of Khan, honoured with the insignia in diamonds of the grand Persian order of the Sun, and rose continually in the favour of his commander.

At this time the brief war of Persia against Turkey commenced. Thirty thousand Turks were totally defeated by half that number of Persians, assisted by European discipline, in the burning plains of Bagdad. D'Armandy advised the prince to take advantage of the first terror to make a conquest of the defenceless city of Bagdad without further delay. Mehemet Ali, however, much devoted to wine, as many Persians of rank are, had celebrated his victory, notwithstanding the inordinate heat, by orgies which occasioned his death on

the following morning, in the sight of the menaced city. His son, who succeeded him in his authority, unwarlike and in every respect the very reverse of his father, immediately set on foot negotiations for peace, returned to Kermannschah, and shortly after dismissed all the foreign officers in his service.

Again thrown adrift, d'Armandy formed the plan of going to Runjet Sing, and encountering all the dangers to be expected in the eastern wilderness, among a half-barbarous and almost unknown people. Here he was unfortunate; he was plundered by the Sinds near Hyderabad, lost all his effects, including the diamonds of his order and a large part of his money, and narrowly escaped with his life. He preserved himself by crossing the English border, where, his earlier views being unknown, he was kindly received, and obtained the means of returning to Europe.

In 1823 he reached Marseilles, and applying to the French minister for a passport, was refused, on the ground that he had served in a foreign country without permission from the king. He could do nothing but proceed to Paris with his Persian title and Persian passport, which he had fortunately preserved, where his Oriental costume, heightened in effect by an imposing

figure and handsome countenance, made no little sensation. His abode in Paris was not of long duration. Châteaubriand, whose favour he had won, reinstated him in his rights as a Frenchman, and appointed him consular agent in Mocha. M. d'Armandy set out immediately, crossed the Alps, married a young and amiable Italian lady on the way, and embarked for his new destination.

After living quietly in Mocha for some years, he became compromised with the Arabian authorities, by means of a Greek corsair on the Red Sea. Fearing to attack him openly, an attempt was made to poison him and his whole family, together with the English consul, who had made common cause with him. Speedy assistance and strong constitutions preserved the baron and his lady; but their little daughter fell a sacrifice. D'Armandy took refuge on board an English frigate, and from thence took his measures so well and so energetically, that the French government compensated him with the much superior appointment of the consulship at Damietta.

The revolution of 1830 operated not less unfavourably for d'Armandy than that of 1814. He was deprived of his office at Damietta without indemnification, until at length Marshal

Soult was induced to reinstate him in his former rank of captain of artillery. After so many dangers and adventures endured and encountered, M. d'Armandy found himself in his five-and-thirtieth year exactly at the same point where he had been in his twentieth, on the morning after the battle of Montmirail.

This was the man who, in conjunction with his friend Jussuf, acting as one heart and one soul, was to achieve, by the boldest means, the conquest of Bona for the French. I now return to my narrative.

When the two friends landed at Bona, they directly ascended the Cassba; and this time were received by Ibrahim as allies and liberators. M. d'Armandy installed himself as provisionary consular agent and French plenipotentiary in one of the most considerable houses in the city, now tenanted by the general in command; and Jussuf pursued his way on board the Bearnaise to Tunis, whither the Duke of Rovigo, to whom his earlier adventures were unknown, had given him a commission. It was no small daring on the part of one who, only two years before, had fled from Tunis under sentence of death, to show himself there again; but he relied on his inviolability as a French ambassador.

The Bey, astonished and enraged, refused to see him, but respected the character with which he was invested. Jussuf lingered above a week in Tunis, incurring every possible danger for the chance of seeing his beloved again, and narrowly avoiding an attempt to put him secretly to death, when he received intelligence from Bona, that the troops of the Bey of Constantine had surprised the city, and that his friend d'Armandy had with great difficulty escaped on board a small French felucca that had remained in the roadstead. D'Armandy had accomplished this escape with great presence of mind, through the windows of his own house; whence, followed by the shots of the enemy, he had let himself down into a boat.

He had been but a few hours on board the felucca, when an officer from Ben Aïssa made his appearance, bearing a pressing invitation to d'Armandy to visit the general, under a safe conduct, in order to enter upon negotiations with him, as there was nothing he more desired than to be on good terms with the French. Although it was the advice of every one to put no trust in these promises, d'Armandy held it his duty to accept the invitation. He was, in fact, courteously received by

Ben Aïssa, and prevailed on the Constantine commander to forbear further hostilities against the citadel until he had obtained instructions from Algiers.

Thus matters stood, when, twenty-two days after his departure, Jussuf returned with the Bearnaise to Bona, where the wished-for answer from Algiers was still expected. On the same morning, Ben Aïssa signified that he could not respect the engagement longer than twenty-four hours; and that if within that time no answer was received, he should, either by fair means or force, make himself master of the Cassba, whose surrender had already been offered by a large number of the garrison.

On the receipt of this declaration, the two friends hastened to Ibrahim, to acquaint him with what had passed, and to require him, by virtue of his agreement, to give up the command of the citadel. The Bey received them in the worst possible humour, flatly refused to surrender the fortress, overwhelmed them with the bitterest reproaches, and asserted that the French had intentionally left him without support, and had only sent them here to deceive him. On hearing this, d'Armandy lost all patience, and returning Ibrahim's invectives with some sharp truths, the Bey, in his rage, seized

on his pistols that lay beside him, and would have brought the interview to a bloody end if his hands had not been fettered in d'Armandy's powerful grasp. He threatened to imprison them, and, as he knew his own ruin was inevitable, to blow up the Cassba, with himself and all it contained.

As d'Armandy and Jussuf at these words endeavoured immediately to leave the apartment, and were already at the door, Ibrahim rushed after them, holding a pistol in each hand, and, like a madman, seemed really to entertain the design of firing into the magazine. But the Turks, who now became excited, fell upon him and carried him back by force into the room, where they locked him up like a wild beast. The friends took advantage of the tumult to reach the gate, (and in continual risk of discovery from Ben Aïssa's outposts, who would not have spared their lives for a moment,) to return on board ship.

Early in the morning, a Turk swam to the vessel, making signs from afar to be taken on board. He brought information that the garrison, reduced to extremity from hunger and want of all kinds, had taken Ibrahim prisoner, but that he had escaped in the night: they now entreated for food and help, and were

ready to place themselves under d'Armandy's command. Soon after, several other Turks came in the same manner with the same story; and many others were to be seen on the shore.

Knowing the faithless set with whom he had to deal, d'Armandy hesitated long to comply with their wishes. He ordered the Turks, as a proof that they would submit to his authority, to return altogether to the Cassba, and there quietly await his coming. He then entered a boat with Jussuf and two cannoneers. Captain Freard earnestly entreated d'Armandy to take thirty sailors with him; but d'Armandy, with the heroism that belongs to his character, and that is so legibly stamped on every feature, declared that before he endangered the lives of so many valiant Frenchmen, he thought it his duty to convince himself, with his friend, of the true state of affairs. The boat rowed off; and the devoted pair were soon perceived to ascend the steep from the sea-side with rapid steps, and, followed only by the two cannoneers, climb the walls by means of ropes thrown down to them.

A short inspection convinced d'Armandy that the fort wanted neither artillery nor sufficient ammunition, and was only deficient in provisions. He begged Jussuf to assume the

command, and returned to the ship to provide all that was necessary. There was a sufficient quantity of rice, biscuit, and salt meat on board, all of which the captain of the Bearnaise willingly gave up, and at the same time assigned him the thirty sailors before spoken of, to strengthen the garrison.

In two parties, of which only one was perceived and attacked, but without any result, by some of Ben Aïssa's skirmishers, these brave men reached the Cassba, and ascended by rope-ladders which Jussuf caused to be thrown down, d'Armandy at their head, and part of the provisions destined for the garrison divided among them.

The hoisting of the French flag announced the capture of the citadel to the astounded general of the Bey of Constantine. In the most vehement indignation he sent word to d'Armandy that he had deceived and overreached him, but that he should speedily repent it, and began immediately to make preparations that induced them to expect a general attack. Among other demonstrations, they observed troops moving round to cut off the communication with the sea; and three Arabian chiefs appeared to be reconnnoitring from a hill.

The *maréchal de logis* Colon pointed an

old sixteen-pounder, somewhat out of order, in that direction, by d'Armandy's orders. The ball thundered downwards; and notwithstanding the distance was so considerable, fortune so far favoured the aim, that two out of the three chiefs were seen to fall.

It is well known how little is necessary to awaken the enthusiasm of the Mussulmans, and how little will extinguish it. This proof of skill on the part of the French cannoneer seemed to them almost a miracle. The enemy quickly disappeared on that side, and a few more shot drove them all in confusion back into the town. The communication with the sea was again open, and the rest of the provisions, sufficient for a supply of some weeks, could be brought into the town without molestation.

Jussuf then addressed the Turks in the following brief and pithy discourse:—"Mussulmans, in the great danger in which you stood, you called the French to your assistance. They have saved you; you were hungry, and they have fed you: henceforth this fortress is French. If any one among you be discontented with this, I will have his head cut off."

M. d'Armandy then sent the following report to Algiers:—"General, Captain Jussuf and

I, at the head of thirty sailors from the Beanarise, have entered the Cassba; we have one hundred-and-fifty Turks as auxiliaries, of whom the greater number are not to be trusted, and the enemy under Ben Aïssa are five thousand strong. Nevertheless we will continue to hold the citadel for France, or find our death under its walls."

On the following day, instead of the expected combat, a more mournful scene awaited them. Ben Aïssa had renounced his intention of offering battle to the French, but, to gratify his vengeance, had dragged the whole population of Bona, old men, women and children into slavery. The garrison saw them driven forward with blows from the Arabians, like cattle among the droves of sheep and oxen.

This barbarity lasted three days without power to hinder it on the part of the French. Towards evening, high columns of smoke were seen to ascend from every corner of the city: many houses came down with a crash; and the Turks of the garrison alone beheld with Mussulman indifference, their property consumed by the flames, and their wives driven into slavery. From this moment, however, the humour of these people became more

and more dangerous. So long as they were held in check by an enemy five thousand strong, necessity tamed them; but since the departure of Ben Aïssa, they felt the balance of power in their favour, against the thirty Frenchmen who prescribed laws to them. D'Armandy and Jussuf took every precaution their critical situation demanded. They never sat down to table without being armed from head to foot; the night service was always commanded by one or other in person, and the watch so divided that no Turk could communicate over the walls with the Arabs who swarmed around, without being instantly observed. Nevertheless the demeanour of the Turks became daily more suspicious; and it could not be forgotten that they were the same who, with the savage Ibrahim at their head, had treacherously murdered Ouder and his followers.

At length on the 30th of March, a Turk was detected in correspondence with an Arabian. Three witnesses gave evidence that they had heard him say that the citadel had been given up by the Jews, but that it still contained bold Mussulmans, who would know how to revenge themselves. "Here then," cried Jussuf, rushing on the traitor, "take this from the Jews," and stretched the Turk, with his head split asunder, dead at his feet.

Two others were strongly suspected as leaders in the mutiny. Jussuf, well aware how his countrymen must be treated, dragged them with his own hands from the crowd, and ordered their instant execution before the eyes of their trembling fellows, who after this terrible example were quickly brought to obedience, and afterwards to enthusiasm for their young and fearless leader.

While these events took place in the Cassba, the whole plain became filled with the Arabian tribes from the mountains, for the purpose of plundering the remainder of the city. D'Armandy resolved to make use of this favourable opportunity to give these hordes an impressive lesson. The tribe of Sed-Hadsha were scattered through the streets of Bona, when he ordered fifty Turks to make themselves masters of the gate of Constantine; while that of the *Marine* was blockaded by the great boat of the Bearnaise. He now rained down grape-shot from the Cassba upon the affrighted Arabians, who thronged in wild confusion towards the Marine, where a fresh salvo awaited them: equally fruitless was their attempt to escape through the other gate, where they fell under the sabres of the Turks. This day effectually

cured them of any wish to remain in the French neighbourhood, and thenceforth they generally kept themselves quiet in their mountains.

This occurrence pleased the Turks so well, that it was considered more trust might be placed in them for the future; and Jussuf offered, in order to prevent any future attacks from the Arabs, to garrison the town with the help of the Turks alone. In vain were the friendly representations of d'Armandy of the risk he ran, in putting his life into the hands of troops composed of such different elements, and but a few days since in absolute revolt; Jussuf replied that he knew how to deal with the Turks, and his resolution was unalterable. D'Armandy therefore remained as the whole garrison in the Cassba, and Jussuf mounted his horse to descend into the city with the Turkish rabble. When they had reached the gate, he commanded a halt, and signified to his soldiers, that any one who dared to meddle with any of the abandoned houses, might expect instant death. He then caused the tri-coloured flag to be planted on the city wall, and ordered a general salute to its honour. With his eagle glance he immediately observed that one of the Turks had not discharged his weapon. "Why

did you not obey my commands?" asked Jussuf sternly. "My gun would not go off," replied the Turk sullenly. "Indeed," said Jussuf, "let me see what is the matter;" and coolly pointing the weapon to the breast of the refractory Turk, he sent his own ball through his heart. More than once he was compelled to similar executions, in which, conformably to his singular character, he always mingled something of dramatic interest.

An individual had ransacked a house; and when caught in the fact, maintained that he had only entered to drink from the cistern. "Good," said Jussuf, "let him drink till he is satisfied," and ordered him to be thrown headlong in. A third had abandoned his post: Jussuf ordered him to be fetched back, and hung him up on the spot, "that he might give a better example in future." This discipline, which appears so barbarous to us, had, however, the desired effect of inspiring his troop with deadly fear and blind obedience, without which he knew he could never hope to be master. It must also be confessed that, although inexorably severe, he was never unjust, and required nothing from his followers that he was not ready to do himself. Day and night he was to be seen upon the walls; in the true sense of the

word he was everywhere and nowhere; even in the night he only allowed himself a short and irregular repose in any place as it might happen.

On one occasion, when, worn out with fatigue, sleep overpowered him near a watch, he felt, on awakening, a man's arm thrown round him. Springing up and grasping his dagger, he beheld one of the most valiant of his Turks, who said to him, "Wait one moment before thou turnest thy weapon on me: I saw thee sleeping unguarded, and took thee in my arms, for thy youth has lighted the path of our age so gloriously, that thy life is more precious than that glittering star sparkling above us in the sky: sleep then in peace upon my breast; where Ali watches over thee no shadow of danger shall come nigh." Jussuf, who perhaps would have buried his steel in cold blood in the breast of a traitor, was deeply moved by the simple address of this true follower, and, kissing the old man's shoulder, slept with perfect confidence in his arms.

Shortly after, he was warned of the presence of a spy from the Bey of Constantine, who, in the disguise of a Bedouin of the environs, had slipped into the city. Jussuf thought that merely to shoot this man was too ordinary

a proceeding, and would have but little effect. Knowing the good condition of his defensive means, he resolved to adopt another mode on this opportunity. He ordered the pseudo-Bedouin to be brought into his presence, and invited him to follow him. Jussuf conducted him over the whole town, showed him all his preparations for defence, the well-provided magazine, and the few but select troops, who might be reckoned a match for at least treble their number — "Have you well observed all that you have seen?" he asked of the trembling messenger, who now gave himself up for lost. The man stammered assent. "Good; go then as quickly as you can, and tell what you have seen to the Bey of Constantine; I shall be rejoiced if you are able to prevail on him speedily to pay me a visit himself." No spy ever again showed himself in Bona: and if Jussuf's conduct was but a repetition of the Spartan's, it may be safely asserted he did not make that his model, *mais les beaux esprits se rencontrent.*

About the middle of April one hundred grenadiers from Algiers arrived in the Cassba: they were followed the next day by three hundred men of the remaining infantry, with an officer, to whom Jussuf surrendered the command of

the town. For a time, little remained for our young warrior to do, till a particular incident afforded him a gleaning of former occurrences.

A number of cattle for the future provision of the troops had been pastured in the plain before the town, which extended as far as the mountains. One evening, just as M. d'Armandy had left the Cassba to descend into the town, his animated and resolute wife, who was walking on the terrace, saw a troop of Bedouins fall upon the plain, and drive off all the cattle within their reach. She herself called to the cannoneers to point their guns upon these vagabonds, but they were already too far distant to receive much injury; and before the intelligence spread into the town, the robbers had disappeared among the mountains.

The same night Jussuf and his Turks set out in pursuit, passed a number of friendly tribes, as far as eight leagues from the town; and at length surprising the robbers, who now thought themselves in safety, he put them to flight, after taking from them treble the number of cattle they had stolen. The beasts were sent on before with a detachment, whilst he followed more slowly, to spare his wearied men. In the mean time, other hostile tribes had lain in ambush for him in a defile through which he was

obliged to pass, and now fell upon him in far superior numbers. Part of the skirmish was perceived from the Cassba, whence d'Armandy, anxious for his friend, had already despatched a company of infantry to his assistance; but these auxiliaries remained only distant spectators of Jussuf, who, with his sabre in his mouth, and a pistol in each hand, threw himself before the Turkish horsemen, and overthrew all who ventured to oppose him. This was the last act of a series of brilliant exploits, which the French government hastened to acknowledge by investing d'Armandy and Jussuf with the cross of the Legion of Honour, and advancing them in the army.

D'Armandy now commands the artillery in Bona, where one of the public places is named after him. Jussuf is at the head of the Spahis, among whom the hundred and fifty Turks of the Cassba are numbered.* Both enjoy with the army the high reputation to which their singular services so well entitle them.

* We have just learned that the brilliant fortune which Semilasso prophesied for the mysterious Jussuf, and has depicted so much *con amore*, is likely to be realised. He has been named Bey of Constantine under the French authority; and has already set out, at the head of a small army,

It is now time, my Prince, to bring this letter, which has become almost a bulletin, to an end. It may be less interesting to you than to me, although the handsome Jussuf on his renowned white horse, *in natura*, would be an attractive object for you, as well as for all romance-loving ladies. Let fancy draw his portrait according to your pleasure, and thank me if you find that I have not made the colours too faint.

Your's most respectfully,

H. S.

to achieve the conquest of that place — an expedition, the result of which, under existing circumstances, may be looked on as certain, and which will put this adventurer, so wonderfully gifted by nature, in possession of one of the most beautiful and romantic countries on the earth, whose circumference equals that of four little German kingdoms. The remains of antique sculpture contained in its bosom, are considered as the richest, most extensive, and best preserved in Africa, those of Egypt only excepted. As yet, no European has described them; perhaps no one has seen them. Here is a rich harvest for future travellers.

LETTER XIV.

CHRONICLE.

Expedition into the Interior.—Description of Semilasso and his party.—Their reception among the Bedouins.

This is the 27th of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five. A gold-enamelled azure sky is spread out over the Atlas, that mysterious barrier still inaccessible to the Franks. Along the rugged mountain road, over the foremost heights, winds a train of about twenty well-armed Arabs, the only living beings visible, either among the mountains or in the wide-extended plain of the *Metidschia.* At their head rides *Ali Ben Khasnadji,* formerly a celebrated robber, but now, by appointment of the governor of Algiers, Caïd of the tribes of *Beni Mussa,* and in command of nearly four thousand fighting men. He is arrayed in his rich Arab dress.

First, there is the striped white silk *heik,*

a kind of shawl-shirt made of one piece, which reaches down to the feet, is tied up in front, and serves at the same time as a cap to cover the head, where it is tied up into the form of a turban with a camel's hair cord. The part which surrounds the neck, is drawn over the mouth in the cool of the evening. Round the body this long robe is confined by a red velvet girdle embroidered with gold, from which protrude two pistols inlaid with silver. A cartridge-box, richly embroidered with gold, hangs by the side of his powder-horn and shot-belt; and this display of arms, together with his black beard, announces that a formidable warrior is inclosed within the feminine garment which I have just described. An open jacket of scarlet cloth, decorated with blue silk and gold tassels, is visible only from the hanging sleeves, with round silver buttons; for the bernus, of fine white wool with a border of fringe, and a round opening in the middle for the head, covers the rest of his costume. From the breast downward this mantle is open in front, so that in battle it may be thrown back over the shoulders, and leave the arms free.

Over this white bernus hangs a similar one of thick black stuff, nearly impenetrable to rain, with a gold clasp and red silk fringe: wide blue trowsers, reaching only to the knee, long

red stocking-boots of morocco leather, with short over-boots of the same colour, quite similar to those of the ancient knights, with spurs of the size of small spears, complete the warlike dress of the Caïd.

His fiery charger is adorned with a saddle embroidered over and over with gold, and having a back something like that of an arm-chair, and a pommel equally high. His confidential servant, who rides immediately behind him, carries his sabre in a silver scabbard, and his gun, inlaid with silver and coral, half as long again as ours, and with a lock at least twice as large. Each of the Arabs of his suite is likewise armed with gun, pistols, and dagger, to which the chiefs add a sabre, not fastened like ours to the body, but fixed on the left side under the saddle. Their horses, inferior in appearance, are not deficient in mettle and swiftness, when occasion calls; but a bad rider is not to be found among the Arabs.

Amid the train are to be seen forms strange to this part of the world. First the traveller, driven by restless curiosity, whom the aforesaid children of the desert serve as an escort, and who, if he were not so well known to us, might easily be mistaken for a native chief; for, even to the feminine garment, which he has preferred to the loose Mameluk dress, he is clad

like the Caïd; only his snow-white bernus from Tunis, with its blue fringe, is of yet finer quality, the embroidery of his saddle more costly, as well as the caparisons of his horse, which glittering in the sun with silver and gold, prances unweariedly, covering its bit with foam.

After Semilasso, rides, in a French uniform, Abaïby, an aide-de-camp of the governor, of Syrian descent, and who, speaking the Arabic language with fluency, has been assigned to our friend as an interpreter. Next comes the Belgian major, a young warrior *sans peur et sans reproche*, who has also joined the German adventurer, about whom we have so often and so willingly entertained the public. Behind the major follows M. Bellart, a banker of Algiers, in the complete costume of a Bedouin of Maskara, the customary straw-hat with variegated tassels on his head, and mounted on a valuable Tittery horse. By his side is seen the active, always cheerful, scholar J. . . . ., from H . . . ., who for this tour is to act as Semilasso's secretary, and in case of need as his protector. The second moiety of the Arabs, with a young negro and a Moor on sumpter-mules, complete the procession, which is just pressing through a narrow ravine, and disappears slowly from our view in a dense thicket.

Here let us leave him awhile, to relate the motives of his expedition.

Semilasso had in vain been waiting in Algiers for a military expedition, which he might have joined, in order to see something of the interior of the Atlas. He now resolved to make the attempt on his own account. He was told that this would be impracticable without 2000 men, and that whoever ventured thither might make up his mind to have his throat cut; but our friend, it is well known, is so great a sceptic in the article of impossibilities, that in this also he paid little regard to such assertions, though they were very generally made. He accordingly requested the governor, whom he had at all times found so kind and obliging, in the first instance simply to require the Caïds of *Mussa* and *Khrashna*, to escort a stranger of distinction, who stood under the protection of the French government, through the plain of Metidschia, and to provide for his safety to best of their ability.

The execution of this order was entrusted to Colonel Marey, an officer of high merit, who had been appointed Aga of the Plains, and who has acquired the language and manners of the Arabs, whom he commands, to an astonishing degree of perfection. The Caïd of Beni-

Mussa, with his escort of Arabs, appeared one Friday morning (chance seems bent on curing Semilasso of every remnant of superstition) to summon him to the proposed excursion. Our friend began by offering a European *déjeûner* to the one-eyed Caïd, his brother, and his first lieutenant. The Osmanlis drank champagne, and feasted on the head of a wild boar, with a devoutness truly Christian; and when, after the repast, the whole party mounted their horses, they were so animated, that they had scarcely got the gate behind them, and arrived on the seashore, when, in Arab fashion, they emulated one another in making their horses prance about as in a feigned combat.

Colonel Marey had had the kindness to lend Semilasso his own charger, with all the Oriental decorations belonging to an Aga; and our friend was therefore as well mounted as any one of the party. They did not, however, too long abuse the willingness of the spirited animals; and on the abominable pavement of the old Roman road, the cavalcade soon formed itself in a more orderly manner, and proceeded at a sedater pace. They passed between hedges of Indian fig-trees, so high that they completely overshadowed the riders,—a material benefit at a time when the heat was already beginning to

be extremely powerful. After a few hours they arrived at the last French block-houses, on the Aratsh, which they passed at a rather deep ford. There they halted a few minutes, to let their horses drink, and to wait for one of the party who had remained some distance behind. During this time several Arabs, mostly on heavily laden asses, rode through the river, which, with all these groups, would have afforded a singular *tableau de genre;* particularly when the animal of one of the last of the Bedouins sunk down under his burthen in the deepest part of the stream, and with true angelic or asinine patience, only stretched his head occasionally out of the water, like a carp, to gasp for air, then quietly sunk down again, and was drowned without uttering a cry. After a while the Arabs succeeded, by dint of exertion, in getting the goods out of the water; the lifeless body of the ass floated away with the stream.

From Aratsh the plain began to rise gently, but gradually, towards the mountains. The soil was dry throughout, sometimes mixed with sand, but consisting, for the most part, of a fertile clay or a black mould, everywhere covered with green grass or dwarf shrubs. Towards evening, the caravan arrived in safety at

Beni-Mussa, two leagues distant from the Atlas, where the Caïd possesses his *hautch;* a kind of court surrounded by wretched stone-buildings, which were, perhaps, used, during the period of his former profession, as a place of security for the produce of his depredations. A badly kept orange-garden, with an impenetrable hedge of aloes, was annexed to one side of the building; and not far from it, on the other side, a grove of olive-trees, carobs, and high shrubs, was spread out, with a village in the centre, the existence of which was betrayed only by the rising smoke. This foreground, with the dark blue mountains behind, formed a wild but attractive landscape.

On the arrival of the travellers, twenty or thirty Arabs were sitting on the damp grass before the house, and by their side lay half a dozen wild hogs, that they had just slain, but of which they use only the skins; their religion prohibiting the use of the flesh, which is thrown into a neighbouring thicket, and left there to rot. They took little notice of the strangers, but respectfully kissed their Caïd's hand; for the aristocratic principle prevails here in its full force, though, according to the customs of the country, it manifests itself in a very different manner to what it does with us. These

customs are quite the same as those which the Bible pictures to us. The most powerful chief, in general, is in no way distinguished from the rest of his household, and at home walks about barefooted like his dependents; nor does he feel it at all inconsistent with his dignity, to fetch with his own hand the lamb destined for the entertainment of his guests, to kill it himself, and then deliver it to his women to be dressed.

The first business of the Arabs,—as it is the first duty of every sensible traveller in a similar situation,—is to take care of their horses immediately on their arrival. They are all fastened to a cord, running along the ground, to which they are attached by foot-slings, so that they must stand, or at least, if they lie down, they can sleep only in a very inconvenient posture.

As soon as this had been done, and barley and chopped straw had been thrown before the animals, Semilasso and his companions prepared to take advantage of the evening for a walk into the neighbouring country. After wandering a while through the scented and flowery grove, a tremendous barking of dogs announced the vicinity of the village. About fifty of these wolfish-looking curs rushed forth

to dispute a further advance, but without proceeding to any more serious attack. From the black tents of closely woven camel's hair, ranged round a large open space, a few naked children fled on the approach of the strangers, and about a dozen bearded Bedouins came running up to warn off the unexpected intruders. One of them, who appeared to be their chief, called out angrily to the new-comers to pack off instantly. "Don't you see," said he, "that you frighten the children? What do you want here?" Semilasso's interpreter had much difficulty in appeasing him, till a few pieces of coin, thrown to some of the children who ventured forward, smoothed a little the countenance of old Blackbeard.

The misery and filth in these tents did not surpass,—for that is impossible,—but fully equalled, those of the Irish peasantry; only these people had the advantage of better and healthier food. In the course of their walk the party shot some fat larks, missed a few snipes, and closed their excursion with a nearer inspection of the above-mentioned garden, in which a long and regularly-planted avenue of lofty orange-trees, in full bearing, in the heart of this desert, inspired our *Parkomane* with profound regret, that his native climate should

not second the efforts of poor mortals with equal kindness. Next the garden a small camel-stud extended along the base of the mountain, with fertile and well-watered meadows. The young animals sprang merrily about, and looked almost like giraffes; the old ones were fettered in front, so that they hopped about very awkwardly and slowly. The camels here have all of them only one hump, without, on that account, being dromedaries; on the contrary, they are a small stunted race, like all the animals of the country, with the exception of horses.

At nightfall the pedestrians returned to the house, whence a wild cry was heard, which for a moment caused some uneasiness. A large party of Bedouins sat grouped about the Caïd, who was probably deciding some differences that had arisen during his absence. He who vociferated loudest was the bearded fellow who had so ill-humouredly denied admittance into his village, now probably bringing his complaint before the Caïd against the Christians, but who, no doubt, had met with a reproof, for at the sight of the strangers all noise ceased, though the countenances of the assembly by no means manifested a feeling of kindness. Semilasso, observing this, sat down

on the ground by the side of an old shech with a snow-white beard, and commenced a friendly conversation with him through the medium of the interpreter. After exchanging a few words, the old fellow took hold of our friend's fine bernus, and without ceremony asked it of him as a present. This being refused, he pointed to a red silk handkerchief, which, according to the custom of the Arabs, was attached to Semilasso's dagger; and afterwards to several other things, till the latter ransomed himself from the importunities of the old sinner by the present of a Spanish piastre, and then walked towards the house, where the first Bedouin repast awaited him.

In a long room, to which an open dovecot served as roof, a number of straw-mats had been spread out, and over these carpets, on which the party crouched down in a ring. Hereupon, some barefooted servants, who, with the ample drapery of their white bernus, looked like so many pictures of Roman slaves, brought in enormous wooden dishes, of graceful and antique form, piled up with *cuscussu* and *pilau*, and jars of water of an equally handsome shape. They washed themselves, and the repast began in the following manner:—In the middle of the cuscussu a deep hole was formed, some preparation

of sour milk was poured into it, and each made a little canal over to his corner, something like the irrigation of meadows. By way of distinction, the strangers were provided with neatly-carved wooden-spoons, the others making use only of their hands. In the same manner the Caïd quickly and skilfully divided a dish of roasted fowls; and the lamb of the pilau, than which our friend assures he never tasted any more savoury, was likewise distributed by the warlike fist of the host. Hard eggs with salt and pepper formed the last course.

After the masters had finished, the remains of this abundant meal, with which fresh milk was drunk, served to satisfy the servants. Thereupon the wash-hand basin re-appeared, the same for the whole party: which is almost as disgusting as our fashion of rinsing the mouth at table.

While the coffee was preparing, which the Bedouins of distinction are beginning to drink with sugar, in imitation of the French, Semilasso offered the Caïd and his lieutenant dessert and champagne from his own stock—gifts that were by no means rejected; though, for the sake of decorum, it was necessary to assure them before the others, that this was not wine, but merely an innocent beverage prepared from apples.

Herein Similasso had no doubt that he was saying nothing but the simple truth.

After coffee and two or three pipes, which, as a mark of civility, were mutually passed from hand to hand, one after another they wrapped themselves up in their double mantles, drew the hood over their ears, and wooed the drowsy god upon the same mat or carpet on which they had lately been seated to their meal. The success of their endeavours was by no means complete; for as each was attacked by several hundreds of barbarous blood-thirsty fleas, to whom the more delicate skin of the strangers appeared, no doubt, peculiarly inviting, it was useless to think of sleep. Besides, the dogs barked incessantly, and several times it was necessary to run into the stable, because some stallion had broken loose, and was kicking or biting the others; in the room itself, the doves, kept awake by the lamp, never ceased their cooing, besides frequently reminding the party of their presence in a much less agreeable manner.

With joy, therefore, our travellers saluted the first beam of the morning, which entered, quite at its ease, by the open door; they washed their hands and face in cold water, laid themselves round the steaming coffee-can, the

contents of which, though of the consistency of chocolate, are always excellent in this country, and comfortably lighted the first pipe. The fleas, it seems, sleep by day—at least in the plain of Metidschia; for Semilasso, to whom we are indebted for this statement, does not appear ever before to have had an opportunity of studying their habits.

The Caïd, aware that the chief object of the travellers was to see a part of the Atlas, and such districts as since the taking of Algiers had not been visited by any European, had, on the preceding day, sent several messengers on horseback to the neighbouring tribes of the Kabyles, to prevent them from any hostile undertaking in case of his appearing with the strangers on their grounds. At all events, an escort of fifteen or sixteen horsemen, with their brave Caïd at their head, accompanied the five well-armed and no less resolute strangers, who accidentally belonged to four different nations.

The weather was most agreeable. The nearer they approached the foot of the Atlas, the more luxuriant became the vegetation; and the green sides of the mountains, full of villages overshadowed by trees, of meadows, fields, and pretty clumps of bushes, varied but little from

the appearance of European cultivation. Nevertheless, here dwelt the dreaded Kabyles and Hayutes, of whom, the Caïd asserted, the majestic mountain of *Bona ralissa*, which rose to the right of the travellers, could alone furnish 2000 fighting men. At the mountain stream, *Weld Jemma*, a handsome well-dressed man, on an excellent horse and attended by two servants, rode up to the caravan and held a private conference with the Caïd: it was afterwards understood that this was a *Thaleb* (a learned man), whose influence had induced the neighbouring tribes of the mountain to take no notice of the Christians. He joined the cavalcade, and did not leave it till he did so with the suite of the Caïd.

After riding on some leagues farther, the aspect of the mountains in front varying at every turn, and their way leading through thickets in which a surprise would have been extremely dangerous, they arrived at a spot where the stream, which they had already crossed lower down, rises in a deep and romantic glen. Its bed, now nearly dry, was covered, to the extent of more than a thousand paces, with fragments of stone and rock. On its banks were several burning charcoal-kilns, which seemed to be treated here much in the

same way as in the forests of Germany. Of the natives not one was to be seen.

Not far from this place, the procession arrived at a very beautiful spot, called *Suk el Arba*, whither no European had penetrated since the conquest of Algiers, no military expedition having been sent in this direction. On that account this market is the more visited by the Arabs, as might be judged from the multitude of elegant and well-kept booths which are always left standing here, though the owners use them only on a Wednesday. Close to the foot of high mountains, looking into a deep glen, watered by a crystal brook, protected towards the plain by close hedges of aloes and bushes of flowering shrubs, and shaded by an olive-grove, with not one tree, apparently, less than two or three hundred years old, this piece of ground certainly forms one of the most original and striking market-places to be seen anywhere.

Under some palm-trees, at the end of the grove in question, stands the tomb of a Marabut, shedding sanctity on the surrounding lands. By the side of this passes, over *Hamsa*, the great road to the desert of Sahara, winding along the bed of the stream, and losing itself so seducingly in a black rocky ravine, that

Semilasso used all his eloquence to induce the Caïd and the Thaleb to proceed by this road for at least an hour. But after advancing only for a few minutes, they both became uneasy, and declared, they could not advance farther unless at the head of 2000 men, and would not take it on themselves to expose the party to such danger. "Besides," added *Kasnadji*, "they had not time enough, as he must deliver up his charge before night to the *Khrashna*, according to the directions of the Aga: but a few leagues farther, after breakfast, he would lead the strangers as far as possible into the Atlas; but more they must not require of him."

It would have been imprudent to have openly resisted his will, and our friend yielded the rather as the person and whole behaviour of this one-eyed bandit were far from inspiring him with confidence. He looked forward, and not without reason, as we shall see, to some future and more favourable opportunity.

They continued to coast along the edge of the mountain, while the Arabs with equal skill and boldness dashed at full speed over the difficult ground, displaying a degree of horsemanship which was not always imitated with equal success by the Europeans. They soon afterwards arrived, through a delightful country, at a splendid orange-garden, which from

its exterior appearance seemed to be most carefully kept, surrounded by old and picturesque olive-trees, and a thicket of Indian figs and red flowering shrubs. From the centre three lofty palm-trees arose, like the feathery crest of a canopy. The most tasteful park could not offer any single point of more beautiful effect. The interior might perhaps have afforded less pleasure, but that remained unknown, for the Caïd would on no account allow a closer inspection, merely sending some of his people to fetch a few oranges, which in size, juiciness, and perfume, far exceeded any that are ever seen in Europe.

After the whole party had refreshed and cooled themselves with this wonderful fruit, for the heat had become oppressive, they continued their ride with renewed vigour, through a country so highly cultivated, that, among other things, they came to a field of beans standing already three feet high. Immediately beyond this piece of land lay *Kadrah*, a farm belonging to the Caïd, where he had a farewell repast prepared for his guests. This was quite in the rural style of Europe. Carpets were spread on the green turf under almond-trees in blossom, and a mat had been hung up as a protection against the rays of the sun: there were dishes of milk and *cuscussu*

(a preparation nearly allied to our groats), and a kind of dry fritters. Around them lay an orchard, some parts of which were planted with vegetables. The adventurers might have fancied themselves at a farmer's at home, if the gigantic aloe-hedges, and the wild Bedouins themselves, with the Caïd in his warlike array, had not too plainly reminded them of those distant zones to which interest or curiosity is constantly impelling the restless Europeans.

During the *déjeûner* came a black, naked, hideous, and idiotic young Marabut, who received with the most profound humility the crumbs, the orange-peels, the hard crust of a pie, and other rubbish, and then, like a wild beast, hastened joyfully back to his den.

The word *marabut* is as comprehensive in its meaning here as the word *gentleman* in England, and has some analogy in its application. All those who, according to the notion of the Arabs, enjoy the peculiar favour of God, are called Marabuts. Herein are included not only those whom their miracles or piety have raised to the dignity of saints, but, likewise, whole or half lunatics, idiots, and, sometimes, magicians, heroes, martyrs, &c. If we would translate *Marabut* by a single word, *fool* would be the nearest to the meaning; for to all the above-

named categories a strong dose of that character must necessarily be added.

Semilasso had in the mean time begun to traffic with one of the Bedouins about his sabre. The frequent taste of the *apple-water* had somewhat affected the Caïd's head. Suddenly, he sprang up and said, "they must all try their sabres, to see which blade was the best." The proposal elicited general applause, and was put into execution, by the men placing themselves opposite to one another, and cutting away upon each other's blades. The sabre in question went but badly through the ordeal; but the Caïd's inflicted deep notches upon all the others, without receiving one in return. No finer exhibition can be imagined, than this wild Barbarian, formerly a soldier among the Turks, in his fencing attitude: the best of Franconi's actors would have been immeasurably behind him.

"Now," said he, in high spirits, "he would take his friends a little farther into the Atlas; then he would deliver them into the hands of the Caïd of Khrashna; and after that, he should not have to concern himself any more about them." The horses were brought out, and then, in full gallop, they dashed up the hill, over the loose stones, through the stunted palmitas, without trace of a road or path, till they

came to a narrow ledge, where they could advance only with great caution. Here the country was barren in the extreme, and almost without vegetation; but down below, the immense Metidschia spread out the more beautifully. This plain is twenty leagues in length, eight in breadth, and seemed here enclosed on three sides by lofty mountains, while on the fourth it was only bounded by the ocean. With innumerable twinings, it is intersected by the Aratsh, the Hamyse, and many other little mountain brooks, along whose banks were scattered oases of close thickets.

In half an hour they arrived at a deserted orange-garden, near the tomb of a deceased Marabut,—things as common here as convents were formerly with us. Farther on was a well, enveloped in a mysterious shade by close and lofty trees; and here already the party began to descend. Kasnadji, vain of his boldness and skill, having galloped down the craggy way, which in a walk would have been difficult enough, Semilasso, who is not easily surpassed in vanity either by a European or a Barbarian, believed himself called upon to follow; though, as we shall see from his notes, he experienced some remorse afterwards at not having taken better care of a borrowed horse.

On their return to the valley, they beheld at a distance *Araby*, the Caïd of Khrashna, arriving with his train, to take charge, at the appointed hour, of the further escort of the travellers. This man, at the first glance, inspired great confidence. Tall, meagre, and muscular, with a serious but benevolent countenance, eyes fiery yet soft, thin lips, white teeth, a kind and dignified smile, and a magnificent black beard,—altogether he appeared the very model of a Bedouin in the highest degree of nationality.

After a few civilities had been exchanged, the one-eyed Caïd* was dismissed with presents, and, in company with the new chief, the cavalcade directed their course across the plain towards their intended lodging for the night. Two hours later, the party reached the Caïd's village. This man, though he commands 20,000 fighting men, does not even possess a stone-house, but lives with his women under tents. For the guests a large hut had been prepared with the branches of trees, with carpets on the ground; and, by way of distinction, straw-mats were hung round the couch of

* Eight months afterwards, Kasnadji and his brother were treacherously murdered by the same tribes whose grounds were on this occasion visited by our adventurers.

Semilasso, serving to keep off the wind. A number of Bedouins, who, like their chief, distinguished themselves most advantageously from those of the preceding escort, received the little caravan with cordiality and friendly curiosity.

"My hut receives honour from your arrival," said the Caïd to our friend, laying his hands on his breast; "may the Lord bless your coming in and your going out, and may the latter be deferred to as remote a period as possible!" Hereupon coffee was served up; the party sat down, smoked, conversed, and, before long, five or six servants brought in a much more abundant repast than that of the preceding day. Here was particularly noticed, as highly creditable to Arab cookery, a dish of juicy lamb, with the soft part of the artichokes in a sour sauce of milk, eggs, and lemon-juice, somewhat resembling the cabbage-soup of the Russians; also another dish, of herbs and rice chopped up with the meat of fowls; and a third dish, of roast mutton, with almonds, chesnuts, and raisins;—all three, no doubt, prepared according to the culinary traditions of ancient Rome. The ceremonial part of the meal resembled that of the former day, only with this difference, that nothing could induce the Caïd or his people to taste either the pre-

tended apple-juice, or any other wine or *liqueur*. This compliance with a prescribed duty always inspires one with a favourable opinion of the character of those who manifest it, not through affectation, but evidently from a conscientious motive.

During the day our friend had frequently turned his eyes with longing towards a majestic mountain, the *Hammal*, which towers above the rest, and whose beautiful and craggy form distinguishes it from the others of the range even when seen from Algiers. He availed himself of the confidential hour, after their meal, to sound the Caïd, through Lieutenant Abaïby, on the subject of this mountain, to ascertain whether he would undertake to guide the strangers thither. The Caïd positively rejected the proposal. "Since thou hast stepped upon our threshold," said he to Semilasso, "whatever shame happens to thee happens likewise to us; whatever injury overtakes thee overtakes us; thy safety is mine — I dare not expose thee to any danger."

"Good counsel comes over night," thought Semilasso, and lay down to seek repose. But the evil spirits of the plain, in the shape of fleas, again refused him permisssion to sleep, weary as he was. Of these angels of wrath there were here some of an entirely new race,

not merely black, but also yellow and grey; and of these the yellow were the most merciless. Next morning, every sufferer was covered with red spots, as though suffering from a nettle-rash; but with the sun peace returned again. Nature is kind even in her wrath.

The Caïd had slept in the tent with his wives; and when he appeared in the morning, M. Abaïby had to attack him again on the subject of the mountain, but with the same ill success as on the preceding evening. "We must submit to necessity," said the young officer on delivering in his report to Semilasso: "the Caïd says, as yesterday did he of Beni-Mussa, that we cannot venture thither otherwise than with an escort of two thousand men, and he will not take upon himself the responsibility of acceding to our wish."

Our friend, however, was as little disposed to yield. He naturally supposed, that M. Abaïby, keeping in view his own responsibility to the governor, did not like to urge the Caïd with too much importunity; and as he had a negro with him, who spoke Arabic fluently, he determined once more, through the medium of this man, to try his fortune with the Caïd. He began by telling him, that he was born in a country formerly conquered and possessed by

the Arabs, so that his blood was half Arab, and he had taken this long journey to associate as much as he could with his Bedouin brethren, and to look upon their beautiful country. From this motive, he wished now to ascend to the summit of the mountain, that he might look around him as far as possible, and pray to Allah for the welfare of his friends. On this account, he was regardless of danger: and as to any responsibility to the governor, he would take that all upon himself; and whatever might be the event, he guaranteed that the Caïd should remain free from blame, having sufficiently shown his good intentions by the unwillingness with which he had given his consent.

When he saw that these and similar speeches were beginning to shake the resolution of the worthy *Araby*, Semilasso enforced his arguments by certain magnetic influences, the secret of which he has not revealed to us, but which by no means consisted in money; and after some time, he succeeded in compassing his wish.

"Well," said the chief, "be it so: at all events, I will die before thee, if it should come to that. I am not so much afraid of an attack of hostile warriors, though young *Ben*

Samun (one of the wildest and most blood-thirsty enemies of the French) sometimes extends his excursions so far: I rather dread single robbers, some of whom I have lately punished, and who might easily fire at us from behind some bush or other. But thou wilt have it so,—so be it then: make haste, and let us mount our horses, for we have a march of eight hours before us."

In a few minutes everything was in order, and the procession put itself into rapid motion. It consisted of the same *dramatis personæ* as yesterday, with the exception of the banker, who had returned to Algiers, and whose absence, in case of a battle, was amply atoned for by the addition of two Bedouins to the escort.

The first interesting point was *Suk el Jemma* (Friday's market), on the banks of the Hamyse, surrounded by green hills, with the majestic Hammal in the background. After twice crossing the stream, they arrived on more difficult ground, but carefully cultivated in many parts. At a distance the smoke was seen to rise from several roofs; and here and there were seen Kabyles, following their ploughs, who took little or no notice of the riders.

With difficulty they ascended a lofty mountain, from which they beheld a beautifully-wooded

vale with a mountain stream running through the bottom, with rocks beetling above, and several wide glens branching off in different directions. It was necessary to ride down to the water along paths only calculated for goats, and to ride up again on the other side to a still greater height. The wood consisted less of trees than of shrubs, twelve or fifteen feet in height, and partly covered with red blossoms; many had grown so equally and so closely together, that they looked as if they had been shorn; and the bed of the stream was, to a great extent, completely filled with oleanders of unusual size. On the green acclivities were grazing numerous flocks of black goats, jumping merrily from crag to crag; many birds also sprang up from among the thickets, but the party refrained from shooting, in order to occasion no unnecessary alarm.

For some hours the country retained this character, the road becoming more and more difficult, till at length the cavalcade arrived at the foot of the Hammal, and the river Eber, where, in a neighbourhood at once fearful and romantic, two villages were seen lying opposite to each other, the huts larger and more closely placed than any before seen. Here they halted upon a green hill, and the Caïd laid

claim to the hospitality of a Kabyle Shech, who, far from manifesting any hostile disposition, received the party with the utmost cordiality.

They encamped under some venerable carobs, the village of *Barel-Barud* behind them, with gardens on the heights above them; at their feet the stream, on the opposite side of which rose the first ledge of the Hammal, with a splendid cavern at the foot, whose coal-black vault contrasted admirably with the white chalky rocks.

The Turks are said to have had a manufactory of powder here; and, on a closer inspection, the Shech showed a kind of natural spiral chimney, through which, by the aid of a torch, it was possible to climb up a considerable height, to a spot where a Marabut formerly resided as a hermit. There were no other means of access to his dwelling-place; so that the site for a hermitage has never perhaps been more judiciously chosen.

After a short repose the travellers prepared to ascend the mountain, accompanied only by a servant of the Shech, of the tribe of Telamendil, it being now impossible to make any further use of the horses. For some time the traces of careful cultivation might still be seen,

though here and there the wild boars appeared to have made sad havoc among the plantations. These traces, however, soon disappeared, and nothing presented itself but a rocky soil, covered with broken fragments that had rolled down from the summit. One elevation after another was painfully surmounted. Nearly all presented the same character, a sharp conic form, covered with pointed crags, peering out in all imaginable shapes from among the long reed-grass.

They consisted of white limestone; some were formed like shells, others perforated, and most of them at the summit presented so sharp an edge, and were so very slippery, that the greatest care was necessary in climbing over them. To this was added a violent wind that had arisen, and raged with icy coldness in these elevated regions. Semilasso, who at first had suffered the most from fatigue, was at last the one who most excited the others not to relax in their exertions; for our friend compasses more by moral than by physical force; but the major was the first who arrived at the point which their limited time allowed them to attain, and which was not the most elevated.

It has often been said in this book, that each chain of mountains bears its peculiar and dis-

tinctly impressed character. That of the Atlas is throughout earnest and majestic,—less varied, fresh, and charming, perhaps, than others, but calculated to awaken a milder and deeper emotion, like autumn or old age. The view from the point on which the travellers stood was boundless and sublime, but could not be called rich; for on three sides, as far as the eye could reach, nothing was to be seen but mountains piled upon mountains, for the most part bare, to the edge of the desert, in which direction the eye could discover, at a distance of at least forty or fifty leagues, some snowy summits, belonging probably to the great Atlas, the position of which is still so indistinctly known.

The colossal *Jorjora*, with its covering of snow, was in a great measure concealed by other mountain peaks, and so was likewise the plain supposed to lie between.—The most varied prospect was towards the north. Here, for the first time, were seen, towards the side, several luxuriant valleys, with level meadows, and bushy declivities sloping gradually to the sea-shore; among which the valley of *Tement-Nust*, with the ruins of a Turkish fort, was particularly conspicuous. In front, the undulating plain of the Metidschia lay spread out like a map from Sidi Ferruch to Cape Matifou; the Atlas

bounding it on the side of the spectator, and the Sahel on the opposite side; while Algiers, on the furthest point, seemed like a chalky rock glittering in the sun. To the left rose a solitary, dark, violet-coloured mountain, on which was distinctly seen, tracing its outline on the horizon, the still-unvisited monument, which the Arabs call *Cobur er Runnia*, and attribute to a European queen; but on the green-blue ocean, Poseidon was already grazing his white-fleeced herd, driven onward by the advancing storm.

It is deserving of remark, that during their ascent of the mountain, our adventurers met two Kabyles, finely-formed men, one of whom in particular might have furnished a model for a statue of Hercules. They had both been at work, and were armed with axes. These men joined the party, addressed a number of questions to the strangers, and soon became so familiar, that M. Abaïby and J——, beginning to feel fatigued, gave them their guns to carry. In this way the party arrived at the summit, and effected nearly the whole of the descent. Now, when it is recollected that these are the dreaded Kabyles, of whom it is supposed in Algiers that they rob and murder every Christian who falls into theirs hands, it must be owned

that the experience of the travellers and the confidence manifested by them furnish a strong contradiction to this opinion. The good people did not even wait for a remuneration for the trouble they had had, but, on arriving at the spot from which they had set out, they handed back the guns and proceeded with their work, without taking any further notice of the strangers.

The Shech's servants told us that lions were occasionally found here, and yet more frequently panthers. We saw a hyæna stealing through the bushes, but too far for a shot. These beasts are found in the neighbourhood of Algiers in such great numbers, that the Belgian consul, one night, shot one of the largest of them in his orange-garden, the eyes, burning like fiery coals, serving him as a target. Jackals, wild pigeons, field-fowls, and hares, were likewise seen in abundance on the Hammal; and one of the last, together with several of the birds, were brought down, for the benefit of the kitchen.

After about four hours the party reached the camp again, completely exhausted, when the champagne that they had brought along with them became a real nectar. On this occasion the bottle was emptied in honour at once of the worthy governor and the Hammal; wishing to

the former, and to the whole French nation, as solid a constitution as that of this mountain fortress of the earth. The party then broke up, although the Shech, who had gone for a moment into his hut, came running after, and kissing the Caïd's hands and feet, begged him, almost with tears in his eyes, "not to put him to shame by quitting his hospitable hut when it was so near sunset. The lamb and fowls were already slaughtered, the cuscussu was on the fire, and the carpets spread out." Further delay was, however, deemed unsafe; and it was thought too desirable to get through the most difficult passages of the mountain by daylight, to allow of their acceding to these well-meant solicitations. The reader will find that these apprehensions were not altogether unfounded.

Still the object was not completely attained, and it was already dark when our adventurers were yet climbing over the precipitous ledges of the rocks. The spring night was of quite a new character. Instead of the humming of insects and the chirruping of the grasshoppers, hundreds of jackals were howling around them; from time to time a wild boar rushed through the thicket; and when at length they had passed the rivers and reached the plain again, the Europeans had another surprise.

The narrow crescent of the moon had just

forced its way though the black clouds that covered the whole firmament, as the party arrived near a clump of aloes and other wild shrubs. Suddenly such a tremendous roar issued from this ambush into the stilly night, that each seized his arms and prepared to offer resistance to some colossal lion or panther. Abaïby rode up to the Caïd, and asked hastily, what monster he expected after such a roar? "Oh," replied the latter with a loud laugh, "it will not come out, for it is only a camel."* This ludicrous quid-pro-quo afforded ground for ceaseless banterings, which lasted almost all the way to Khrashna, where they arrived about midnight, dreadfully fatigued, but rejoicing over the happily achieved enterprise; and where, with real gratitude, they accepted the hospitality of the Arab sons of Nature.

But much hardship was yet in store for them. They had scarcely lain down, when storm and rain, which from time to time had already shown themselves during the ride home, became more and more violent, till, towards morning, the weather changed into a com-

* Whoever has heard the cry of the camel in the moment of excitement will know that its horribly piercing tone sounds even more fearful than the roaring of a lion.

plete hurricane. For upwards of thirty hours, one stream of rain continued to follow upon another, such as are quite peculiar to this climate, where the drops fall of the size of hazel-nuts. Mats, carpets, bernus, and blankets were soon completely soaked; for the hut, formed merely of branches of trees, was able to afford but little shelter against such torrents of water. Fortunately, it had been built on the side of a hill; else the helpless strangers would soon have lain in a pond. The low meadow at the foot of the hill, to which all the water ran down, was literally converted into a little lake before the evening of the following day.

During the succeeding night, a thunderstorm, with all the fury of the African climate, heightened the fearful sublimity of the scene. The whole range of mountains seemed on fire, and the thunder rolled like an incessant cannonade. Every moment, it was thought that the hut, already nearly unroofed by the storm, would be completely levelled to the ground, and, trembling with cold, the whole party crept together into the best-sheltered corner, where they contrived to keep up a feeble fire in a hole in the earth.

At length the storm seemed to have spent

itself, and a soft warm rain commenced the transition to a more cheerful day. The sun rising immediately opposite to the door like a ball of fire, was saluted with cries of joy. The waters disappeared as rapidly as they had come, so that by seven o'clock in the morning our adventurers were able to dry their clothes and bedding in the beneficent rays of the reviving orb of day.

It may be imagined what the poor horses had to suffer during this tempest,—those of the strangers as well as of the Bedouins. Fettered to the ground, and up to their knees in water, without a shelter, and most of them without covers, (which, by-the-by, would have been of little service,) they had been obliged to brave the pelting of the storm. Only the horses of this country are able to support such hardships, to which they are accustomed from their birth, being continually exposed to suffer from wet, heat, hunger, thirst, and want of careful tendance. Their food consists generally only of grass or chopped straw, with a little barley when it is to be had. Only morning and evening do they receive food; during the day nothing, unless their riders happen to halt upon a meadow, in which case they are allowed to graze the while. Their supply of water is

upon the same plan. Nevertheless, during the longest marches they manifest no weariness; but, on the contrary, towards the end as at the commencement, the slightest excitement is always sufficient to call forth again their native fire. It is also necessary to be continually on one's guard against their combativeness, for they are exceedingly jealous of one another, and before one is aware of it, with the rapidity of lightning, they kick up behind, or rearing on their hind legs, seek to bite the horse nearest them, to the danger and detriment of their riders. This would be still more frequently the case, but for the precaution of seldom shoeing their hind legs.

Towards noon the effects of the severe bivouac were tolerably well forgotten, our travellers having completely resumed their good-humour, which, be it observed, had never been entirely extinguished. With respect to the Bedouins, they seemed to make scarcely a difference between rain and sunshine;—nay, the Caïd assured Semilasso several times, his presence had brought a blessing on his house in every sense of the word, for this magnificent storm insured the most abundant produce from their fields and meadows.

During the raging of the tempest, one of his

servants was sent off, on a mule, to the city, twelve leagues distant, to fetch some provisions for the guests; nor did the messenger show the least unwillingness on being charged with this commission. On his return, he related to the negro, in the way of conversation, that in the town he had asked Semilasso's servant to give him a few sous'-worth of snuff, a thing the Bedouins are passionately fond of, and that the servant had refused it him, because he had found no orders to that effect in his master's letter.

"And why," exclaimed our friend with vexation,—"why did you not, when you rode away, ask me at once for money to buy the snuff?"

"My lord," replied the man, "we are ready to accept a present from thee with gratitude, but we are not taught to beg for it in advance."

The young negro, Ali, who has already been mentioned several times, appears to have contributed much to the amusement of the party, to whom he served as a kind of buffoon. His negligence, forgetfulness, idleness, and his lies, which he never failed to enforce with his *parole d'honneur*, were truly classical; and his *naïve* confidence and familiarity were ludicrous in the highest degree. He spoke French

fluently, though very ill; and he availed himself of his talent, to mingle *sans façon* in every conversation of his master's, however much it might be beyond his *portée.*

During meals, he helped himself without hesitation to the best, at the table of his masters as well as at that of the men; and when they lay down at night, they were not a little susprised to find Ali in possession of the best pillow. If any order was given to him, he generally contrived nine times in ten, by delay, gossiping, and every kind of cunning, to make it necessary to send another in his stead; and, with the most unblushing impudence, he generally contrived to impose his own duties upon the hospitable and good-natured Caïd, or upon one of the strangers whom he had been retained to serve. Another would have got soundly thrashed for such conduct; but he knew how to play off his tricks with so much humour and cunning, and had always some excuse or other at hand of so comical a kind, that at length everything he did came to be put up with, and his only punishment was to be incessantly teased, and to be sent as often as possible upon some fool's errand or other.

The most amusing of all was to make him downright angry, which might always be known

to be the case when, in a low hoarse voice, with the most impassioned gestures and an incredible volubility of tongue, he began to talk Arabic to M. Abaïby or the Caïd. On these occasions he looked so completely the picture of a baboon, that even the serious Bedouins found it impossible to refrain from laughing.

A complete contrast to the negro was the Moor who had care of the other sumpter-mule. This man was so helpless and apathetic, that for nearly two days he got nothing to eat, merely because he had never taken or asked for anything; but sat chewing tobacco in a corner, when he at length declared to Ali that he could hold it out no longer. He wore a conical straw hat, like a Chinese, which harmonised admirably with his stupid, phlegmatic countenance; and when he sat cross-legged upon the baggage of his heavily-laden animal, with Semilasso's writing-lamp in his hand, which was besides fastened safely round his body with a cord, he was as perfect a caricature as can well be imagined. On the strength of the lantern, he had been christened Diogenes; and Ali revenged himself upon this poor fellow for all the banterings which he was himself forced to endure from the rest of

the company. It almost seemed as if the knave had given his colleague a sleeping-draught, for three times the latter fell from the back of his patient mule, when the animal was at its easiest pace, rolling each time like a sack of meal to the ground, and each time demolishing one of the glasses of the aforesaid lamp, so that towards evening it was completely reduced to an unserviceable condition. It is true that each time Ali brought about the catastrophe, by firing off a pistol close to the ear of the Moor, and thus disturbing his peaceful slumbers, in utter defiance of repeated prohibition.

Our present excursion was directed to Cape Matifou, the extreme point of a tongue of land running several miles into the sea, the plain of Metidschia. Our way lay through a beautiful country offering the most enchantingly waving lines, intermingled with considerable lakes, and the finest points of view both towards the mountains and the sea. It would not be easy to find more favourable situations for landscape-gardening: nothing is wanting but a few groups of trees, to create pictures of the most varied and attractive character. It is really grievous to see a tract of land so magnificent in every point of view, and with the finest soil, capable of producing everything, now lying a perfect desert.

Beyond all doubt, a few grand canals, with smaller branches conducting partly to the sea, partly to the lakes already existing or easily to be formed, and above all, extensive plantations and cultivation, would free this enormous tract from the unhealthy evaporation which now renders it almost uninhabitable for Europeans. A partial execution of this plan would certainly be impossible; but a capital of ten or twelve millions of francs would be sufficient for the whole, as might be readily proved, and would afterwards yield an enormous interest. It was therefore highly injudicious in the government, without taking any measures themselves, to sell the larger portion of Metidschia to individuals for a mere nominal price: it would be impossible for private persons to do anything of consequence, and should the government or a company entertain any such project at a future time, the present possessors would not fail to demand extravagant but quite legal compensation.

With respect to the insecurity on account of the neighbourhood of the Bedouins, our traveller is convinced, by experience acquired on the spot, that judicious management on the part of the colonists, and some sacrifice of money in the form of presents, (relatively speaking, a very

insignificant sum would suffice,) would quickly and entirely remove this obstacle. "*Da, divide et impera,*" should be the motto of every power which has to deal with the Arabians.

Before the sea-shore is reached, a narrow footpath winds through almost impenetrable thickets of low underwood several miles in circumference, the haunt of wild boars and other game:—here is a rich booty for the lovers of the chase. The ruins of the ancient Rustonium, or Rusgunia, are here seen from afar, occupying a considerable extent of ground, but only in some places visible among the thorny bushes. The excavations made in this place have yielded but little. The most picturesque portions of the ruins are the old fortifications on the sea, between whose fallen masses the waves now break in foam.—A quarter of a league further stands an abandoned Turkish fort: the multitude of scattered bullets lying about, and the four-and-twenty pounders, twenty-three in number, on the terrace, the greater part *spiked*, make a striking impression. As the traveller approached the sea, still greatly agitated by former storms, the wrecks of several vessels that had probably gone to pieces in the night were visible upon its waves, and in a creek were three trading barks with their small

crews cast upon the sand; they were from Dellis, and had saved themselves here with some difficulty.

It is impossible to visit Cape Matifou without reflecting on the disastrous winter expedition of Charles the Fifth, who, in the midst of victory, succumbed to the elements, although he had been forewarned by Doria that on the Barbary coast there were only two secure harbours,—the months of June and July. Even the great Cortez strove here in vain; and the emperor exclaimed as he re-embarked, "Fortune is a jade who will only admit the caresses of the young!"

After the company had ridden round the cape and gazed on Dellis lying opposite, the same road was pursued towards the night encampment, which had been prepared by the Shech Omar-Belvedivi, of the tribe Hedjira, formerly equerry to the Dey, and subject to the Caïd of Khrashna. They reached the thickly-wooded village inhabited by him before sunset, and found a hut similar to that at Khrashna prepared for them. It was somewhat larger, and destined for both travellers and horses.

The evening meal was like the others, but, from increasing intimacy, enjoyed with still

greater zest, and prolonged far into the night. Poor Ali was, as usual, the butt. With his accustomed inimitable carelessness, he had lost a carpet and a bernus by the way,—things not worthless in themselves, but now doubly valuable,—he was severely reproved in consequence, and even on the point of suffering some chastisement. Half in anger and half in fear, or perhaps the more effectually to excite his master's compassion, he pretended to be sick, and made some grotesque attempts to represent a fever. When the supper was brought in, he judged it advisable to recover in a great measure; but the major, who asserted that he had formerly studied medicine, gravely felt his pulse, and decided that his life would be in danger if he ate anything within four-and-twenty hours. This appeared beyond a joke to the thunderstruck Ali, and, arguing and gesticulating like a madman, he swore ten times by his honour, that a fever never left him but with a kind of furious hunger, and that he should certainly die if he had not something to eat directly.

He was tormented for a long time, and forcibly withheld from the smoking dishes, till at last, watching his opportunity, he pounced with the agility of a cat upon a roast-

ed fowl and half a dozen of hard eggs, and taking refuge in a corner, still pursued by the sarcasms of his tormentors, soon wrought a thorough cure of his fever.

The company were surprised this evening by the appearance of several extremely beautiful greyhounds, who were protected from the cold, as horses are with us, by woollen coverings over the breast.

Man becomes accustomed to all things—even to fleas. For the first time, Semilasso slept quietly and without disturbance, with the Caïd on his right hand and the equerry of the late Dey on his left—a completely patriarchal figure, the Abraham in the great pictorial Bible at M——, as like as if the Shech had served the painter for his model.

The most beautiful sunshine, the clearest crystal sky, saluted our sluggards late on the following morning; whereupon the ready pipe and the aromatic bean of Mocha occupied another hour; and as the last ride, which they would fain have deferred, was not a long one, they did not break up till towards noon. Their intention was to pay a visit to *Ben-Zegri*, the last Caïd of the plain, who, with a few hundred Spahis, is in French pay, and holds possession of the *Fort de l'Eau*.

Following the sea-coast for a while, they soon arrived at the Hamyse, converted by the violent rain into a powerful torrent. The Bedouins were some time before they could find a safe ford. The mules were first led across by the Arabs, and then some of the strangers followed.

Contemplating the surrounding country, our friend had been lingering on the bank, and now thoughtlessly rode into the river somewhat below the ford. He heard indeed the Caïd, who had remained behind, calling out aloud; but not understanding the language, he believed the vociferations addressed to the other Arabs. Suddenly the horse stepped upon some loose sand, and sank into the water up to the saddle, losing, at the same time, all power of either receding or advancing. The stream rushing at the same time with impetuosity against the almost motionless animal, the rider felt that he was on the point of being borne down by the torrent. He would have jumped off, but his two bernus had got so entangled in his pistol-holsters, that they held him fast, and he would inevitably have been thrown under his horse, and probably drowned, if the animal had not contrived to retain his footing.

Here the fidelity of the Caïd was shown in a

truly affecting manner. Semilasso, who felt himself in anything but an agreeable state of mind, turned round to call for help from the shore, when he beheld the chief, in the greatest distress, beating the Bedouins with his fists, and urging them to throw themselves into the river and seize the horse by the bridle. Four or five of them immediately obeyed the energetic command, and arrived just in time—for it cost them the greatest exertion to disengage the terrified animal from the quicksand, and bring it again into the right ford. In this way Semilasso escaped with a cold bath; and as a danger happily surmounted is always one of the most agreeable events, he thought he owed his *Kismet* thanks for the adventure. Nevertheless, he did not fail to lay the occurrence to the account of the unlucky Friday, whose disastrous effects continued to the last. But he thought it particularly *malicieux* on the part of this unknown power, to begin so ironically by drowning a donkey before his face, and then, at the end of the journey, apparently preparing a similar fate for himself.

They now arrived in a smiling district, rich in meadows; the picturesque effect being heightened by several ruinous buildings on the

hills, called the *Rassuta*, formerly a set of stables belonging to the Dey. On one side were encamped, in black tents like the huts of coal-burners, the tribe of the *Herriby*, who assembled round the travellers, and offered them fresh milk and excellent cream-cheese, for which they refused to receive any payment. At the same time, two Spahis arrived from *Ben-Zegri*, to announce that their chief had anxiously expected his guests on the preceding day, but had been summoned to town on business connected with the service.

Our party remained, accordingly, no longer at the *Fort de l'Eau* than was necessary to see it, as well as a colossal Turkish cannon full of Arabic characters; they then proceeded on their way to the *maison quarrée*. This is a splendid building, the erection of which, they say, proved fatal to the Aga who undertook it, because it led to the suspicion of ambitious designs on his part. It forms a large square, the terrace commanding the whole surrounding country. The large court, filled with soldiers of the Foreign Legion, presented an imposing spectacle, and the walk on the aforesaid terrace yielded the returning party a delightful promenade. Near the *maison quarrée*, a number of

chamelions are found: these the soldiers amuse themselves by taming, and afterwards carrying about with them in their bosoms.

After the commandant had most politely done the honours of his castle, the party directed their course along the sea-shore, sometimes riding into the wanton waves, towards the white and dazzling Algiers. As a slight acknowledgment of the hospitality he had experienced, Semilasso had invited the Caïd and his lieutenant to spend a few days in the town: the rest of the escort were here dismissed with rich presents. On this occasion, it may be mentioned that the Arabs, high and low, receive all presents that are made them in a manner very differently to what Europeans would do. They express their perfect satisfaction, but without returning any thanks. Their language does not even possess the word *thank*, and instead of *I thank you*, they say *Kattar khairak*—the translation of which is, *May thy happiness be increased.* They seem, therefore, scarcely to have the conception of a free present, but only that of a service and requital,—of an exchange, whether in a material or a moral sense.

Thus was happily concluded an expedition which, on account of its daring novelty, had

excited no little sensation in Algiers, but which to him who undertook it will always remain one of the most agreeable recollections of his life.

The danger, however, was by no means so imaginary as Semilasso and his companions at first believed; for, in a few days afterwards, Colonel Marey received an official report, to the effect that the examination of the Hammal by unknown strangers had thrown the whole country round into a state of uneasiness. A report was immediately spread that one of the Christians had remained a considerable time in one of the caverns of the mountain, to carry away a treasure (the ever-returning fable of the Arabs), and had come out again with his pockets full of jewels and gold. On receiving this account, thirty horsemen of the tribe of Beni-Khalfur immediately mounted their steeds, and arrived the same evening in *Barel-Barud*, to try and catch the strangers, with a view to take from them the treasure, and perhaps their lives. At the same time, the colonel added, that Semilasso need not be surprised at his bad reception in the village near *Beni-Mussa*, for it had since been discovered that, a few weeks before, six deserters of the Foreign Legion had had their throats cut there. The bodies were were still lying in a dry well, and the criminals

feared that the strangers were come merely to inquire into this murder; for of the motives of curiosity that impel European travellers, the Arabs have very little conception. This thirst for blood is the more surprising, as there is a premium of twenty-five francs fixed on the arrest and delivery of a deserter; so that these barbarians must have valued the pleasure of murder more highly than the acquisition of a sum to them so considerable.

LETTER XV.

Mascara, — Adventures by the Way.—Sketch of Abdel Kader.—M. Doru.

Algiers, March 10, 1835.

While I was thus engaged with the Arabs of the East, my friend Klimerath had found as much interest in those of the West, and had paid his respects in Mascara to the much-dreaded Abdel-Kader. He communicated to me a short account of his journey, which appears to me worth repeating.

After he had remained some days in Oran, which offers little worthy of observation, as it is situated in a treeless region and is quite fallen to decay, he proceeded to Arsoe, the ancient *Arsinaria*, in the company of M. Lepelissier, who has the intention of establishing a house of business there. For this purpose it was necessary to have an interview with Abdel-Kader, on whom he had therefore solicited permission

to wait, and had received a safe conduct to Mascara.

They found in Arsoe an Arab chief waiting their arrival, who brought them a gracious answer and undertook to escort them. This man was a celebrated warrior, but of very unprepossessing appearance, with a mean and artful expression of countenance which could never have inspired any confidence, and who soon began, like a true savage, to beg from them stockings, handkerchiefs, &c.

On the following morning they set out before daybreak, in order to travel a part of the distance by water, and then continued their journey six leagues through the plain of Labra, which is said to be of much more considerable extent than that of the Metidschia. The travellers saw many fine meadows and some well-cultivated land, but, as far as the eye could reach, not a single shrub.

For three quarters of an hour they were riding through a pond, the water of which rose up to their saddle-girths. They saw here whole flocks of storks and other birds, and in the distance something which they took for a forest, but afterwards, to their great surprise, found to be an immense herd of camels. Their way subsequently led through a real forest,

which consisted of tolerably high trees, and which seemed to be used very carelessly and wastefully by the Arabs. They now reached the mountains, and passed through one steep ravine after another, thickly covered with brushwood of a middling height, mostly evergreens, and among which the *tuga* was very frequent.

They did not reach Mascará till nine in the evening, and found the capital situated on a high plain built of houses of one story, and containing about nine thousand inhabitants. The walls surrounding it are fortified and defended by six cannons. The gentlemen took up their residence in the house of the French Consul, who received them with great hospitality; and on their presenting themselves at court, they were appointed to come at ten on the following morning to be introduced to the Emir, or Sultan, as he now often styles himself.

Abdel-Kader, who a short time ago was nothing more than the obscure son of a Marabut, has by valour and crafty policy gained so large a party, that, at less than thirty years of age, he has raised himself to be the chief of all the land West of the regency, with the single exception of Oran and its dependencies. The French,

after several wars with him, in which they were not always successful, have preferred recognising his authority, and satisfying themselves with an uncertain nominal superiority. Since this time he affects great attachment to them; but they are not altogether without anxiety on his account, as it is well known that he neglects no means of increasing and consolidating his power.*

On one occasion, when his relations with the French were still undetermined, the general in command at Oran sent him a written notice, that if he did not immediately submit to the prescribed conditions, he would subject himself to a war of annihilation. "Oh, indeed!" wrote the bold Arab in reply; "and so thou threatenest us with war as a misfortune! Know, Christian, that war is the Bedouin's occupation and his highest happiness. At the sound of war, our steeds neigh joyfully, and our women and children exult in the prospect. Come, then, with thy tired soldiers, and the battle-cry of freemen shall answer thee. If thou wishest for peace, then do not threaten. I am ready to come to an agreement with thee, and faithfully to keep what I promise, if thou

* Since then it is well known that the French have suffered from him a severe defeat, and that under one of their most able generals.

canst show me that it is to our mutual interest to remain at peace."

The style of these people is almost always full of energy and power. The Arabs of a tribe beyond Dellis, who had made prisoners of several shipwrecked persons, wrote to the governor on the occasion, and addressed their letter thus:—"To the governor of Algiers, who rules as far as he is lord; the free people of Dellis, who are their own lords."

When the travellers approached the palace, also only one story high, but of great extent, they first entered a spacious court, in which six cannon were planted; the whole artillery of the Sultan appearing to consist of a dozen. They were led through some anti-chambers, where several Caïds and other chiefs were waiting for an audience, and seemed rather discontented that the strangers should take precedence of them.

The travellers found Abdel-Kader, a handsome but rather pale young man, without a beard, sitting crouched on a costly carpet, completely enveloped in a fine violet bernus; a costume which he had chosen to distinguish himself from all others, as Sultan and half saint. He saluted the strangers, without moving, with a friendly nod of the head, and motioned them to take their seats, in European fashion.

sofa which stood near him. The interview began by the customary presents, which he received and laid by his side.

The conversation then became very animated and quite unconstrained; while all had occasion to admire the readiness, amenity, and refinement of the Sultan's answers. M. Klimerath assured me that Abdel-Kader produced on him far more the impression of a crafty and clever European diplomatist than of a formidable Arab warrior.

I will pass over the observations on trade and politics; but I was struck by the following remark:—"A few days ago," said the Sultan, "I spoke with a *Thaleb*, who offered, in case on his return any Frenchman should be found wishing to travel into his part of the country, to take him under his protection, and to answer for his safety with his head." M. Klimerath regretted the more not to have met with this man, when told that he had afterwards added, that since Europeans seemed so eager for antiquities, he could show them, not far from his own home, a very ancient city, built by an unknown people, filled with temples, columns, and other considerable buildings, in almost perfect preservation.

How far this information may deserve credit

I cannot decide; but it is certainly incomprehensible that the French should not have made use of their residence here to clear up this and similar points, or take any other step to forward the cause of science. Every day expeditions are undertaken, with many thousands of men, in order to restore to a friendly tribe with interest a few stolen oxen: would it not more accord with our boasted civilisation to pay some attention to less material objects. They lately marched quietly past the very remarkable, and almost unknown monument Cobur-er-Rumica, and never so much as thought of examining it!

How interesting and valuable would have been an expedition to the Jorjora, the highest mountain of the little Atlas, which might at any time be undertaken with one thousand men and some mountain artillery, without any danger!—and, after what I myself saw in my private expedition to the Hammal, I am convinced that it would enable us to determine with accuracy the situation of the great Atlas, which at present our geographers seem to make use of as a sort of fancy piece—a graceful arabesque wherewith to adorn their maps, and whose long course they trace through the middle of the Desert, although contrary to the

analogy of all other mountain chains. It is just as much to be regretted that the province of Constantine, which in the time of the Romans was so flourishing that it alone sent four hundred bishops to the council at Hippone, and which is known to be full of the most remarkable and best-preserved antiquities, should still remain to the French a *terra incognita;* since its conquest must be an easy task, although the cruel character of Achmet Bey makes its examination impossible to an individual traveller.

I must take this opportunity to introduce one more notice of the country, which I received from one of the Mascara party.

Some former travellers, and more recently the indefatigable Lander, have spoken of a particularly fine, and in Europe unknown race of horses, which they had seen in the interior of Africa; and some even maintain that the celebrated stallion and mares sent for by Charles the Second, and which are known to have come neither by Arabia nor Syria, but to have reached England by the way of Barbary, must have been of this race; and therefore have become the progenitors of what are at present the finest horses in Europe. In Tremesen, a town beyond Mascara, whence the caravans to Tim-

buctoo set out, and where, if I do not mistake, Roentgen was murdered, a similar tradition is current, and doubted by no one.—The kingdom of Tafilet is said to be the place where these horses are found, of whose swiftness and powers of endurance miracles are related. Some people even go so far as to assert that they are only fit for very long journeys, as, when once they have set off, their course cannot be stopped for several days; a sort of quality indeed only to be desired in the Desert, where no obstacle occurs to impede one's path. Favourite horses of this breed often have rings of polished gold drawn through their nostrils, and armlets fastened on their legs; a custom also prevailing among the inhabitants of Constantine for valuable horses.

Gold is common enough in Tafilet, and the manner of gaining it is described somewhat romantically. Since gold-dust is said to lie in masses among the sand of the Desert, and in the daytime is scarcely to be distinguished from it, it is the custom to ride about at night with a torch, and a sack full of ashes, and wherever anything glitters in the light, to throw down a heap of ashes until the sack is exhausted. On the following day it is easy for the rider to find the places thus marked, and to dig out the gold at

his leisure, which he deposits in little bags containing a certain weight. A bag of this sort is estimated in commerce with the Europeans at the value of two hundred Spanish piastres, but occasionally fluctuates. The torches above mentioned not only serve to discover the gold, but to terrify the boa-constrictors, which haunt this region, and, according to the hyperbolical language of the Arabs, sometimes swallow up horse and rider.

I now return to the audience at Mascara. When Abdel-Kader wished to put an end to the interview, he made a sign with much grace and dignity that they were at liberty to depart; whereupon some of the natives of the higher classes were admitted.

When the Sultan heard that the strangers were about to leave his capital again on the following day, he desired, after he had made them some trifling presents, that they should come again to him to take leave.

This time they found the court filled with ill-looking musicians, whose music was still worse than their looks. They passed through a saloon filled with articles intended by the Sultan for presents, and from which magazine those the travellers had received had been

taken. The ceremonial was the same as on the preceding day. M. Lepelissier made some advantageous conditions of trade, and the strangers left Abdel-Kader equally satisfied with his intelligent conversation and his courteous behaviour. He then gave them a sort of firman, informing them that they needed only show it to any chief, or in any hut, to be sure of the most friendly treatment; a promise fully justified by their subsequent experience.

M. Klimerath introduced to me on his return a young man of the name of Doru, from Stettin, whom I had seen two years before in Hamburg, a city of which I shall always retain the kindest remembrance, and which I had pleasure in thus recalling to my mind.

He had just come from Naples, where, as he humorously observed, there were now thirty individuals working at the excavations of Pompeii,—namely, fifteen children and fifteen mules. An Englishman had lately sought and obtained permission from the government to pass a fortnight in one of the old Roman houses recently brought to light; had furnished it completely in the antique style, (probably from Hope's drawings,) dressed his family and his whole household strictly in the old Roman fashion, and passed his fourteen days in read-

ing classics, and dining in the manner described by Peregrine Pickle, like a genuine citizen of the Roman republic.

Other people might hit on such a brilliant idea; but certainly no one but an Englishman would have put it into actual practice. How much I should like to have passed half a day with this noble martyr, and eaten of his Roman meal! And it seemed to me that this burlesque fancy might be arranged with success for one of the masquerade festivals, which are now usually so insufferably flat and stupid, that no one will any longer either go to them or give them.

LETTER XVI.

Thoughts of Spain in Africa. — Zumalacarreguy and Mina.

March 11.

I MUST really confess to having kept my diary very carelessly; for I find I have passed over in the most scandalous manner most of the dinners at which I have been present, and all those I have myself given. In the course of them all, I certainly might have found many things worthy of mention. I recollect, once when the good governor did me the honour to dine with me, one of the guests made a droll observation, that, from the want of manliness in their behaviour, the *Chambre des Pairs* should rather be called the *Chambre des Mères;* and, on another occasion, the agreeable Belgian consul, when the champagne began to foam, composed four or five poems as quickly as a shorthand writer could note them down. Two of them were on no less a subject than myself.

Then I also recollect that M. Gousset, the

present hotel-keeper in Paris, and formerly *maître d'hotel* to the great banker Schickler, did his utmost to compound the vile Algerine-looking elements into tolerable *ragoûts*. In fact, all meat without exception, buttermilk, even fish, lobsters, &c. are of very mediocre quality; a very dark side to my picture of Algiers, which I would not turn before, lest I should shock my intellectual readers too soon, and give them a disgust to the place. Justice compels me to add, that, on the other hand, the fresh eggs and vegetables make a glorious exception, and that the oranges of Belida are at least equal to those of Malta.

Among recollections of this kind is that of a splendid ball given by M. Bacquet, where there was a whole parterre of pretty women, and M. Doru entertained the company with songs in all languages.

I must also make mention of a very gay festival held at the house of an amiable Italian of the name of Garavini. At the latter we drank our coffee, sitting on a collection of lion and tiger skins, out of a Genoese service made of the wood of the fig-tree. It has a very elegant appearance, is as light as a feather, and has the advantage of never burning one's fingers let the contents be ever so hot. The

chairs in the saloon were made of the same wood, so that a dozen of them hardly weighed as much as one ordinary chair.

A Spaniard who was present gave me much new information concerning the Guerilla war in his own country. He said, among other things, that Zumalacarreguy had been the aide-de-camp of Mina during that general's short and unsuccessful invasion; and that, singularly enough, Mina now commanded the same troops and had around him the same people against whom he had formerly fought; and that Zumalacarreguy, on the other hand, had now assembled under his banners the former companions of Mina. If a proclamation against Mina was to be issued, Zumalacarreguy never troubled himself to prepare it, but made use of one of those formerly written by Mina himself, only slightly altering the localities. It is said that of all the tricks played him by his former aide-de-camp, none has so much vexed the old warrior as this. What appears to me most remarkable in these factious changes is, that at the bottom neither Mina nor Zumalacarreguy seem really to have changed their principles; and certainly such a confusion could never have arisen in any age when politics were less stupendously absurd than at present.

Our host, who had recently been appointed American consul, and on whose talents Fortune had smiled, related to us a curious anecdote. At the time of the dreadful storm which lately threatened to destroy every ship in the harbour, and would have done so had the great gabarre La Marne broken loose,—and it hung only by the last cable remaining in the magazine,—M. Garavini had six ships in the harbour, of which three were empty and ensured to a great amount, while the other three were fully laden and yet not insured at all. The storm shattered the half of these vessels, and Fortune good-humouredly arranged it that they should be precisely the three empty ones, while the rest remained uninjured; so that Garavini was perhaps the only individual who may be said to have derived advantage from so general a calamity.

LETTER XVII.

The Bey of Tittery.—War anecdotes.

March 14th.

THE former Bey of Tittery had given me an invitation to his country-house; which was so much the more agreeable to me, as I was desirous of being present at a true Turkish repast in the highest style. Colonel Marey, M. Klimerath, M. Bellart, and a young Marseillois, just arrived, formed the remainder of the party. Our upright and friendly host, attended by two negroes, received us at the gate of his orange-garden.

I found his villa very prettily arranged; and the court, paved with porcelain tiles, shaded by fine trees, and refreshed by fountains and basins, we thought especially charming. Around it were light, airy, and elegant summer-saloons of uncommon size. The spacious apartment on the first floor to which we were conducted

was covered with a carpet with stripes of a burning colour, which, as I was told, are only made in the Desert. Low divans, some with cushions surrounded with gold, stood round the walls. A choice collection of arms, enriched with silver and jewels, hung on one side of the apartment; and some antique, Venetian-looking glasses, and two massive tables, completed the furniture of the room.

We were immediately served with coffee and pipes, besides strange sweetmeats made of potatoes and pumpkins. A large silver basin was placed before us on the ground to contain the embers, which are very judiciously used for lighting the pipes. Near us were placed small stands, about a foot high, of costly wood and mother-of-pearl, on which to place our coffee-cups and confectionery.

We conversed in the Italian language, with which the Bey is tolerably familiar; and on this occasion, the colonel related to us many piquant anecdotes of the war with the Arabs since his arrival here.

After a skirmish, in which the French had been victorious, and many of the Bedouins lay apparently dead around, one of his Spahis, a very valiant negro, wished, for greater security, to cut off the head of one of those who

lay near him,—a handsome young man, whose eyes, wide open, were apparently glazed in death. He had already drawn his yataghan for this purpose, when one of his comrades exclaimed, "Why are you going to give yourself the trouble of cutting off the dead man's head? They don't pay us for the heads any longer."—"That's true," answered the negro; who replaced his yataghan and rode off.

About a year after this, when by chance the same negro was standing by the side of Marey, a deserter from the Bey of Constantine was brought in, who had come to beg for admission into the number of French Spahis. "I think I have seen you before," said the colonel: "you were perhaps formerly in the French service?"—"No," answered the Arab, smiling; "but he who is now standing by you was once going to cut off my head, when I was pretending to be dead. Fortunately, however, he changed his mind."

The negro at first was very indignant at having such a trick played him. "But now," continued the colonel, "they are excellent friends, and among my best people. They were the two whose skill I pointed out to you when you lately witnessed the manœuvres."

We were here interrupted by the bringing in

of a table, like the stands I have mentioned, only a foot high, and laden with foreign dishes. Two Moorish guests of the family also entered, and we took our places on low cushions, sitting in the Turkish manner on our haunches,—a mode to which I am now pretty well accustomed, but which seemed to occasion our young Marseillois much suffering.

In the middle of the table stood a large dish filled with vermicelli boiled in soup, which we all ate out of prettily-cut wooden spoons. A little plate was also placed before each guest, full of the most heterogeneous articles, such as sweet cream, *aljoli* (eggs mixed with garlic), sour milk with sugar, small radishes, sweetmeats, pickled cucumbers, things preserved in oil, &c. from amongst which, in the course of the dinner, the company helped themselves at pleasure with their fingers. A napkin as long as a curtain passed round the whole table, and served for the common benefit.

After the soup appeared a sort of thin *vol au vent*, or warm *pâté*, as good as I have ever eaten. The manner, however, in which the greasy fingers and fists rummaged about in the middle of it every time a piece was taken, was scarcely to be witnessed by a European without disgust.

After this followed a baked fish, extremely well dressed, with which especially the above-mentioned aljoli is eaten; then a very fine cuscussu, with almonds, sugar, and fresh thick cream; next some juicy roast mutton, seasoned with garlic; then roast fowls; and, lastly, rice-milk, with sweetmeats, the delicacy of which could not be surpassed.

The dessert was equally excellent: raisins from Smyrna, dates from the Desert, the finest green pistachios, sweet bananas, and the most magnificent oranges, with many preserved fruits, decked the table.

We were, however, all glad when the silver vessels for washing were brought in, with scented water and fine shawl-napkins, and set us free from our constrained position. The Marseillois declared that, had it lasted five minutes longer, he should have been seized with cramps. Since he was unacquainted, also, with the manners of the place, and feared giving offence, he had eaten plentifully of all to which the host had pressed him; and, as there had been nothing to drink at table but milk and water, he was in fear of a severe fit of indigestion. I had taken the liberty, on account of my health, to bring with me a bottle of claret,

which my companions, from overstrained delicacy, refused to share with me.

After dinner we again took to our pipes and coffee; when the host presented to us his two lovely daughters, of ten and twelve years of age. They were dressed like boys, in jackets and wide trousers; and their beautiful raven black hair was plaited, and hung down quite to their ankles.

A walk in the various gardens concluded the day; when we mounted our horses, and, highly satisfied with this specimen of Turkish hospitality, reached Algiers again by the evening twilight.

LETTER XVIII.

The Hajutes.

March 16.

The city was thrown into some alarm on this day by the news of the Hajutes having attacked and murdered four or five people on the road to Duera, only two leagues from Algiers.

It was a comical coincidence, that the very day before, an order had appeared from the governor, forbidding all persons to carry arms without express permission, and announcing the establishment of an *ambulance* for the convenience of travellers on the road from Algiers to Duera, where they were now not likely to abound. It is impossible to deny that the Hajutes executed their undertaking with much art and skill; for whilst the French, 1200 men strong, had gone on an expedition over Buffarick, intending also to reconnoitre the various

fords of the Mazafran, the former had passed the river at those very fords, and, with only three hundred footmen, and about eighty horse, attacked the tribe friendly to the French, near Staoueli, robbed them of one hundred head of cattle, killed several of their people, as well as the unfortunate Christians whom they found on the road, and had returned the way they came by the time the French first arrived at the river. Had the latter been only a few hours sooner,—which with quicker and better information they easily might have been,—few of the Arabs could have escaped.

It seems, however, that their spies had done their duty better than those of the French: but I am told that the fund set apart for their payment is only two hundred francs a month, for which they can scarcely expect to be well served.

The following anecdotes may serve to give an idea of the cool daring of these Hajutes:—

Two French gensdarmes had been sent off on this day to Duera, mounted and armed with carabines, swords, and pistols. When only about five hundred paces from the camp, one of them observed that two Arabs were slowly following them. He pointed them out to his comrade,

who replied, "Oh, they are only two of our Spahis! but we will tell them to ride on." The gensdarmes halted and called to the Arabs accordingly to pass them. The Arabs made a sign of compliance, and rode quietly up; when, just as they reached the gensdarmes, the foremost fired, and shot the nearest Frenchman. His comrade took fright, and set off at full speed to Duera; whilst the Arabs despatched the wounded man, and then robbed him quite at their leisure.

My physician afterwards related to me that a Hajute had come to him with his hand shattered, and requested him to amputate it. During the operation, he never moved a muscle, but kept muttering to himself prayers from the Koran. He informed the physician that he had bought a pair of pistols from the son of the Marabut of Kolca, which he had afterwards refused to pay for. The Marabut reproached him bitterly; and when he perceived that this did not avail, he said, "Thou wilt surely meet thy punishment; and Heaven will not fail to rob thee of the faithless hand which refuses to fulfil its engagement!" On the very next day, when firing off his pistols at a festival, one of them burst and shattered

his hand. Seized with superstitious terror, he immediately hastened to discharge his debt, and then went in search of medical assistance.

After a few weeks, the doctor dismissed his patient; and at the same time ordered for him an artificial hand made of iron, which the Arab was to fetch at an appointed time. He did not come, however; and when the doctor accidentally met one of his companions in the street, he inquired what had become of Jakub, and why he did not fetch his hand. "Oh," replied the Arab, "he does not now want your hand; for, since he saw you, he has atoned for his sins by killing three Christians with the other hand, in the late skirmish with them!"

LETTER XIX.

One of the Pharaohs.—Ibrahim's idea of the French.

March 20th.

How difficult it is to learn languages in the afternoon of one's life I now begin to experience, for my progress in Arabic is scarcely perceptible, although I take several lessons every week from the excellent Professor Pharaoh, an Egyptian, who, if he be not descended from the Pharaohs, at all events belongs to a very good family of that country. Formerly an *instructeur* in the army of the viceroy, he accompanied Ismael in a campaign against the Wechabites, afterwards superintended the instruction of the young Egyptians sent to Paris by the Pasha, and is now secretary and interpreter to the governor, as well as professor of the Arabian language in Algiers.

I have introduced these details, because M. Pharaoh has published a very remarkable work, in the French language, upon the Arabian and

Moorish legislation in Africa;—a work which might be said to be entirely new to European literature, and, judging from what I have myself read of it in the entertaining manuscript, is one which will be extremely welcome to our German jurists. If the subject had not been too serious for my present purpose, I would willingly have made a few extracts from it; but as the public will soon have an opportunity of judging of the whole for themselves, it is enough if I here simply point it out to their notice.

The time was now fast approaching which I had appointed for my departure; and, as the weather was unusually clear, I ascended once more the highest battlements of the Cassba, whence the prospect appears to me preferable to that from the Fort l'Empereur, on account of the peculiar effect of the many hundred terraces. I have a custom of taking my farewell of a place in this manner, especially of one which leaves me so many recollections as Algiers.

Yet once more my eyes rested with pleasure on the lonely log-house of the lofty Budschariah, and the crowd of pleasant villas, in so many of which I have enjoyed much kind hospitality; and as my glances passed across

the plain which I had galloped over in so many directions, I could plainly distinguish the Hammal, and, with my glass, the entire path which I had followed in my ascent to its summit.

A French captain who accompanied us, and had made the campaign in Greece, entertained us in the mean time with many droll anecdotes of Ibrahim, and the people about him.

* * * * *

Ibrahim showed at all times a great partiality for the French; but did not seem to like the English altogether so well, and the Russians again still less. He was often so delighted with the movements of the French cavalry, that his pleasure broke out in convulsive fits of laughter:—"You are the true children of Napoleon! with such soldiers I would conquer the world!" — Like his great model, Ibrahim always appeared dressed with great simplicity; whilst his suite, on the contrary, were covered with gold and jewels.

It was dark when I left my companions, and came by a great circuit back to my abode. What different feelings from those of the day arise in the bosom under the influence of the still night, with its mysterious silence! As often as I gaze upon the starry sky, do all

sorts of enthusiasm become comprehensible to me. What are they else but the fervent desire of approaching, in one way or other, the infinite invisible Power which sits enthroned above all these worlds!

LETTER XX.

European Extortions.

March 24.

Before leaving Algiers, I consider it my duty to warn all strangers against the European merchants and mechanics settled here. In my whole life I have never been so shamefully cheated and overcharged. I could give some instances of this kind which would scarcely be believed; and occasionally, when I thought the case rather too bad, I applied to the *Juge de Paix*, who not only declared me to be perfectly in the right, but even gave me a billet recommending me not to yield, on account of the justice of my cause.

Notwithstanding this, the result was generally the same in the end;—that is to say, the demand was reduced by this same judge, but in so disproportionate a degree, that when the enormous costs of the court and the advocate were added, the whole sum *exceeded* the ori-

ginal demand! It happened, indeed, that the wife of my rival's advocate was one of the handsomest women in Algiers; and God knows if the tradesman whom the law handled so mildly did not also work cheaper for the judge than for me.

In short, when my advocate came to inform me of the most unexpected result, and offered at the same time his account, he made himself very merry at the deplorable *dénouement*, saying that the old story of the oyster was continually recurring, and, as I now saw, in Africa as well as in Europe.

Since there is, therefore, no other way to avoid extortion, I sincerely advise every stranger in Algiers never to buy, hire, or order anything that costs money, without previously determining exactly the price to be paid.

N. B. I mean this to apply to the Christians; for the Jews and Mahometans, if they cheat at all, do so with some decency.

LETTER XXI.

Route to Bugia—Its Antiquities.—Hints about Sea-sickness.—M. d'Armandy.

Bona, March 26.

After having fulfilled the duties of a polite traveller,—namely, paid all the farewell visits, eaten all the farewell dinners, and parted with all my Algerine friends, in some instances with sincere regret,—I determined on the evening of the 25th to go on board the government steam-boat Le Brasier, from this place to Bugia. Some little alterations had taken place among the people who accompanied me;—young J—— went with me as secretary; and the place of my Parisian valet, who could not any longer endure a residence in these countries, was supplied by a Moor, only eighteen years old, whose want of ex-

perience was compensated by good-will and a desire for travelling. The Arabic is his native tongue; and as he speaks French fluently and Italian tolerably, he serves me also as interpreter.

The admiral was so obliging as to invite me before going on board to partake of a collation, which was further recommended by a most agreeable conversation. I had here, from many impartial persons, an exact account of the much-talked-of affair of the treasure found in the Cassba, and we all agreed that Marshal Bourmont, as well as a part of the army, had been on this occasion most scandalously and unjustifiably calumniated: the most exact and unsparing investigations have already proved this in a manner sufficiently convincing. The search was carried through with such disgusting eagerness, that the corpse of the young Bourmont was stopped in Toulon, the coffin opened, and every limb examined, lest jewels should be concealed under them. The marshal himself left the place in a trading vessel from Trieste, with no more than two canteens as his entire baggage—a melancholy departure for the conqueror of Algiers, whom Nemesis doubtless punished in this manner for his former sins against Napoleon; al-

though his behaviour here deserved nothing but praise and honour, instead of reproach.*

It is not generally known that when the news of the July revolution reached this place, it was resolved unanimously in the council of war to hoist the white cockade and sail for France, and that it was only the steady refusal of Admiral Duperré that prevented the execution of the project. Some days afterwards new despatches declared still more plainly the will of the nation, and obliged the army to accept the tricoloured cockade, and submit to the new order of things.

I rowed to the steamer in the admiral's elegant boat, covered with blue and red cloth, and was placed in a small airy cabin belonging to the captain, situated upon deck. It was full of carpenter's tools, hammers, gimlets, files, pincers, &c.; for the captain of the Brasier is so passionately fond of mechanics, that he himself executed all repairs necessary to the engine.

* When reading since then Sir G. Temple's Journey through Algiers, I found in it a remark, that no booty made by an English army in India ever equalled the treasure found by the French in Algiers. He should not, however, have passed over the important difference, that the Indian booty was divided among the English soldiers who captured it, but that the French army scarcely received any part of that found in Algiers.

Since my bed was placed exactly over the paddle-wheel, I had precisely the feeling of driving in a Diligence which jolted rather less and rocked rather more than usual. At first the slight frequent shakes, and the peculiar tone of the turning wheels, disturbed me a little; but in a short time I got so accustomed to it, that I have never in my life slept better on board a ship. This was also the first voyage in which I did not suffer from sea-sickness, although the little vessel was tossed about a great deal by a violent contrary wind. I therefore conclude that Allah has destined me to other and longer voyages.

I was agreeably surprised to find among the other passengers M. Klimerath, whose conversation is always interesting and various. There were besides some interesting ladies from Constantinople, the wife of the civil intendant at Bona with her daughter, who was returning to the arms of her husband after a long separation. She had been during the great storm on board the Crocodile, of which we had heard so much, where, after a week of perfect martyrdom, she had found herself as near dying from hunger as she had before been from the fury of the waves. With the greatest difficulty the vessel was at last brought into Port

Mahon, in the most wretched condition. Of the remaining passengers and crew I knew none.

We arrived at Bugia (the ancient Saldæ), which the French call Bougie, at five o'clock on the following evening. The situation of this place is exceedingly picturesque. High and steep rocks of the most extraordinary forms arise perpendicularly out of the waves: one forms a complete gate of great breadth, which, with the emerald water beneath, has quite a magical effect. On the highest the French have built a fort, which from beneath is scarcely recognisable, but looks like a stone placed on the naked brow of the rock. Bugia itself is of great extent, filled with ruins, ancient and modern, and prettily variegated with gardens full of old trees: it had the air of an antique forsaken Italian city, and it awakened the liveliest regret in my mind that I had not more than two hours to devote to its contemplation.

An excellent road, lately completed, supported by masonry, leads in long windings up to the above-mentioned fort. I found it, however, impossible to climb more than one-third of it before the night came on. I at least had the satisfaction of seeing from this point the

beautiful green valley, with its considerable river, mentioned by Ptolemæus Nasava, which here falls into the sea, and the widely-extended town, with the girdle of snow-topped mountains, two or three fortified castles, and several block-houses, which, notwithstanding their vicinity to the town, the Arabs have already attacked more than once, and could only be driven away at last with grape-shot. Necessity has therefore taught them a pretty invention, by which these block-houses can be in a few seconds illuminated from top to bottom, and the lights extinguished with equal celerity. The first idea of it was given by a block-house which the Arabs had set on fire—an exploit that cost them a hundred men, as it was easy by the light of the flames to take a correct aim at them: the garrison of Bugia was in a complete state of blockade, for they could not so much as venture into the plain to get wood without being immediately attacked. The skirmishes which had lately taken place appeared to have rendered the enemy a little more modest; and it is said that they are generally urged on by the priests and Marabuts, who have, in all probability, some private interest in the matter.

For many weeks there had been no news

from Europe in Bugia, and whatever we brought with us, such as the appointment of M. de Broglie to be President of the Council, the death of the Emperor of Austria, &c. was heard with great interest.

The gentlemen to whom I had letters all visited me in the miserable *restaurant* where I stopped, and helped me to consume a pasty which I had fortunately brought with me; but no one had it in his power to offer me any solid advantage of the kind in return, since such a scarcity of provisions existed, that it seemed as if the *commandant supérieur*, to whom by accident I had no letter, was the only person who still kept any sort of table.

The commandant of artillery gave me some notices of the Roman antiquities here, which do not appear inconsiderable, and have already much enriched his collection of antiquities. It is evident, therefore, that the Romans must have led here a more undisturbed life than the French have done; and even the much-abused climate was probably better than at present, for the commandant possesses the gravestone of a Terentius who died at eighty, a Sempronius at eighty-eight, and a member of the family of Scipio at ninety-five years of age. Now, epidemic fevers and the insupportable heat of the

summer carry off more men than the balls and yataghans of the Arabs.

In the midst of all this distress, decay, and ruin, Bugia presented a fine spectacle when I left it in my gondola at eleven o'clock, and the numerous lights glittered from different parts of the mountains, and from the castles around, out of the dark bosom of the night. A coffee-house, standing on an isolated rock, which had the windows hung with deep red curtains that looked like Chinese lanterns, was particularly striking. The sea also beneath us was in many places luminous; every stroke of the oar sent forth a thousand sparks, and the keel of the ship left behind it a long bright track.

On the following day, as only monotonous coasts were in sight, I remained quietly in my bed; read, dictated, ate with true salt-water appetite the very good meals provided by the captain, and afterwards slept soundly through the night. My recent experience confirms me more and more in the adoption of my sea-regimen, which is the following:—First, to eat a good meal before the embarkation, and then to refrain from eating on board ship till one feels decided hunger; but when once the appetite returns, to do so, even though the sickness be not entirely over. To quench thirst,

orangeade is the best; and wetting the forehead frequently with lemon-juice, or laying on the stomach blotting-paper dipped in *eau de Cologne;* the very best remedy for the sea-sickness. When the headach is violent, ether applied to the part affected is often beneficial; for it is well known that sea-sickness is a malady of the brain, and that the stomach only participates *per consensum,*—for which reason the horizontal position with the head resting quietly on the pillow invariably relieves it. Many have advised me to avoid red wine, coffee, sweatmeats, &c.; but I found none of these rules applicable, at all events to me: it was quite a matter of indifference what I ate, provided I took care to proportion it exactly to the appetite. That the atmosphere should be kept in as pure and fresh a state as possible need hardly be added, and for this purpose I have often found fumigating with vinegar of some service. When the motion of the ship is violent, I have always thought it better, instead of seeking to escape sharing in it by clinging to my berth, to endeavour, on the contrary, to follow as much as possible the movements of the vessel, in the same manner as one does those of a horse in the English trot. In this way I was able to accustom myself so well to

the rocking motion, that when not quite outrageous, I considered it rather agreeable than otherwise; a result that I should once have considered impossible.

As we sailed into the magnificent roadstead, which is surrounded by exquisite scenery, we saw the rudders of sixteen vessels, that had gone to pieces in the late storm; some just visible above the waves, and some half hidden by the sands. What a dreadful spectacle! What mortal terror, what a mass of misery, what feelings too horrible for description may have tortured these unfortunate creatures—the chosen sacrifices to an unknown Power—before death, far more merciful, buried them in oblivion!

An eye-witness of the catastrophe informed me that out of all the vessels very few passengers could be saved, and from one of them not a single soul escaped. An Austrian captain, who struggled long with the storm, had fastened his young and beautiful wife and two pretty children high up to the mast, where they were seen for many hours suspended between life and death, without the possibility of sending them help from the shore, near as it was, on account of the horrible raging of the sea. The ship approached to within ten miles of the

shore, and the voice of the captain was heard through the storm, offering ten thousand francs, his whole fortune, to any one who would save his wife and children; when immediately, as if in mockery, a majestic wave rolled on, snapped the mast like a reed, and swept it away with its inestimable burthen. The same wave threw some sailors uninjured on the shore, as if disdaining such a booty; and the captain could probably have saved himself with them, but life had lost its worth for him. He was seen for a moment holding with his left arm to the stump of the mast, and raising the right, as if in a threatening attitude towards Heaven; and then, with words on his lips which the storm alone heard, he sprang after his beloved ones into the abyss, and disappeared in its foaming depths.

The Cassba rising beside the town, its tri-coloured banner waving near a solitary palm, appeared ten times more interesting since Jussuf had so faithfully described it to me; and I was now about to become acquainted with its second valiant hero, for I carried carefully in my pocket-book the letter containing his warm introduction. My first step was to seek M. d'Armandy, whom I found sitting by the fire in a saloon, the doors of which stood

open to a garden filled with the scent of orange-flowers, and reading to his wife.

M. d'Armandy is a handsome, stately-looking man, with that noble tranquillity of manner which seems to indicate most surely a lofty character, and with that happy physiognomy which wins the heart at a glance. With few words I introduced myself to the master of the house and his lady, who is goodness and kindness personified, and made the acquaintance of another gentleman present, who seemed on terms of the most friendly intimacy with the family—the military intendant, M. de St. Leon, a most prepossessing person; and I may say without exaggeration, that in ten minutes I felt like an old friend, and was treated as such.

I became, in fact, for some time a complete member of the family; for M. d'Armandy, with sincere and kind hospitality, pressed me to take up my abode with him as long as I remained in Bona—an offer which I could not make up my mind to refuse. Besides, the invitation was a real act of benevolence; for there is but one hotel in Bona, and that one excessively dirty and wretched. This town, indeed, picturesque as it looks from the sea, is only a miserable ruinous place, in which there is not a single paved street, nor a house not inhabited by

French people, that is not completely out of repair. It is a very striking circumstance to a European, that throughout all the African towns of the regency, at least one half of them resemble nothing but heaps of ruins: but it is easily to be explained, from the enviable carelessness of the Moors, who scarcely ever repair anything, and, as long as the roof does not literally fall on their heads, never do more than make some temporary shift. All the walls of the houses are covered with luxuriant vegetation; and many times have I seen, where the chimney has fallen in, a hole broken in the wall to let the smoke out.

To make amends, however, they are fond enough of beginning a new building as soon as they get any money,—and just as apt to leave it half unfinished if the money goes too fast. This is very unlike the extraordinary industry of the French in Algiers, who often with the smallest means undertake the erection of European palaces, and when they have finished the first story, sell it in order to obtain money to build a second.

I have been assured that the disinclination of the Moors to repairs proceeds from a superstitious belief that they bring misfortune; and that if a father of a family die leaving his

dwelling incomplete or in bad repair, the son, if possible, will always begin a new one, and the old one is left to fall to complete decay, as no one will have anything to do with it. Since the French, also, for the sake of greater convenience or ornament, tear down whole streets, and then often find some obstacle to the execution of their plans, it will be long ere we can expect to witness here the order and neatness which long civilisation has rendered the normal state of the greater part of Europe. Algiers made formerly a favourable exception to this rule; as the police, to neglect whose orders was no joke, insisted that every building should receive every three months a fresh whitewashing; on which account this city has received in Arabia the epithet of "the magnificent."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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